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RECOLLECTIONS OF
LADY GEORGIANA PEEL



GEORGIANA AND VICTORIA RUSSELL
DAUGHTERS OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
From the miniature painted by Sir William Ross

Georgiana Russell
Jan. 13/66.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LADY GEORGINA PEEL

COMPILED BY HER DAUGHTER ETHEL PEEL

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

READERS will observe when reading through these pages, how many are the quotations from National History and from family records. These are there by the kind permission of the authors and publishers to solidify and in some cases verify the recollections, which, covering so wide a space of time, might without them seem shadowy.

I am particularly indebted to Mr. Basil Champneys for allowing some paragraphs from the "Life of Adelaide Drummond," a book which brought additional memories to the mind of her sister; to the Duke of Bedford for permission to insert some of the early letters of John sixth Duke of Bedford and those of his wife; to the Hon. Bertrand Russell for contributing his contradiction of Euclid fulfilling the prophecy of Sydney Smith; to Lady Agatha Russell for some letters already published in "Letters of Lady John Russell"; to the Hon. Mrs. Rollo Russell for a letter taken from "Early Correspondence of Lord John Russell"; to Lord Esher for permission to include a few extracts from the "Letters of Queen Victoria"; to Mr. Stuart Reid for an extract from "Life of Lord John Russell," and the letter of Count Cavour. My thanks are due also to the proprietors

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ETHEL PEEL.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

GEORGIANA AND VICTORIA RUSSELL, DAUGHTERS OF LORD JOHN

RUSSELL *Frontispiece*
(From the Miniature by Sir William Ross)

TO FACE PAGE

LADY JOHN RUSSELL, FIRST WIFE OF SIXTH DUKE OF BEDFORD 4

LADY JOHN RUSSELL, FIRST WIFE OF EARL RUSSELL AND WIDOW
 OF LORD RIBBLESDALE 12
(From the Painting by Chalons)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, AFTERWARDS FIRST EARL RUSSELL, THIRD
 SON OF SIXTH DUKE OF BEDFORD 14

LADY GEORGIANA RUSSELL, WITH DOG. 88

SIR ROBERT PEEL, FIRST BARONET 202

GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. JONATHAN PEEL 210

LADY ALICE PEEL, WIFE OF GENERAL PEEL 220

ARCHIBALD PEEL, ESQ., M.A., D.L., J.P. 286

EARL RUSSELL 298
(From an Oil Painting by his Daughter, Lady Georgiana Peel)

LADY GEORGIANA PEEL 316

PART I
CHILDHOOD

RECOLLECTIONS OF LADY GEORGIANA PEEL

CHILDHOOD

THE past, to many people, means “gone and forgotten”; to others, among whom I am one, the past is ever present, with its joys grown more joyful with time, and its sorrows so mercifully smoothed by the same hand, as to be almost imperceptible. If my diligent readers find the words “I remember” become tedious in their frequent repetition, I beg they will consider them not as a phrase tiresome in its recurrence, but as the refrain of a song—the song of my recollections.

To begin with—before my recollections—the origin of my family: I find that some diligent spirit has traced the Russells back through almost unheard-of vistas of time to the god Thor, from whom, it seems, they originally sprang.

Thor was the god of Thunder! Can he be responsible for the gentle Russell family? If so, why is our surname not Thor instead of Russell?

An ancestor of whom I feel more certain is Henri de Rozel, who in the eleventh century left his native

village of Rozel, in Normandy, to follow the fortunes of William the Conqueror, with whom he landed in England. Perchance he was nigh, maybe following closely on his footsteps, and witnessed that all-conquering warrior grasp the soil of England with both hands, as he inadvertently fell on landing, and heard him exclaim, "Thus do I clutch thee," which words stilled the cold fear of evil omen felt for the moment by Rozel, and the rest of the invading band. But even this origin must lose credence, for Burke in his Peerage gives yet another pedigree of the Russells, beginning in the year 1455.

Not of this olden time, nor of the Russell genealogy do I write, but of the time of my parents and of myself; Russells of this century, of last century, and of the century before that.

Of my grandfather, John, the sixth Duke of Bedford, much has been written, as he was well known in the political life of Europe. My brother Rollo, in a short biography of him, writes, "He was a parliamentary reformer, a member of the 'Society of Friends of the People,' and altogether a generous-minded and enlightened man; he was keenly interested in education, a liberal patron of art and literature, a friend of farmers, and a student of agriculture, a host who through a great part of the year gathered, at Woburn Abbey, many people of social and political eminence." His wife, the beautiful daughter of Lord Torrington, wrote to her sister Lady Weymouth, "If there is a character on earth who deserves the reverence of mankind, it is the man to whom I am united." Married



LADY JOHN RUSSELL
FIRST WIFE OF THE 6TH DUKE OF BEDFORD

in 1786, they lived almost entirely at Woburn Abbey till her death fifteen years afterwards. My father well remembered hearing of his terrible loss when a boy at school. He and his brothers had been devoted to their mother, to whom they owed a particularly happy childhood. The picture and miniatures of her show my grandmother to have been very lovely, her eyes of an azure blue, her hair and complexion of a dazzling fairness. The letters to her husband, which have been privately printed, breathe a gentle and sweet personality ; two of them I give, in which she writes of my father, then seven years old, her youngest boy :

“Oakley,
February, 1799 (?).

“I have no letter from you this morning which is a sad disappointment. I enclose you the list of Hunting days for this week. John desires I will tell you that your calf is a *he*, which makes him very miserable as Nanny thinks you would have kept it, if it had been a *lady*. He is in great joy at having found a snowdrop and is so convinced that there are primroses, that the snow being gone he is sure they are under the leaves and with his spade he is going to remove them. He is now reading the newspapers by me as seriously as possible, this shows that he will not only be like you in looks but manners. Heaven grant him a mind as honourable ! In this respect I have nothing to reproach myself ; I have never wasted my wishes for my children on beauty, riches, greatness, or any of the world's treasures. I am ashamed of sending you this stupid letter, I have torn half of it off to make it less tiresome, but I have not time to write another, and it is very fit for Sunday morning. Mme.

de Coigny writes me a heap of nonsense not worth me copying.

“Faithfully yours,
“G. E. J. RUSSELL.”

The following letter is written without any stops whatever :

“March 13, 1800.

“It is very good of you to have written to John and to me so kindly and we are both most truly sensible of your attention, he has this moment left me to visit the sheep and with a pencil and a little bit of paper is to mark the state of every thing for a letter which he means to write to you to-morrow. He has not yet accomplished his great object which is a letter to you in Latin but he brings me every day some words he has put together for that purpose, and the other morning when I came down to breakfast I found a letter to me in Latin of which I could not read a word and which caused great *astonishment* and *diversion* as you may suppose it is not in my power to express the merits of that child, his sense, his cleverness, his quietness and the sweetness of his temper and disposition surpass all I ever witnessed, his attentions to me are those of a grown person of superior sense, he reads to me, he talks to me on those things only by which he thinks to amuse and interest me. He hates to be absent from me and yet during the short time he is not with me you would be astonished at the number of things he accomplishes his active mind makes him attempt everything and his observations are so sensible his manner of appreciating every thing so just, that I sometimes listen to him with astonishment, but we are indeed blessed in our children. Since the time of their birth we have had cause only to rejoice and be thankful for them and it would be an

unpardonable weakness to lament their want of beauty whilst we see in them every thing that is good joined to strength and health which will enable them to make their way up the rugged path of life that is before them. Francis's letter astonished me it is the style of a man and that of a man of sense the expressions are so well put together that it gives me the idea of a letter wrote without trouble and if it had been read to me I should certainly not have supposed it the letter of a boy of his age. I hope you will not think me weak in saying that I wish you may determine for their coming here during the Easter Holidays. I think it will be of service to them at least to Franco, and if you have no objection I think it might do William good to go to Brighton. His shyness and the sea air are my great reason for wishing it, I could name to you various reasons that I believe would render it a benefit to them both—and I certainly should feel obliged to you in agreeing to it if you have no great objection, I believe the Bridgemans will be there and he could go with them. Franco will like to get a little hunting and he certainly improves so much by being with you at his age that I should regret his not coming here even if I were not here myself. Papa's goodness to William is always of service to his shyness and the sea air is bracing for him I would even have him bathe if you approve of it. I am ashamed of sending you such a stupid long letter but it is a subject which our mutual interest is too materially concerned for me to check my pen. Pardon me, if I have suffered it to run on at your expense and taken you from more agreeable occupations. I will not detain you longer at present but I hope to-morrow to answer concerning the bread, etc. etc. I am better to-day.

“Ever faithfully yours,
“G. E. J. RUSSELL.”

She died in 1801 and was interred in the family vault at Chenies.

In 1802 Lord John Russell succeeded to the Dukedom of Bedford, on the death of his brother Francis, the fifth Duke. In the following year he married, as his second wife, the lady to whom his brother had been engaged when he died, Georgiana, daughter of the Duke of Gordon.* She was an excellent stepmother to the three boys, indeed my father declared that she saved his life by taking him away from Westminster School when the hard life was undermining his never very robust health.

Of his father he would often talk. He revered his memory, and kept from childhood apparently nearly all the letters he received from him, many of them of wisest counsel or affectionate advice. I select the following out of the many that have been preserved :

“Woburn Abbey,
February, 1811.

“MY DEAR JOHN,

“You must be very cautious at this season of the year when the weather is so very severe. For two or three days it was intensely cold at Holkam, and I hear from Devonshire very extraordinary accounts of the frost—the Tamar frozen over—the water in D. J.’s bedchamber frozen into one solid mass of ice. I liked your account of your maiden speech at the Speculative Society† very much, and I believe it fre-

* There is a story that the Duke said to a friend, “I am going to condole with poor Georgiana Gordon,” and the friend replied, “You are a rash man !”

† Lord John Russell joined the Speculative Society, in Edin-

quently happens to young speakers to forget the best part of their intended speeches, when the only recourse is to print their speech which I recommend you to do, but do not fall into Lord Mountmorres's error, and publish in a speech intended to have been spoken: 'I perceive by the lateness of the hour (*looking at the clock*) that I have been *unintentionally* led into a greater length of argument than I intended, and must also apologize for the *unguarded* warmth into which I have been betrayed by the heat of the debate.' What say your Northern politicians to the Prince Regent keeping his old Ministers in their places? I imagine their usual phlegm will be disturbed by a proceeding so unconstitutional, but although the theory of your constitution condemns the act, it will be gratified by the best feelings of your nature.

" Ever your affectionate father,
" B."

Of my other grandparents, the Listers of Armitage, I have not many letters. My grandmother was before her marriage Miss Grove, celebrated for her beauty. The family were well known in Staffordshire, their native county, where had lived twenty Thomas Listers in succession, the Barony of Ribblesdale making an offshoot.

My Aunt Harriet Lister has left written childish recollections of them at Armitage, which is near the town of Lichfield. Among other incidents she remembers her father and mother pacing the gravel walk, sometimes "standing to listen with amused looks

burgh, April 24, 1810. His Essays were on "The Proceedings of the Cortes of Spain" of that year, and on "The Beauty of the Material World."

and to watch what we happy children were enacting in our imaginary house among the laurels. My parents always walked together arm in arm. One old-fashioned way it seemed to me—old-fashioned always in their oneness, always together, full of loving attendance and observance and courtly courtesy. With regard to my happy home, I think I remember it truly : the love of order, peace, and affection which reigned there ; the high standard of moral and religious principle inculcated still more by example than by word ; the law of entire obedience and submission of will to the heads of the house, proceeding not from servile fear but from love and reverence so strongly felt by all of us children and by every servant in the establishment. I have no certain means of judging of my father's intellectual powers, I know that he was a man of literary tastes and of much refinement, and that he had a high appreciation of talent in others. In his youth he had been a pet of the learned and very blue Miss Seward of Lichfield.* He was admitted into that small circle wherein Dr. Johnson had been known, and Darwin, Edgeworth, and other men of scientific or literary attainment met together. Among relics of my grandfather are the following lines he wrote to his wife, entitled "The Good Nurse."

* I believe he mentioned his surprise at the high opinion all the cleverest men of the day held of her affected conversation and insipid books.

•

*Lines by Thomas Lister of Armitage, to his wife, found in
Harriet Cradock's papers :*

THE GOOD NURSE.

“How ill does murmuring Man sustain
The pressure of disease and pain !
How weak his efforts to assuage
The throbbing pang, the Fever's rage !
When stretched upon the couch of anguish
And all thy vital spirits languish,
When banish'd sleep has ceas'd to shed
Its blessings round thy aching head,
And ease and comfort to restore
Med'cine in vain exerts its power,
There is a charm that can impart
An aid beyond the reach of Art,
A ray of comfort can bestow
Upon the deepest sense of woe.
Who's that, whose steps so lightly tread
And linger round your sleepless bed ?
Who's that, whose quick attentive ear
E'en at your slightest word, is near ?
Who reads the language of your eyes
And all your wants unask'd supplies ?
Who knows thy sorrows to beguile
With tender love's supporting smile ?
Who, 'gainst her own deep feelings striving
Speaks the soft words of Hope reviving ?
Who turns to hide the bursting tear
And bids thy fainting spirits cheer ?
Who, if thy peevish murmurs ever
Should rudely meet her kind endeavour,
Who, when she's watch'd and nurs'd thee long,
Shall hear thee speak of something wrong,
Something ill done, or else omitted,
Yet holds thee in her heart acquitted,
And answers thy unkind rebuke
With mild affection's pitying look ?

Such Nurse, if haply thou canst find
To ease thy pain and soothe thy mind
Thou hast the world's best remedy—
And, Mary, such I've found in thee."

T. L.

December 11, 1819.

Opposite the line, "And answers thy unkind rebuke," there is a cross, and the sweet comment in my grandmother's handwriting, the ink faded with age, "He never was unkind to me in his life either in words or actions."

After the marriage of my mother, the eldest daughter, the Listers of Armitage became very poor, owing to nearly all their money having been invested in canals, which were at that time the only means of transporting goods, and so a sound investment. However, they did not foresee the advent of railway travelling, the power that steam would become. The railways supplanted the canals, and shares in the latter were impossible to sell, except at a great loss, and dividends dwindled away. So Armitage passed from the Lister family into other hands, and was at last bequeathed to the Dominican Monks, in whose care it now peacefully lies. It has ever great interest for me as the home of my mother during childhood.

At the age of twenty she married her kinsman, Thomas Lister, the second Lord Ribblesdale of Gisburne in Yorkshire, who died in 1832, leaving her with four little children, three girls and a boy. Three years afterwards she married my father, then a well-known Minister of the Crown, a statesman with ever-



LADY JOHN RUSSELL, FIRST WIFE OF EARL RUSSELL AND WIDOW
OF LORD RIBBLESDALE
From the painting by Chalons

increasing influence over the country ; and the author and mover of the Reform Bill ; trusted by the people, though a reformer before reform was understood. "I was glad to hear," wrote his brother William Russell in 1829, "you say that you meant to touch the poor laws, it is a bold thing to do but very necessary, you will be abused by every ignorant political economist." The following letter to Lord William Russell is in answer to one which does not appear to have been kept.

From Lord John Russell, addressed to Stuttgardt.

"State House,
January 18, 1835.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"I have received various letters from you, which my progress through the country prevented my answering sooner.

"I am glad you like my Tavistock speech, and am happy to find you agree with me generally about Ireland, though you go a good deal further than I do. I neither want to establish the Catholic religion nor to repeal the Union. Neither am I disposed, like you, to find fault with Peel for his selection of men. If neither Stanley nor Graham, and much less Lansdowne and Rice were prepared to join him, what else could he do? In fact he is only the puppet of the Tory Party. He is always trying to have a will of his own, but has never completely succeeded. *Au reste, fort honnête homme.*

"I shall be glad when you have arrived at the end of your reveries. I am not going to lead, or to follow a revolutionary party in this country ; the people are

quiet and well disposed, but they see no need of using an almanac of 1795, when they can have one of 1835.

"My election is over, and I am going to Woburn. Before Parliament meets the leading reformers will probably assemble in London and I shall then be able to tell you more than I now can. In the meantime you may assure the German Diplomats that England is strong, quiet and pacific.

"Love to Bessy, I will write to her soon.

"Ever yours affectionately,
"J. R."

A few months later he wrote to his brother announcing his engagement to Lady Ribblesdale. It runs as follows :

"Queen Street,
March 21, 1835.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"I am delighted to find we agree so well in politics after polemics, and I am not disposed to ask à qui la faute, though, no doubt, you will naturally distribute all the blame to me, and I to you. But there is another event which makes me less disposed to dispute about anything. I am going to be married, and to whom? To a widow, with four children. This you will think does not sound well, but she is a charming person, full of good qualities and merits. She was married young and is now about eight and twenty. But I have not told you her name, it is Lady Ribblesdale, the sister of Mr. Lister, who married Theresa Villiers, so now you know all about it, and the remainder shall be told another day. Give my love to Bessie and tell her I hope she will write to wish me joy."

Lady William—who was Bessie—wrote her congratulations, beginning in this wise :

“MY DEAR JOHNNYKINS,

“My mother who knows everything, announced to me your marriage three months ago from Berlin. Perhaps you did not think of it yourself at that time, but she positively did and named the Lady !”

His father, the Duke of Bedford, when writing to William says :

“I conclude John has informed you of his marriage, she is very highly spoken of, and, on the whole, it is a good thing for him, though they won't have much to make the pot boil, but John is a man of few wants, and I hear the Lady is the same. They say she is an amiable and sensible woman, and I think he is now of a time of life to need a little domestic comfort and repose.”

This all sounds rather cold, as is the Russell manner. I know neither my grandfather nor uncle was so in reality ; my father was particularly warm-hearted, though his very cold and distant manner, and utter discarding of any pretended cordiality to people unknown to him, perhaps hurt the feelings of many who were shy, and required encouragement, and no doubt lost him many followers in his political career. Lord Lytton's description of him

“How formed to lead if not too proud to please,
His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze.
Like or dislike, he does not care a jot,
He wants your vote, but your affections not !”

only gives the impression that the world in general had of him, not the man as he was to his many friends, who knew well that, though he set his cause before all things, his sympathy and help and pleasure in their company never lessened.

He was at the time of his marriage Secretary of State for the Home Department in Lord Melbourne's Ministry, and had already made greater the name of Russell by his statesmanship.

The marriage took place in the April of 1835 at St. George's Church, Hanover Square. There is a tale of him told by an old friend of his, Miss Kinnaird, afterwards Mrs. Drummond. She had been with Lord John Russell to pay a morning visit to Lady Ribblesdale ; she relates that coming away from the house where Lady Ribblesdale was staying, he suddenly turned to Miss Kinnaird with whom he was walking, and said, "I have left my umbrella there." Miss Kinnaird, having seen a little how things were, said, "You had better go back and fetch it." He went running back and she continued her walk alone, for he proposed and was accepted. When writing to Miss Kinnaird shortly afterwards—she was to be a bridesmaid—he said, "You must certainly be my particular bridesmaid and carry that umbrella !"

After the honeymoon, the young couple settled down at 30 Wilton Crescent, where my mother at once ordered a conservatory to be built on the side of the house facing Belgrave Square for her flowers ; she was a great flower lover, and said she could not do without them.

I can only vaguely remember her, but my half-sisters often described her to me: very small and fragile, and very pretty, with blue eyes and fair hair. I have the bust of her by Westmacott, and a print taken from a water-colour of her painted by Chalons.

I was born in 1836, the year before the accession of Queen Victoria. In this year, my father speaking to his constituents at Stroud had alluded to her Majesty as "The illustrious Princess who ascends the throne with the purest intentions and the justest desires," and added, "I trust that we may succeed in making the reign of Victoria celebrated among all the nations of the earth, and to all posterity." These lofty ideals my father was doing his utmost to carry out, sometimes in Office, sometimes as Leader of the Opposition, while we children played and amused ourselves.

We lived a great deal in Wilton Crescent, and later on at 37 Chesham Place—which house he himself caused to be built—as at this time he was continually in Office and leading the House of Commons, and had not much time to be out of London, though we had a home in the country in the shape of Endsleigh, the Duke of Bedford's beautiful place in Devonshire, which he put at my father's disposal. My mother would stay quietly there for months, sketching and working. She was such an artist that she could bring in a handful of flowers and work them on to a piece of silk without making any drawing of them first, and I and others of the family have numbers of her sketches, many of them depicting the deep doorways

and mullioned windows of Endsleigh, its sloping gardens and wealth of flowers. "Happiness," wrote my father, "so often sought in vain, comes unsought among the flowers." This he wrote in a preface to a beautiful book which Aunt Bunny was then making, consisting of every wild flower to be found round Endsleigh drawn and painted life size exact to nature, and a little botanical description to each, called "A Calendar of Nature," and headed by the words "They toil not, neither do they spin." It was printed and published with all its lovely colouring by Messrs. Dickinson of New Bond Street.

My mother was at the Coronation of the Queen. How I wish I could have been there to witness the scene which the Queen herself has so vividly described in her journal! Who but Queen Victoria could have written so wonderfully about her own Coronation? She mentions Lady John Russell in her journal as one of the four people who "saw me leave the Palace, arrive at the Abbey, leave the Abbey and again return to the Palace"! They had places at the ceremony in the box immediately above the Royal Box.

The Queen's marriage, three years afterwards, to Prince Albert was very unpopular, but it comes out in every way that her wisdom in this, as in so many other things, was not at fault. He was an excellent adviser of our young Queen, and gathered others round her. The Germans in those days were disliked, but not hated, as with reason they are now.

My childhood is so far back, that the marriage of Queen Victoria is only a speck in my memory, a very

tiny speck, for the only thing I remember about it is being told to run to the window to see the Duchess of Kent's carriage go by. I cannot even remember the carriage, but my father being, as the dear Queen wrote to his widow half a century later, "One of my earliest and most valued Prime Ministers," I often had the opportunity of seeing her afterwards, and remember well the young fresh look she always had, and her devotion to her tall handsome husband.

My sisters and I used to go very often to Buckingham Palace, while the Court was in residence, for our aunt, Miss Harriet Lister, our "darling little Aunt Bunny," as we called her, was one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, and often asked her little nieces to come to tea, and very delighted we were to go ; especially as, sometimes, if the Queen heard we were there, she would send for us to come to her dressing-room, where we would sit and watch her long fair hair being brushed by two dressers. On some occasions she looked very serious and thoughtful, but sometimes she was full of fun. I remember once or twice she got up, and taking our hands danced about the room with us. At this time she gave us children many little presents, which are now our greatest treasures. One of mine was a heart-shaped gold locket, with Queen Victoria's hair in it, and a pretty gold chain for my neck—I gave the locket and chain to my first granddaughter, Rosemary Peel, the daughter of my soldier son, who served all through the Great War, receiving the M.C., the D.S.O. and bar, and the C.M.G. Another is a little china doll dressed in china clothes,

the exact fashion of that period. Perhaps the most valuable is a dear little gold peacock with a bejewelled tail of emeralds and rubies. I wonder if "our precious little lady," as her Maids of Honour called her, knew how long and tenderly her gifts would be kept.

Other faces and other scenes, strange perhaps to the present day, I love to look back on.

Great beautiful Woburn! Like Fairyland! I can remember in very far off days a dreadful fire breaking out, and the Duke, my uncle, rushing up to my bed, and waking me, as he took me hastily in his arms, and ran down the stairs; and I saw with bewilderment my sister being carried along by my father, also running a tremendous pace down the stairs just in front of us. I heard afterwards it was my Uncle Charles Russell who saved the Abbey, by his presence of mind in marshalling the household and getting the fire under. We, of course, knew nothing of this, as we lay on the sofa by the window, ready to be carried further out.

Many were the happy Christmases we spent at Woburn. I remember, to our huge delight, we were allowed to help throw mutton chops out of the dining-room window for whoever cared to pick them up. I think that custom died out. When I was a child, each guest was provided with a piece of paper in which to wrap up an eatable for people waiting outside.

But these must have been sad days for my father, for in the year 1839, when my little baby sister was ten days old, my mother died of a fever. She had

taken a house very little was known about, at Brighton. "Let me make my nest," she had said when asked about it. In those old careless days, no one thought of the bad drains, and fatal typhoid. Indeed, though hardly believable now, bad drains were considered rather a joke, and if they smelt people considered it a sign of bad weather approaching, and were rather pleased to have the warning! Antiseptics and anæsthetics, though I believe they were known about, were not commonly used till many years after this time. The loss of life from the need of them was very great. Baby though I was, I remember some of the woe of those days. What made a deep impression on my baby mind, so deep that I still have it, was the nurse in flowing garments, who met us always when we came in from our walks, and always said "Hush!" I had had so much to say, it seemed hard and strange not to be listened to, but I knew afterwards that my mother, who had listened and understood, lay very, very ill, and for that sad reason my voice had to be hushed.

Another impression I still have of that sad time is seeing the little white-robed figure of my new little sister being carried to Buckingham Palace to be christened, for the Queen had said that she would be godmother. "If the baby is a boy, of course it must be 'John,' but if a girl, 'Victoria.'" So "Victoria" my sister became. My mother, in one of the last letters she ever wrote, says, "We rather wish for a boy, but we should like to have the Queen's name so much, I believe a girl would be well received!"

When the little one was born, the Queen, having

news of it, sent her old governess, Baroness Lehzen, up to Aunt Harriet—then in waiting—to announce it to her ; which the Baroness did in these words, “ Little Victoria has come ! ”

In the “ Letters of Queen Victoria,” in one to her uncle, the King of the Belgians, she writes :

“ We have all been much distressed by the melancholy and untimely death of poor Lady John Russell. It is a dreadful blow to *him*, for he was *so* attached to her, and I don’t believe two people ever were happier together. I send you his pretty letter to me, which I think you may be interested to see ; he is *dreadfully* beat down by it, but struggles manfully against his grief, which makes one pity him more. She has left four children by her first husband, *now orphans*, the eldest a sweet girl twelve years old, and two little girls by Lord John ; the eldest of these two is two and a half, and the youngest a *fortnight*. I had known her *very* well, and liked her ; and I assure you I was dreadfully shocked at it. You may also imagine what a loss she is to poor Miss Lister, who has no mother, and whose only sister she was. I fear, dear Uncle, I have made a sad and melancholy letter of this, but I have been so much engrossed by all this misery, and knowing you take an interest in poor Lord John, that I let my pen run on almost involuntarily. . . . ”

It was indeed a tragedy, and people far and wide sympathized with my father in his grief. His sister-in-law, our Aunt Harriet Lister, came, and as well as she could took the place of our dear mother to us.

So many of us there were.

Adelaide, my eldest half-sister, was thirteen ; then

came Isabel, Bessie and Ribblesdale ; and then Toza and myself. "Toza" was the baby—little Victoria. She and I never understood that the others were half-brother and sisters, not just the same as we were to each other. I, of course, cannot remember the ordinary events of daily life in those days of my early childhood, but, as is every one's experience, some things have a way of stamping themselves, quite unexpectedly, first on the brain and then on the mind of a child, remaining impressed there throughout life.

We had then a house near Ascot. I think Papa was a great deal with us, though carrying the burden of many affairs of State. I remember how he often took me to watch the sunset from some rising ground in the garden ; he would stand holding my hand and watching with me the gradual changes in the gloriously fading colours of the sky, as the sun went down, leaving only the glow of its departing. My disappointment amounted to many tears when he did not get home in time for this evening vigil with his little daughter.

Another recollection is the somewhat awed admiration with which I beheld one day my sister Bessie, aged seven, being tossed up in the air by the old Duke of Cambridge—this must have been about the year 1840—for whenever she touched the ground she made a most ceremonious curtsy, after which up she went again, till he was tired. She had been told always to curtsy to Royalty, and was determined to do so.

Another memory which has never faded is that of

the parrot which was my very own, but never allowed to be called so, lest I should become conceited ! I remember the dear bird being carried downstairs every morning in his cage, and we all used to watch, for, being an excellent talker, sometimes he would say, "Thomas, Thomas," and the footman would reply, "Yes, Polly, yes," whereupon the parrot would say, "Don't let pretty Polly fall."

I remember being painted together with my sister Toza by Sir William Ross. He offered me a ride on his rocking-horse if I sat extremely still ; but that never came off—he forgot his promise. I have now the miniature ; after all these years the colours are not one bit faded, and my new second teeth, which I asked him to show, are still showing. Yet another of my very earliest recollections, and I cannot have been more than three or four, was being the only bridesmaid to Lady Caroline Stanhope, who married Mr. Sanford. She was my Aunt Tavistock's sister. She was married in the drawing-room of her house in Belgrave Square ; I can quite well remember standing in lonely glory, just behind them, while the clergyman conducted the marriage service. The Sanfords were always great friends to us children. I think I was Lady Caroline's particular favourite, she used to be so kind, quite spoiling me.

In the three years of his widowhood, 1839 to 1841, when we were motherless, my father was doing some of the most useful work of his life. Championing the rights of the people, forcing the need of their education upon the nation, speaking over and over again in the

cause of many reforms. But the death of my mother weighed heavily upon him.

Spencer Walpole, in his "Life of Lord John Russell," writing of him in those years, describes how, in broken spirits, and failing health, he winced under the attacks for which in previous years he had not cared. Lady William Russell, writing from Vienna, said to her correspondent, she had heard of John Russell at dinner at Buckingham Palace, looking so sad that her informant felt quite unhappy to see him.

Nevertheless the time was redeemed for his country.

My father had, though he was in the Government, a very meagre majority at his back. Lord Melbourne, his Chief, was tepid, in fact he hung back in the movement for Reform, as he thought it would "lead to a prevalence of the blackguard interest in Parliament." The Tory party were very strong, both in numbers and talent, having for their leader the greatest statesman of the time, Sir Robert Peel, the most powerful opponent a man could have.

"The Whigs gave the country penny postage, they laid the foundation of universal education. The last of these reforms was essentially the work of Lord John," writes Spencer Walpole; also the one for bettering the conditions of prisoners, and various methods for the prevention of crimes.

Some years afterwards, the champion of these reforms told me, his eldest daughter, that he had never at that time risen to speak in the House of Commons without seeing the face of my dear mother

before him. These speeches, history relates, won even the cold approval of Peel, the Leader of the stern unbending Tories, though it can be seen, as history progressed, he could bend himself to his country's need.

Politicians watched with interest the dwindling majorities of the Whigs, who, they said, had only remained in on the question of the Queen's Ladies, Sir Robert Peel having refused to take office while the young Queen was surrounded by Lord Melbourne's hedge of Whigs.

The first years of Queen Victoria's reign were very eventful ones for my father. In 1839, he had changed from Home Secretary to Secretary for the Colonies, and not long afterwards the Whig Ministry went out, and the Tories, under Sir Robert Peel, came in. My father led the Opposition, though some of Peel's measures he would not oppose, owing to their wisdom and foresight, "And once," says Mr. Reid, "gave his powerful support to the great Tory Minister who would otherwise have been driven to bay by his own followers." Peel, in years before, had done the same by the Whig Minister, for both men put the good of their country and Queen far beyond any personal ambition, or wish to keep up the Ministry.

In the spring of 1841 great happiness came again to my dear father, for he proposed to and was accepted by Lady Fanny Elliot.

The following is a letter he received from Aunt Bunny :

"MY DEAR LORD JOHN,

"Oh, I am happier than I can tell you. God knows you have deserved all the good that may come to you. I always felt it must be because of that. I long to be with you, and to see her. Oh, I am so happy that I can scarcely believe it yet. I hope Lady Fanny will write, and then I think I shall believe it.

"Ever your affectionate,

"HARRIET LISTER."

Aunt Bunny never omitted to call her brother-in-law "Lord John" !

I don't think the marriage came as anything of a shock to us, as we had long been familiar with all the Elliots, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Lady Fanny should come to live with us, and take care of us. Adelaide and Ribblesdale accompanied my father to Minto, and I suppose understood all about it, but I was too young either to think or understand what was happening, that we were no longer to be motherless.

There was a large family party assembled at Minto for the simple Scotch wedding that took place in the drawing-room of the old grey house, the lovely home where most of the bride's life had been so happily spent.

They went for their short honeymoon to the Duke of Buccleuch's place, Bowhill, while Addy and Ribblesdale remained at Minto, and travelled to London with them when they returned.

Addy could never remember very much about the wedding, except the sunshine pouring in at the

windows, but she describes our young stepmother in her book much better than I ever could, so with permission I give it here :

“I come now to my first impression of Lady Fanny. It is as clear as a miniature in my mind’s eye. I think her engagement to Papa must have been just declared. She came with Lord and Lady Minto to dine with him. Her dark and beautifully smooth hair was dressed in two broad plaited loops hanging low in the nape of the neck, the front hair in bands, according to the prevailing fashion. Her eyes were dark and very lustrous. Her face was freckled, but this was not disfiguring, as a rich colouring in her cheeks showed itself through. Her neck, shoulders and arms were most beautifully white ! and her slim upright figure showed to great advantage in the neat and simple dress then worn. Hers was of blue and silver gauze, the sleeves short and rather full.”

The Queen was much surprised and wrote : “Does Lord Melbourne *really* mean J. Russell’s *marriage* ? and to whom ?” “The Lady Fanny Eliot,” wrote back Lord Melbourne, spelling the name quite wrong !

The Queen had, of course, known my stepmother, though only slightly before her marriage, as a girl among her sisters, and she saw much of her afterwards during her happy married life. Half a century later, when she was the widowed Lady Russell, the Queen would always greet her in the old sunny way, as “Lady John,” bringing back with a look the great days that had been lived.

Her father, Lord Minto, was at the time of his daughter's marriage First Lord of the Admiralty, and had two houses, one at the Admiralty, and the other at Roehampton ; more important still he had five daughters, who were always most kind to us children, playing the merriest of games with us, when we spent the afternoon with them, which we did pretty often. The favourite game was "horses," when they carried us on their backs full speed round the garden.

I never have forgotten the rhyme which had without fail to be repeated, when any one of us was to be selected to be the blind man in blind man's buff, or a such-like important position. This is it, to be said pointing, with each word as it fell from your lips, at a different person. I think it is familiar to most children :

"Iener, diener, deiner, dus,
Catler, wheeler, whiler, wus,
Spit, spat, must be done,
Twidlum, twadlum, twenty-one,
One, two, three,
Out goes she."

The eldest of the sisters, Lady Mary, married Sir Ralph Abercromby before my stepmother married ; she was afterwards Lady Dunfermline. The others married later on, except poor Lady Harriet, who died of consumption. Lady Charlotte married Mr. Melville Portal, and Elizabeth married Colonel Romilly, a brother of Charles Romilly, who had married my aunt, Georgiana Russell. It made quite a dual relationship. Their father was Sir Samuel Romilly, the great lawyer,

who so tragically died by his own hand three days after the death of his wife, whose loss he could not stand.

Lady Fanny, the second to marry, began her married life with six stepchildren, of whom I was the fifth. Much about my much-loved stepmother, her charm, and her rare qualities of heart and mind, can be read elsewhere, or discovered in the book of her letters which has been published by her daughter. They recall to me that wonderful personality so vividly that I sometimes think I hear her voice, when reading through the pages.

Among my childish recollections, is our delight at her way of writing the most beautiful poetry about everything. The following song "Poland's Hope" she wrote in 1840, the year before her marriage to Lord John Russell, the ardent disciple of Charles James Fox, the possessor of Kosciusko's letters written in that bitter, unhappy patriot's own language and by his own hand.

Air : "Czartorisky."

Sung by J. R., 1840.

POLAND'S HOPE.

- "Liberty ! Oh, wilt thou then
Ne'er bless our proud endeavour.
Slavery ! oh, art thou then
Our heritage for ever !
- "Have we wept and suffered vainly ?
Is Kosciusko's spirit fled,
Or slept heaven, while profanely
Warsaw's plain was stained red ?
- "No, the day will come, believe me,
Poland's day of triumph high,

Time nor tyrant shall bereave me
Of a hope too pure to die.

“Liberty, oh, liberty,
Shall bless our proud endeavour.
Slavery ! oh, slavery
Shall pass away for ever.

“Tears of millions fall not vainly
Ne’er did hero bleed in vain.
Heaven slept not while profanely
Stained red was Warsaw’s plain.

“And one day will come, believe me,
Poland’s day of triumph high ;
Time nor tyrant shall bereave me
Of a hope too pure to die.

“Liberty ! oh, liberty
Shall bless our proud endeavour,
Slavery, oh, slavery
Shall pass away for ever.”

She gave to my sister Victoria and me, on Christmas Day, 1841, little Bibles. In mine she wrote a poem beginning, “Read, little child” ; to my sister she wrote, “Read, fair child.” I was rather chagrined at the difference, and feared she thought, perhaps, that I was ugly ! This is the verse, the beauty of which grew on me more afterwards, when I was older :

“Read, little child, and ever pray
To read aright, and find the way—
Oh, say not, ‘I will read to-morrow,’
Wait not for sickness, age, or sorrow,
Read now, or dread to read in vain,
When roses fade, and thorns remain ;
And find when cometh weary age
An angry God on every page—

Read now and never more repine,
Tho' roses fade and thorns be thine,
And find when cometh weary age
A God of Love on every page."

The Bible with these lines written on the fly-leaf is one of my most precious possessions, seventy-five years after.

A contretemps—as he called it—during our father's courtship, he used to tell with great amusement. One evening when Lady Minto had brought her daughter to dine with him, he asked his future bride what she would like to drink. She said "Champagne." He had none in the house, so he said meekly, "Will hock do?" She did not answer. This story is particularly amusing to anyone who knew my stepmother and her simple ways, her indifference to what she ate, or drank. His anxiety lest she might be annoyed was most unfounded, as she had said "Champagne" because it was the first thing that came into her head. He pretended to think that this incident had quite spoilt his chances of a successful courtship. She used to tell him afterwards that it nearly had, as it made her feel so embarrassed.

Another story, which ever delighted us, he would tell of the time when he was a bachelor, and lived in an official residence in London, and he asked his sister-in-law, Lady William Russell, to bring her children to stay with him at his house in London. She took pity on his loneliness and came, bringing two of her boys, Arthur and Odo, and also some unexpected visitors, in the shape of their tame snakes. His

welcome of them was not enhanced when he heard them a little time after their arrival telling their mother excitedly that they had found "Such a good place to keep the snakes—in Uncle John's bath!" He always chuckled much over that story, and used to enjoy telling it.

Lady William Russell, Aunt Bessie, as we called her, was always a great and valued friend. The name she adopted for my father was "Johannis Amoroso." When she was unmarried, and he was but a boy, my father went, hat in hand, to propose to her, but when he began she said, "Your brother William said just the same to me, and I accepted him." She was the beautiful Miss Rawdon—Rawdon was the family name of the Marquisate of Hastings. Her eldest son, whom she named Hastings after her family, became Duke of Bedford. It was of her that Byron wrote :

"I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
And stay'd them over for some silly reason,
And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)
To see what lady best stood out the season,
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn)
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

"The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see ;
But writing names would merit reprehension,
Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,
At the next London or Parisian ball,
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all."

These lines come into "Beppo."

Lady William was considered very strong-minded in those early Victorian days, as she took her own line most determinedly, about several subjects. For instance, she never sent any of her sons to public schools as she did not approve of them, but brought them up at schools and Universities abroad. My father himself was much in favour of the education received at public schools. "The democracy of the aristocracy is very much to be attributed to the gregarious education they receive; . . . pride, selfishness, and conceit are subdued, . . . and a boy's character is prepared for the buffetings of grown men. This is of much more importance than the acquisition of mere knowledge."

How many happy hours she used to give my sisters and me by just being with us!

When we were living at Pembroke Lodge, she, bringing with her Odo and Arthur, would go down to the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, where she took a sitting-room for the evening. Isabel, Bessie, Toza and I used to meet them there, and often spent hours playing and singing, for both my cousins could sing most delightfully and were very musical.

Odo was destined to distinguish himself in the Diplomatic Service; winning a new title for the Ancient House of Russell, being given the Barony of Amptill. Arthur preferred a parliamentary career.

The eldest brother, Hastings, being older, and a soldier, we saw much less often. I have an amusing little reminiscence of him. Coming away from a

schoolgirls' dance—I forget where—he asked for a lift in the carriage with Toza and me. Just before getting out at his destination, he kissed us both in the most fatherly manner, and said : “ Well, my dear children, I hope you will always get on as well as you did to-night.” Toza and I were much surprised ; we had not considered him old enough for such ways. But, after all, he was a good deal older than we were. If he came to children's parties, he was always the one to start the games, or do the conjuring tricks. He went into the Army very young, which made him older still in manner.

My grandfather, the Duke of Bedford, whose heir Hastings was, puts a little bit at the end of a letter to Uncle William which is very typical of Hastings :

“ I tipped Hastings £50 on New Year's Day, thinking that a little pocket money is always acceptable to a Sub. in the Guards. He was very amiable about it, but said that not having been at school, and therefore not accustomed to tips, he hardly knew whether to take it.”

My Uncle William Russell, the father of Hastings, Odo and Arthur, was so seldom in England that one saw very little of him. As far as I can remember, he was very like my father, only taller. His death in quite the prime of life was a great grief to my father, as he had been more to him than any of his other brothers. I have heard him say that William bore more resemblance to our grandmother's family, the Byngs, than either himself or Francis. Uncle William

fought in many of the battles of the Peninsular War ; he served for some time on Lord Wellesley's personal Staff, and afterwards held appointments as Minister Plenipotentiary at several Foreign Courts of Europe. Much correspondence passed between the two brothers, a great deal of which has been published in various biographies and letters. A writer of the family points out how the elder brother William unconsciously perceived, and bowed, to the wisdom of the younger. This is not often the case in a large family ; generally the one with more wisdom than the others is carefully kept in his place by his "elders and betters." The death of Lord William Russell took place in 1846 at Genoa, the same year that my father had become Prime Minister after the defeat of Sir Robert Peel over the Irish Coercion Bill.

In the year 1848, my father being then Prime Minister, were the Chartist Riots. I can remember the day when things were serious, and every one expected a wild and violent demonstration by the Chartists. Justin M'Carthy says—in his "History of our own Times"—"An ignorant panic prevailed on both sides."

My sisters and I were removed from 37 Chesham Place and taken to a house in Eaton Place, which was no doubt safer. No. 37 was barricaded. My step-mother went with my father to his office in Downing Street, as she said, in time of danger, her place was by her husband. The mob were expected to try and storm the house, or at any rate stone the windows, so the members of the Foreign Office made a good strong

barrier consisting of my father's Blue Books, which they said were then quite useful.

One thing about that morning still rankles in my memory. It was the morning when we usually had our German lesson. We naturally thought we should be immune on such a morning as this. The tutor could certainly not get to us, or know where we were. Imagine our dismay, when the hour arrived, in he came, flourishing an immense truncheon ; he had been doing special constable's duties, and could go where he pleased. So the German lesson took place.

The rioting came to nothing, and ended in poor Mr. Feargus O'Connor driving up in a cab to the House of Commons looking very frightened, and presenting a petition which was at once refused.

The People's Charter had nothing in it that would surprise anyone now. In fact, nearly all of it has become law. There were six points : "Manhood Suffrage," "Annual Parliaments," "Vote by Ballot," "Abolition of the Property Qualification"—then required for the election of a Member of Parliament—"The payment of Members," and "The division of the country into equal Electoral Districts."

My father did not at all share the fear of the Chartists, which possessed every one on that day. Far from being in "an ignorant panic," he was for letting them carry out their programme, which was to march to the House of Commons and present their petition. He was against any repressive measures, and was of the opinion that the ordinary law properly administered should be enough. But he gave way to

the advice of his colleagues, and to that of the Duke of Wellington, and all precautions were taken. London was guarded at every point, under the superintendence of the "Iron Duke" himself. One cannot say what would have happened had this not been done, for the would-be law-makers were a wild inconsequent mob, led by a wilder leader in Feargus O'Connor. This Irishman had entered Parliament as a follower of Daniel O'Connell. He quarrelled, however, with the popular Irish Leader, which was fatal to his success as an agitator in Ireland. Indeed, he could not have been a success at anything, seeing that his mind was slowly giving way, and in a year or two this poor man became hopelessly insane. He had the power of making speeches that roused his listeners to frantic excitement. I heard him described by some one who often saw him as "A craven, hang-dog looking fellow, afraid of his own shadow."

I think it was the year before the Chartist Riots that we went over to Ireland.

Ireland was then, as an Irishman flippantly described her, "A good country to live out of." The History of Ireland, as its readers well know, was at this time as sad as it could be. My father, as many Prime Ministers in their turn have done, put his shoulder manfully to the wheel for Ireland's good; and, if the coach skidded woefully, it was the bad roads and heavy going which caused it to do so. It was mainly to help Ireland that the Whigs so earnestly advocated Free Trade.

It was owing to the state of Ireland that Sir Robert

Peel, though leading the Tories in Opposition, turned and threw his great weight on to the side of Free Trade, thereby Free Trade became law, and bread became cheap throughout the Kingdom, thus partly averting the famine, though not before it had broken many an Irishman's heart and caused the death of thousands.

What could I know of all this, a child of eleven years old !

I remember going over to Ireland with my parents, to stay with Lord Clarendon, then the Lord-Lieutenant. I remember the dense black crowd on the quay at Kingstown, waiting for the boat's arrival, and the lane of people through which we walked to the carriages that met us—I don't remember any railway then from Kingstown to Dublin. The hosts of Irish people were all shouting at the top of their voices one word, repeated again and again, which as the boat stood in nearer for landing the passengers, we heard to be—"Repale ! Repale ! Repale !"

They meant the Union of Ireland with England.

I wonder if it ever will be "repaled" ; certainly my father would not be party to it.

I enjoyed my visit immensely, knowing, as I said before, nothing of the momentous business on which the head of the family was engaged, but, riding all about with Constance and Alice Villiers, on some delightful little ponies, provided by Lord Clarendon. My little hostesses also lent me a riding habit, as I had not brought one. We all went galloping about together, followed everywhere by a groom, to see that

we were safe. Alice rode a beautiful little piebald pony ; Constance, a chestnut ; and I was mounted on a dear little black Shetland.

On our departure we crossed from Belfast to Greenock, where my father at once received a message, calling him back on urgent business. He also received many messages warning him not to go, as he would be in danger of his life. However, he started at once. Feeling and working as he did for the people of Ireland, he was not likely to be afraid of them, even in their wildest moments. A friend—Thomas Moore, the poet—wrote to him, that he believed all he cared about was that the Paddies should be happier, “which,” added the writer, “the Paddies think quite natural.” My father was much worried, as well he might be, by the state of Ireland, and suggested many measures for improvement, but Ireland continually stood in her own light. “There are some things,” my father said in the House of Commons, “which the Crown cannot grant, which Parliament cannot enact : these are the spirit of self-reliance, and the spirit of co-operation.”

He recommended, after drawing up a scheme for the bettering of Irish schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, that “Great truths should be taught the people of Ireland, so that they will cease to applaud murder, and to consider pillage as the essence of religion.” On another occasion he declared : “Ireland *must* be governed by the British Parliament, which *cannot* abdicate its supremacy, which *must* protect life and property, *must* reject frantic theories and treasonable

projects, *must* punish the wrong-doer and throw its shield over the peaceable subject."

"I am not prepared to propose bills for coercion, and the maintenance of a large force of military and police, without endeavouring to improve, as far as lies in my power, the condition of the people. I will not be a Minister to carry on systems which I think founded on bigotry and prejudice. Be the consequence what it may, I am content to abide by these opinions, to carry them out to their fullest extent, not by any premature declaration of mere opinion, but by going on gradually from time to time, improving our institutions, and without injuring the ancient and venerable fabrics, rendering them fit and proper mansions for a great, free, and intelligent people."

The retirement and death of Daniel O'Connell had made Irish affairs still more difficult to deal with, for the Irish party had now no responsible leader. The patriot, or "Liberator of Ireland," as his friends called O'Connell, had learnt to trust in my father's goodwill and statesmanship, and aided him in many ways, while the English statesman, beneath the wild eloquence and hot-headedness of O'Connell, had seen and honoured the nobility and courage, the straight dealing of a true patriot. Though the repeal of the Union, the keynote of O'Connell's life, could not be granted, my father many times sought his advice on other Irish questions. Unfortunately, the health and energies of the great Irish leader were sadly waning at the time my father took office as Prime Minister, and in the following year the "Liberator" died.

His death was an irreparable loss to the country he had loved so well, for it happened at a time when there was no man who could govern and lead the Irish party. Many came forward to be, whatever happened, "agin the Government," but not one of them could attain to the almost unlimited power and influence of Daniel O'Connell, nor had they his wisdom and capabilities. My father wrote, in his "Recollections," "O'Connell confined his opposition fairly to Irish measures. He never countenanced the Canadian Catholics in their disaffection, nor promoted a recurrence to physical force, nor used Trades Unions as a means of discord and separation among classes, nor did I ever see cause to complain of O'Connell's conduct!"

It was not found necessary for my father to remain in Ireland on a second visit, so he soon rejoined us at Taymouth. I well remember my stepmother's anxiety while he was away; the warnings and prophesyings of sundry nervous and meddling people had really alarmed her, though they were disappointed of having any effect whatever upon her husband.

Shortly after his return to us, the Queen commanded him to Balmoral, whither he at once repaired as Minister in attendance. While on this visit he created a precedent for Prime Ministers by shooting a deer. I don't know whether a Prime Minister has performed this unparliamentary feat since, but, to his great delight, not one had done it before! We wondered if it altered the opinion of the gillie who had said of him that it had not pleased the Lord to make him a sportsman!

In the August of that year the Queen herself visited Ireland. The right royal welcome which the Irish gave her was very touching and showed that the hearts of the people were good and true. There was a great deal of discussion in the Cabinet, before her visit, as to the safety of the Sovereign, but our young Queen could be very firm with her advisers, and was determined to go to Ireland; she was, as usual, right. I believe it is a fact, that whenever the Sovereign has visited Ireland, Ireland has given as loyal and hearty a reception as any other part of his dominions has ever accorded him.

The event, which I am now going to narrate, is, perhaps, too important, too far-reaching in our family life to be called a memory, namely the gift for life, by the Crown, of Pembroke Lodge in Richmond Park to my father, as a country-house.

One day, in a year long gone by, my father had very nearly become the owner of Chequers. This beautiful place is now to be, through the generosity of Lord Lee of Fareham, the future Official Residence of the Prime Ministers of England. It was once the property of Sir George Russell of Swallowfield, who, though of the same name, was not related to our family. This kind and generous-hearted man was not only a fervent Whig, but had, apart from that, a very great liking and respect for my father, and thought him a most estimable and trustworthy young statesman, who should be encouraged and helped in every way, so he decided he would make him a present of this house and land called "Chequers." As he himself recounted afterwards,

filled with this intention he drove over one morning to Woburn, to make his intended gift known to the Duke of Bedford. He drove back without making the offer ! For the Duke received him coldly ; did not offer him luncheon, nor even refreshment. Sir George Russell felt chilled and repulsed. His generosity died within him. My father used to remark that he had lost Chequers for want of a glass of sherry and a biscuit !

Some twenty years afterwards, the Queen offered my father Pembroke Lodge, as a country-house, for his life, to revert to the Crown at his death. The gift was accepted most gratefully, for he had long felt the need of some place of quietness and rest, where he could go at will. In Richmond Park may still be seen the old oak-tree, now battered and weather-beaten, then with magnificent spreading branches, under which, one summer day, my father and step-mother sat and wished that Pembroke Lodge was theirs. We always called it the "Wishing Tree," and suspected it of supernatural powers. I do not think the Queen heard of the "Wishing Tree," until long after the gift was made, but she seems to have divined what her hard-worked Minister most wanted, and when the occupant, Lord Erroll, a son-in-law of William IV died, she directed the offer to be made. My father so little knew her intention that he had just before taken a place at Chorley Wood in Hertfordshire, and we had settled in there, when the offer came.

The Cedars, Chorley Wood, in the parish of Chenies, was a nice house with lawns and gardens

shaded by beautiful old cedar-trees ; it was quite near my Uncle Wriothsley Russell's Rectory. He was my father's half-brother, the clergyman of the family, and the eldest of the Duke's second family.

When my grandmother—who was born Georgiana Byng—died, he married Lady Georgiana Gordon, daughter of the Duke of Gordon. She had a numerous family. Uncle Wrio was adviser on ecclesiastical matters to Prince Albert. He was one of the most saintly and conscientious of clergymen, devoting himself entirely to the welfare of his parish. It was a great joke against him in the family that, when speaking at a temperance meeting, he was reported to have said that he believed for some years in moderation but proved it to be an utter failure. Of course this was an erroneous understanding of the speech. He lived to the good old age of eighty-one, having been Rector of Chenies for fifty-six years. "Three generations," said the Dean of Windsor—now the Archbishop of Canterbury—"turned instinctively and trustfully to the Rectory for the wisest counsel in every difficulty, and for the heartiest sympathy in every petty joy or sorrow, and for the brightest example in word or deed of what a Christian home should be." Chenies boasted but a small population at the commencement of his ministry there, but it soon grew as the circle of London widened.

At the side of the church is the Russell family vault, a beautiful mausoleum. In the year 1839, when my mother died, and was laid to rest within the precincts of this beautiful building among the great

monuments and memorials that had been raised to generations of Russells, calling to mind history that was centuries old, there was raised another memorial in the shape of six drooping lilies, most perfectly carved in white marble, to represent the mourning of the six orphan children left bereaved by her who rested beneath, in the beautiful peaceful Hall of departed Russells.

The Russell Mausoleum is famous, and has been many times described, there being only one other in Europe as beautiful. The memorials date from the eleventh century, though the building is of later date—when an emblem of a cup and napkin was depicted on a window, which was to tell the tale that, in a very far-off time, it was the privilege of the head of the family to hand the cup and napkin to the Norman King William of England. The oldest and finest of the marble memorials is an altar tomb under the East window, made of beautifully veined marble; it commemorates John, the first Earl of Bedford, he whose scholarly and refined face with the grave grey eyes and patriarchal beard has descended to us by the portrait painted of him by the great artist of his day, Hans Holbein, then lodging in the house of Sir Thomas More, in days when reigned Henry VIII. More striking than the recumbent statues of this old-time Earl and his Countess is the large monument of the first Duke and Duchess of Bedford, which also commemorates their martyr son, William, Lord Russell, so cruelly executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The figure of the Duchess denotes absolute grief, shrinking

away from some horror which she cannot bear to witness. The sculptor, whose name does not transpire, put real force and feeling into his work ; no resignation is to be seen in the face of the old Duke, who when the Dukedom was bestowed on him wrote in acknowledgment, "I *had* a son who would have appreciated it." A writer remarks on the wonderful survival of all these magnificent monuments, which through the centuries have lost none of their exquisite chiselling or the fine colouring with which they were adorned by those who set them up :

"This circumstance is partly to be attributed to the remote situation of the mausoleum, hidden away in the quiet village of Chenies, and partly to the fact that they were the tombs of men, who, as a family, were *bene meriti di repubblica* and were therefore spared by the Puritan mob in times of great popular excitement when so much Vandalism was committed."

Nothing could exceed our delight when we heard we were to have Pembroke Lodge, and we all took a hand in the tremendous preparations that began at once. Everything that had been bought for Chorley Wood had to be got into Pembroke Lodge. Our regret at leaving the former place was forgotten, or overwhelmed by the many plans to fit the carpets and curtains made for the rooms there into the quite different rooms of our new house. A sofa, I remember, had to have the end of it cut off to make it fit into the place designed for it. The wall papers were exhibited to all of us for the common vote. There were two large looking-glasses which, to our great relief, just

fitted into the two drawing-rooms of Pembroke Lodge, and some prints, gifts of the Queen, were hung round the hall with the approbation of every one.

I well remember the excitement of the first days at Pembroke Lodge. How Mamma could be seen deep in conversation with her carpenter, or her upholsterer, in one part of the house, and Papa in another, watching with painful anxiety and many suggestions, the "putting down" of a stair carpet which hardly fitted, but which he was determined should look born and bred for that particular staircase. How we ran all about making new discoveries, and what a shock was given us by one of the rooms upstairs, which had been left all hung with black, the bed and furniture all covered with material of the same hue. It was the room in which Lord Erroll had died—a room in which to creep quietly on tiptoe, gazing furtively round for some half-expected reappearance of the past, but seeing nothing anywhere but the solemn black cloth, mourning on into the presence of new and wondering children's faces.

In the gardens there was still more to explore. A spot of grim interest was "Henry VIII's Mound" whither, on a day long before Pembroke Lodge was thought of, the Tudor Monarch had betaken himself alone to watch for sight of horrid interest to him, for the black flag would be hoisted on the Tower of London as a signal that his fourth wife, Catherine Howard, had, by his order, been beheaded. In those days, we ourselves, when standing on the mound, could see the Tower of London quite plainly through

the trees, so that we could well imagine the scene. The terrible flag appearing in the distance—the King turning away revenged, satisfied, but anger yet smouldering within him.

Pembroke Lodge, which derived its name from a Lady Pembroke of the previous century, who had caused the house to be built, lay among the trees in the quietest part of Richmond Park. When there, one seemed to be in the heart of the country, though Richmond was close by, and London only nine miles off. Nothing could disturb the peace which hung over the house and garden. It was a haven for a tired man, where the brain could remain cool, even though the heart were stirred to the utmost. The glimpses of the Thames shining through the stately old oaks added more beauty to the pretty rambling house, with its old-fashioned gardens and shady walks. My father said he must at once have a rose garden. So a beautiful one was at once laid out with beds of all his very favourite roses, the whole garden being bounded by posts and chains on which clambered different kinds of climbing roses. Not very long ago my husband and I erected a memorial to his memory in this garden, a sundial with the motto "Redeeming the time."

Dear Pembroke Lodge! The Queen with her kind gift endowed us all with a fountain of happiness.

My father and stepmother at once became immensely fond of their new possession. The latter, when writing to her sister Lady Abercromby, said she wished there was some way of stopping Father Time,

as she was so happy. "He cannot," she wrote, "bring me any change for the better."

Looking back on the first years at Pembroke Lodge, they seem to have been uneventful, but on reading biographies and histories how fraught with important issues they were! Peaceful though those years in our new home may have seemed to us children, yet they were full of the most momentous events, in which my father was often the person most nearly concerned, if not actually directing them. He had become Prime Minister in 1846, taking the reins from the hands of Sir Robert Peel, this great statesman having been defeated by his own followers, who voted on the opposite side.

Sir Robert Peel had tendered his resignation after the repeal of the Corn Laws in the previous year, but when he repaired to Windsor Castle, at the time appointed, her Majesty, on entering the room, said to him very graciously, "So far from taking leave of you, Sir Robert, I must require you to withdraw your resignation, and to remain in my service." Sir Robert, describing the interview in his memoirs, writes: "If such were her Majesty's pleasure, I humbly advised her Majesty to permit me to decide at once on the resumption of it, and to be enabled to announce to my colleagues on my return to London that I had not hesitated to reaccept the appointment of First Minister." But he had hazarded and lost the allegiance of his party in the year that he had abandoned the Tory policy of protection, and seeing his country's need declared himself for Free Trade. The angry Tory

squires declared that he had steered them into the enemy's port, and in revenge ranged themselves against their leader when in the next year he brought in a bill for the saving of life in Ireland, called the Irish Coercion Bill. So the Whigs came into power, my father at their head.

It was a period of great unrest, full of disturbances of all kinds in foreign affairs, home affairs, affairs of religion ; and, in all, party feeling ran high. This made an almost superhuman task of steering the ship of State. Now, like a Columbus, my father steered for some, as yet, untried region which he felt should belong to his country ; now, like a general, he marshalled his forces to defend some weak point assailed by never diminishing numbers of enemies ; now, like a gladiator, he stood at bay, while personal attacks were made on him by men with greater command of sword-play than he had—men like Disraeli whose presence of mind never failed, whose tongue knew no mercy. Always my father had the confidence of his Sovereign, as well as an assurance of his own, derived from much experience and wisdom, which was not only inherited but culled from immense reading, and from intimacy with some of the wisest human beings in Europe. You see, I do not conceal my admiration of my father !

I have already narrated in these pages my childish experiences of our visit to Ireland, and of the Chartist Riots, when a child of ten. Like St. Paul, as a child, I thought as a child. To my father these same events brought widely different experiences. To him, it was

a time of anxious deliberation, and of strenuous work, toiling ever to better the prevailing sad condition of Ireland, and also for the welfare of the people at home. Sometimes, with great thankfulness, he could witness the desired good effect brought about by one of his measures, and, at others, every effort seemed to result only in grievous disappointment, and things seemed worse than they were before.

I can recall so little of the great matters which were the real affairs of our parents' lives, and, consequently, in a lesser degree, of ours. When reading histories and biographies, small details come back to me, faces of great personages now living in history, as they came and went in our daily lives, or fragments of talk upon subjects with which the whole country, or the whole of Europe was ringing.

To bring my thoughts back from great national events to more personal affairs, I must tell how my sister, Adelaide, married, before we went to Pembroke Lodge, Maurice Drummond, my first brother-in-law. He and Addy had made acquaintance as children playing in Belgrave Square. Later on he became private secretary to Aunt Theresa's second husband, Sir George Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, who later on held the Cabinet keys as Home Secretary.

The marriage of Adelaide Lister and Maurice Drummond was quite a romance, as our parents did not at all encourage them, for Adelaide was only eighteen, and Maurice very little older. So, being headstrong, this young couple one day tried to take matters into

their own hands and made an attempt to elope! Addy's stepfather and brother could not stand this, and finding out which way they had gone promptly fetched them back. Uncle Edward Cradock and Ribblesdale found they had got on board the steamboat for Calais, intending to be married in Paris, and reached Dover just in time to board her too. Instead of going below to look for them, they waited till the boat's arrival at Calais and surprised the runaways by meeting them on the gangway as they were landing. The whole party returned by the next boat. The foolish young couple had no money with them, except what they had obtained by selling his gold watch and her diamond brooch. However, they still insisted that married they must be, so the wedding was allowed to take place under the eye of their relatives in not quite so romantic a manner as they had intended. They were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. So my eldest half-sister carried her grace and charm into a new life. She was ten years older than I, and nearly grown up when I was hardly out of the nursery. She was very pretty, with the triangular eyelids typical of the Lister family. She would always treat me as quite a baby, long after I thought she ought to treat me otherwise. When I spoke to her, instead of answering, she would say, "Oh, that's what it says, is it?" She was a very dear elder sister to have. She and her husband gathered a circle of interesting people round them at their home in Hampstead. Maurice and Addy were both fond of literary society, and both could use their pens with good effect. Maurice

especially was a most delightful writer, and some of the leading newspapers were pleased to publish his articles. The following mock operetta was written by him, in which I am the heroine ; it was making fun of one of my visits to them at Hampstead, which they complained were always much too seldom and too brief. They also wanted my father to buy their horse, which he was not very anxious to do, hence the allusions to the horse. The piece is supposed to be all set to music like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. I must add that I have and had a great objection to my name Georgiana being spelt without the *a*, but perforce could say nothing because of the rhyme !

SCENE I.—Finchley Road Station—a group of Villagers, Beadle, etc.

The sound of wheels is heard in the distance. A wagonette is seen approaching, rapidly drawn by a magnificent brown mare with high action, lowest price sixty-five guineas and cheap at that price for the brougham of a Foreign Secretary of State. At the same time the train arrives at the station : a singularly DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING MAN, still in the prime of life, but somewhat careworn, alights from the wagonette. The VILLAGERS with difficulty repress their emotion : the STATION-MASTER is visibly affected. The PORTER approaches a first-class carriage in which a lady is seated.

Porter. Hampstead !

Lady G. The man has made a great mistake !

Porter. Methinks the lady is but half awake.

Lady G. Can this be Hampstead ?

Porter. Ma'am no longer doubt,

But from your cushioned carriage get you out ;

It is so long, alas ! since you were here,

The aspect of the place is changed, I fear.

Lady G. Man, I believe you're right : here is my ticket,
I prithee let me pass the railway wicket.

Where is my Brother ? Let me see his face.
 Can that be he ? Oh no, I cannot trace
 The slightest likeness . . . yet it must, it must.
 Oh, foolish heart ! Georgina's fit to bust !
 There is the same majestic form, the smile—
 Sweet token of a heart that knows no guile !
 Maurice !

Distinguished-looking Man. Georgina !

Lady G. Is it really thou ?

Oh, life has left its impress on thy brow—
 Perchance on mine ; then let me weep my fill.
 Maurice, with all thy faults I love thee still !

Song by Villagers.

She loves him still,
 She loves him still,
 And so, perchance,
 She always will.

Lady G. Silence, ye fools. Oh, Maurice, bear me hence,
 In fly or cab, regardless of expense !

(Maurice leads her to the wagonette.)

Oh, what a mare ! What fire is in her eye !
 What splendid shoulders, and what action high !
 What value could be put on such a beast ?

Maurice. Sixty-five guineas at the very least ;
 And at that price I think she would be cheap
 To drag the brougham. . . . Georgina, do not weep !

Lady G. It is too much—my feelings, not the cost
 Of that fine mare. Oh, Hampstead loved and lost !
 And Addy . . . tell me, is she still alive ?
 How many children are there ? Four or five ?

Maurice. Thou soon shalt see. Now villagers, give way,
 Nor keep us standing here the livelong day.

Song by Villagers.

The livelong day, the livelong day :
 Years and hours fleet away
 While we sing a roundelay.

Lady G. Silence, ye fools, nor any longer bore us,
But wait until I ask you for a chorus.

*(Lady G. and Maurice ascend the front seat of the
wagonette.)*

Solo by the Beadle.

Wheels of time with frightful friction,
Bear the car of life along.
Take a Beadle's benediction :
Listen to a Beadle's song.
Lady, if I err, forgive me :
Six cocked hats, since you were here,
I have worn : the Parish give me
Only one cocked hat a year.
Lady, ere again the portal '
Of your Brother's house you pass—
Though a Beadle, I am mortal—
I shall be beneath the grass.

Lady G. Beadle, do not set me squealing :
Do not make my tears to flow.
Beadle, Father, deeply feeling,
Cease thine aged nose to blow.

Chorus of Villagers.

Beadle, Father, deeply squealing,
Better let the lady go.
Sweetest chords of human feeling
Cause a Beadle's nose to blow.

LADY G. and MAURICE, apparently fatigued by the Beadle's harmony, drive off. The VILLAGERS, intent on their chorus, do not perceive that LADY G. has departed with her gifted Brother. They appear deeply affected, and the curtain falls in an agitated manner, leaving only the feet of the BEADLE who has fainted, exposed to view.

SCENE II.—The drawing-room at Lower Terrace. ADDY, surrounded by four children, awaits the arrival of LADY G. and MAURICE.

Song by Addy to Baby.

Itsey, tootsey, blessed thing !
Shall it, bless it, no, it shan't.
Did it like to hear me sing ?
Would it like to see its Aunt ?

LADY G. bursts into the room, followed by MAURICE. At the same time a SERVANT brings in a telegram on a tray. LADY G. tears it open.

Lady G. Addy, if that be thou, how are you ? and farewell
I'm wanted home again—I need not tell—

A. What means all this ?

Can you not stay to give this babe one kiss ?

Lady G. No, for Amberley e'en now awaits
My quick return at Richmond Station gates.

Song by Maurice Drummond.

John Amberley, my jo John,
It once was very bonny
When we were first acquent,
And you were only Johnny.
But now you're very high, John,
And we are very low :
There's bear's grease on your raven pow,
John Amberley, my jo.

(Enter servant with another telegram.)

Lady G. Quick, quick, again that splendid mare and groom
So well adapted for Lord Russell's brougham,
The fastest-trotting animal alive,
Whose lowest price is guineas sixty-five
And would be cheap. . . .

(Enter servant with another telegram.)

Oh, gracious ! here's another.
Where is that splendid mare ? and oh, my Mother !

Quick ! quick ! nor let them telegraph in vain.
 Next century shall see me here again.
 In the meantime my fate I cannot dodge.
 Hampstead, farewell ! And now for Pembroke Lodge !

SCENE III.—Outside Lower Terrace, Hampstead. A bonnet box is hurried across the stage. Enter LADY G. on one side ; BEADLE and VILLAGERS on the other.

Lady G. Break, break, my heart ;
 But ope the carriage door !

Beadle (weeping). These aged eyes
 Shall never see her more.

Lady G. (turning to Beadle). I am not worth your weeping, let me go :

But shall I ? Answer, Beadle, answer “no” ;
 Then love me all in all ;
 But, Beadle, do not squall !

(Pas de deux by the Beadle and Lady G.)

Villagers. Lighter would our Beadle dance
 Were he but a little leaner.
 Joining in parochial prance,
 Mark the grace of sweet Georgina !

(Pas seul by Beadle.)

(Meantime a wagonette appears, drawn by a valuable mare. Lady G. leaps into the carriage and waves her handkerchief. Beadle, not noticing her departure, continues to dance.)

Villagers. Better disturb him not,
 Dancing in sorrow.
 Wake to thy dreary lot,
 Beadle, to-morrow.

Their voices are drowned by the din of a wagonette drawn by a high-trotting mare (cheap at sixty-five guineas) running over a Beadle, whose screams mingle with the strains of the chorus and the strong language of LADY G. Railway bells are heard in the distance ; the telegraph wires are violently agitated, and, being overcharged

with electricity, communicate the subtle fluid to the clouds. Lurid flashes of lightning shed a ghastly gleam over the scene, and the curtain falls amid the crash of a thunderstorm.

Addy and Maurice are heard singing behind the curtain :

We must our feelings quell.
Ne'er were the children cleaner.
Sweets to the sweet : farewell,
Pretty Georgina !

This nonsensical little mock play is in "The Life of Adelaide Drummond," which was published lately by her son-in-law, Basil Champneys, who amid his onerous architectural duties found time to edit my late sister's interesting journals and notes.

The classic episode on which hangs the plot must have taken place after I was grown up, though even then I was not allowed to go about by myself. In those days girls did not go far from their homes, except under escort, in early years, of a governess, and, later, of the maid.

The remembrance of our dear governess, Mlle. Germain, is a very pleasant and a very grateful one. How good she was, and what a true friend to us all ! A recollection is seeing her despatching bank-notes to her mother in Switzerland, each bank-note torn in half and one bit kept back till the other had safely arrived. She stayed with us for twelve years, superintending our education, taking part in our joys and our griefs. Though not of pure French descent, being a Swiss, her French accent was perfect ; indeed, she was complimented on it by no less a person than Louis Philippe.

The exiled King of France was then living for a short time at Twickenham, resting from the hostilities of his country with her turbulent anti-Royal population. One day when we were playing in the garden, he came strolling along the path on his way up to the house. When he saw us, he called us to him, and began talking to us in the quick French way. We, though feeling very shy, answered as well as we could in the same language, till my stepmother, who had seen him approaching the house, came out to meet us, and made him a deep curtsy, for she always set the example for every one to be specially respectful to the French King who had sought the safety of our country. He began talking to her at once of the pleasure he had had in conversing with her children ; he was lost in admiration of our accent and fluency. Where then was the lady who had taught us ? she must at once be presented to him. So Mademoiselle was fetched, and was quite overcome with pleasure and pride, and the King evidently enjoyed the long chat he had with her on many subjects, for few people were as widely read or as intelligent as our Mademoiselle.

The two young French Princes, also, would often be in residence with their grandparents. One day, when these two young men had accepted an invitation to dine with us at Pembroke Lodge, thinking to amuse them, we hurriedly got up an impromptu dance in the evening, taking a great deal of trouble to clear out one of the drawing-rooms for the dancing. We all adjourned there after dinner. The Princes, each having put on a pair of black gloves, my stepmother

advanced towards the elder and asked if his Royal Highness would dance. "On ne danse pas avec les gants noirs," he said, holding out his hands tragically. The younger Prince said just the same thing, also showing his gloves, and they sat gloomily throughout the evening, declining to take any part in our dancing and enjoyment, although but for them this delightful little party would never have been thought of. A great many neighbours looked in to join our fun, amongst whom I remember Archibald Peel, my future husband, who came with his sisters from Marble Hill.

My next recollection is a most unpleasant one. Mademoiselle was away for a holiday, and we had a German lady with us for the time being, named Granau. This episode, however, very little concerns her, but rather another person, very delightful, whom I have good cause to remember for quite another reason; this is "Sam Slick." He was in reality the famous Judge Haliburton, but always called "Sam Slick" because he wrote a book universally read, in which the hero, called by this aristocratic name, was an extraordinary cute Yankee clockmaker, whose shrewd ideas and surprising fancies were quoted by every one. The book had tremendous popularity. The Judge became "Sam Slick." Judge Haliburton and his family, who had lived much in Nova Scotia, were at this time near neighbours and great friends of ours. One day they very kindly sent us a present of a Nova Scotia partridge. We had never tasted a Nova Scotia partridge and were all much interested. It was ordered to be sent up that evening for supper. We ourselves

and Fräulein Granau were the party. I was to carve, and my father said, "Now, Gee, you must be very careful and carve the partridge to do for five people."

So I carved each a small portion, little thinking that the smallness of the portions was to save our lives. Luckily there were five of us, not less, for directly we had had this small bit of partridge, we all felt dreadfully ill. We looked at each other in consternation, for each face was of the most ghastly colour. We knew we were poisoned. Dr. Julius from Richmond was sent for, and came post-haste ; he administered sal volatile and brandy at once, for he said we were nearly pulseless. Not one of us had troubled to walk out of the dining-room, but lay on the floor or sofa, feebly handing round the smelling salts. My father was white as a sheet ; Granau—whom we at first unjustly suspected—yellow as an orange ; Victoria hardly conscious, and my stepmother and I in no better condition. The good doctor soon got us all well again, but it was a narrow escape. How lucky that the partridge was so small, and had to go round for so many ! Our poor friend's distress may be imagined when he heard how nearly his Nova Scotia partridge had killed an unoffending family ! The doctor at once hit on the mistake that had been made. It had come to his knowledge that at that time of the year those partridges eat a poisonous berry which makes them unfit for food : this explained the whole unpleasant episode. It made no difference to our friendship with the Haliburtons. The Judge, whose name was one to conjure with in cases of law, had made his reputation in

Nova Scotia, and his son followed ably in his father's footsteps. My father delighted in "Sam Slick," and he was often the soul and life of parties at Pembroke Lodge. I suppose no family can be without some unpleasant incidents, but at any rate we never had another like that one.

The schoolroom party was left a great deal at Pembroke Lodge under the care of Mademoiselle Germain, though our parents, who were mostly at Chesham Place, made a rule of coming down on Saturday till Monday, and generally would fit in a week day as well, if at all possible, but it was generally "The Queen's Messenger, my lord," and he would disappear again. By coming away from London on Saturdays, they missed the evening parties given by the political hostesses on both sides. I think if they had ever heard of such an expression, they would have said, "Hang the parties!" being both so thankful to get home to the quiet of the country.

Sometimes the whole family took part in "the up and downer," as the week's stay at Chesham Place was called; then there was quite a procession. My father left directly after breakfast, in his brougham and pair of fast trotting horses, then the rest of the family in a larger carriage. The luggage went in a carrier's cart, which never arrived when expected. "'Orse lost a shoe," was generally the explanation of not turning up till any hour at night. How we should have longed for the Metropolitan Railway, if we could only have imagined it!

We much enjoyed being amid the hum of London,

especially the going out to parties, and the children's balls which had been brought into fashion by George IV, who was very fond of entertaining the young. Our education also was vigorously proceeded with in London, and we thought ourselves very hard-worked by our teachers in languages, music, etc., but we were extraordinarily lucky children, as one of our treats was to go to the family box at Covent Garden and hear the singing of Mario and Grisi, the couple who with their marvellous voices were the idols of the public both in London and Paris for many years. Is the effect, in these days, unimaginable of "Home, sweet home," or "The last rose of summer"—unknown, unheard before—sung by a voice worthy of an angel? The peerless soprano of Grisi, or the grand tenor of Mario. A curious incident is related of Mario, showing the fascination he exercised over his listeners. He was singing the second verse of "*La chanson de l'amoureux*," which runs :

"Ah, viens aux bois, folle maîtresse
Aux bois sombres et mystérieux,
Ah, viens aux bois."

A young lady rose from her seat among the audience and in a dreamy ecstatic voice exclaimed, "Je viens, je viens !"

There is also the pretty story of Grisi journeying by road through Italy. Her carriage was suddenly stopped by a party of brigands, whose leader, instead of demanding money, asked for the handkerchief of "*la bellissima diva*" as a souvenir. It was handed

out to them at once. As the carriage proceeded Grisi leant out of the window to thank them ; the brigands waved their hands and cried out, "A revederci," which Grisi by no means echoed, having been very much frightened ! One other story of Mario must here be told. The great tenor was one day walking in the streets of a French town, when he noticed a poor woman leading a delicate child by the hand and singing timidly with her poor voice hoping to gain a few sous ; but no one heeded her, or gave her anything. Mario felt in his pocket ; to his distress he had no money with him ; after hesitating a moment, he stepped to the side of the despairing woman, took off his hat and lifting up his world-famed voice sang his best. The effect was instantaneous. He was surrounded by a throng of people, his hat was filled with donations, which he emptied into the lap of the poor woman, and hurried away. He thought himself unrecognized, but the storms and volleys of applause from all sides of the house that greeted him when he appeared on the stage that night betokened otherwise.

In 1842, when Grisi and Mario were singing in Dublin, a large crowd gathered before their hotel on the evening before their departure. In response to repeated calls Grisi appeared on the balcony and sang to them. Hats were flung in the air, and wild Irish shouts and hurrahs from an Irish crowd, crazy with delight, brought sleepers from their beds to see that splendid figure standing in the moonlight and singing as few have ever sung before. Has anyone ever equalled them ? Only those who heard can say.

The gardens of Holland House were another privilege to the children of our time. Lady Holland would often ask us to come with our parents, and let us run all about, while our elders sat and ate strawberries, or sauntered through the grounds. The piano used to be brought out, under the trees, for Thomas Moore to play and sing. Once when I was very young, he good-naturedly sang one of his songs especially to me, to which I listened most disapprovingly, and when he had finished, instead of thanking him, said, "Can you sing 'Hearts of Oak'?" He said he did not know the words. The poet afterwards told my father, with great amusement, that I looked as if I thought not much of him after that.

In Lord Macaulay's Essay on Lord Holland, in the passage foreboding the passing away of Holland House, he writes :

"The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets and squares and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. . . . They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the peculiar character which belonged to that circle, in which every

talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place."

I am glad to say, though there are prodigious changes in our great London, Holland House with its beautiful gardens still stands where it did, of which I, as well as "the few old men" have most pleasant recollections. I don't know what inspired Lord Macaulay to write such a dismal prophecy. I am very glad it has not come true, though some few acres of the gardens have been sold to the builders of houses and flats since the above essay was written.

My father, in his youth, had been, as Macaulay expresses it, distinguished and blessed by the friendship of Lord Holland, and in later years it was he who advised and encouraged him, being the wisest of counsellors on both public and private affairs. Nearly all his letters were kept, one of them is signed "Your very tiresome but conscientious judge Vassall Holland." He had, as was said of his uncle the brilliant Whig statesman of the previous century, "the vast comprehension that takes in any subject, united to a candour and benevolence that renders him as amiable as he is great."

My father had travelled much on the Continent with Lord and Lady Holland in his young days, and was one of the young men they liked to have round them at Holland House. A reminiscence he would tell of his travels in Spain, was seeing the ships laden with cargoes of the rich wine of the country coming down the river, and noticing how the sailors would sometimes open a barrel, into which they would dip

a jug, and bring out the wine to quench their thirst ; they would then fill the jug by dipping it into the river, and replenish the cask with the dirty river water. This was mostly wine destined for the London wine-merchants.

Among his most important works he ranked his "Life and Times of Charles James Fox," begun under the auspices of Lord Holland, but not ended till many years later. He also continued, and edited, the "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox," which Lord Holland had begun. My father shared with him his great admiration and love for his predecessor. It may have been the contemplation of his life which flung the burning torch of Reform into my father's soul. The man to whom his party was so devoted that it was said, "Every man of them would be hanged for Fox."

My father quotes from Lord Erskine :

"Nothing could be more interesting nor extraordinary than to witness, as I have often done, the mighty and unprepared efforts of his mind, when he had to encounter with the arguments of some profound reasoner, who had deeply considered his subject, and arranged it with all possible art, to preserve its parts unbroken. To hear him *begin* on such occasions, without method, without any kind of exertion, without the smallest impulse for the desire of distinction or triumph, and animated only by the honest sense of duty, an audience *who knew him not* would have expected but little success from the conflict ; as little as a traveller in the East, whilst stumbling at a buffalo in the wild vigour of his well-protected strength,

would have looked to his immediate destruction when he saw the boa moving slowly and inertly towards him on the grass. But Fox unlike the serpent in everything but his strength, always taking his station in some fixed, invulnerable principle, soon surrounded and entangled his adversary, disjoining every member of his discourse, and strangling him in the irresistible folds of truth."

The following extract from Lord Erskine's letter, quoted in full by my father, gives some idea of the tremendous capabilities of this great Whig of former days ; small wonder, he excited the admiration of the man who followed in his footsteps :

"This extraordinary person, then, in rising generally to speak, had evidently no more premeditated the particular language he should employ, nor frequently the illustrations, and imagines, by which he should discuss, or enforce his subject, than he had contemplated the hour he was to die. His exalted merit as a debater in Parliament did not, therefore, consist in the length, variety, or roundness of his periods, but in the truth and vigour of his conceptions ; in the depth and extent of his information ; in the retentive powers of his memory, which enabled him to keep in constant view, not only all he had formerly read and reflected on, but everything said at the moment, and even at other times, by the various persons whose arguments he was to answer, in the faculty of spreading out his matter so clearly to the grasp of his own mind, as to render it impossible he should ever fail in the utmost clearness and distinctness to others, in the exuberant fertility of his invention, which spontaneously brought forth his ideas at the moment, in every possible shape by which the understanding might sit in the most

accurate judgment upon them ; whilst instead of seeking afterwards to enforce them by cold, premeditated illustrations, or by episodes, which, however beautiful, only distract attention, he was accustomed to repass his subject, not *methodically*, but in the most *unforeseen* and fascinating review, enlightening every part of it, and binding even his adversaries in a kind of spell for the moment of involuntary assent."

Lord Holland died in 1840, leaving his widow to reign at Holland House alone. She survived him five years. I can just remember her slightly. A severe-looking lady, with very clear-cut features, and dark hair, brushed very smoothly each side of her forehead. I have a dim recollection of her in a Bath chair, and always attended by a page boy named Harold, who seemed to have a supernatural intelligence about anything his mistress wanted. No book, but he knew where to find it, no guest, but he could tell her exactly who he or she was.

Being Papa's oldest and most intimate friend, my stepmother was naturally most anxious to please her, and, like other people, was not a little afraid of her, for her severe opinions were very freely given. As some writer has pointed out, she saw not motes, but beams in her fellow-creatures' eyes. My stepmother once confided to me the embarrassment she felt at the first dinner-party she gave at Chesham Place, for Lady Holland, no sooner had she sat down to dinner, called the butler round to her, and snapped out, "Bring me a shawl !" Mamma, after telling of this, would add pathetically, "And I had taken such trouble to have

everything right, and had thought the room was warm enough."

This great lady exercised a real and beneficial influence on the leading men of the day, who flocked to her *salon*. How often did she give hope to genius, and opportunities to knowledge! My father was in Scotland at the time of her death, when he was sent for to come at once; he travelled night and day to reach his most valued old friend in time. She had long been a very old lady, but she never appeared so. As my stepmother wrote in a letter at the time of her death, "It is sad that her death should have startled one, as only that of a young person generally does."

Lady Holland left my father all the letters and papers left by Charles James Fox, including letters from the Polish patriot, Kosciusko, who wrote from unhappy Poland, torn to pieces by her rapacious neighbours, to obtain the advice and sympathy of the English champion of Liberty! She also left him an estate in Kennington, which he only took on condition it should be for his life only. Strange to think that Kennington Oval, now the Paradise of cricketers, once belonged to my father. He protested to her that he would dislike that her son and daughter should be impoverished to his advantage; she answered feebly, "I hate my son; I don't like my daughter," and firmly adhered to her decision. But my father was determined that her children, who were his friends, should not suffer in the long run.

Lady Holland's death was a great grief to him; he never forgot the friendship which had been so long and

firmly knit, or the brilliant circle of which he had been so content to be one ; but, above all, the kindness she extended to him in his youth, when, as she used to describe it, she “ kept a knife and fork for him ” at Holland House ; that meant that whenever he chose to go, he should find a place kept for him. In 1829 in a letter to Lord William she says, “ Johnnie is living here, as sensible and amiable as ever, his old pamphlet on the Netherlands has had due honour given it.” With Lady Holland’s death, many scenes and many figures became memories of the past. It seemed to end an epoch in my father’s life. Friends and colleagues of the eighteenth century, who lived and worked during the twenties, thirties and forties of the nineteenth, were fast joining the great majority.

Memories of some of the leading spirits of Europe in those years he would often recall, and as might be imagined without much difficulty, for a man who had been a colleague of Canning’s, and had heard his voice in irresistible eloquence, rising and falling in the House of Commons, could not well forget it, nor would one forget it who had stood up to the attacks of Sir Robert Peel, or who had upheld Lord Durham against nearly the whole of the politicians of Great Britain, and lived to see that he was right. Nor did he consign to oblivion, having seen and conversed with, Napoleon ; my father would describe the whole interview, on the Island of Elba, the vicious grey eye of the captive, his animated manner, as he named war, “ un beau jeu,” and “ une belle occupation ” ! Was it to have that, he had made war on the world ? The

interview is described in full in my father's book, "Recollections and Collections," and also in "Letters of Lady John Russell," so I will not repeat it.

A figure of less importance, but still one who had, both openly and secretly, a great influence over his time, was Talleyrand. My father, then serving in Lord Melbourne's Cabinet as Paymaster-General, well remembered this famous Frenchman, when he came as Ambassador from the French Government to the Court of Great Britain. The Comte de Talleyrand was already known to many people, as he had taken refuge in England during the Reign of Terror. The most wily and successful Diplomatist of the age, he seemed to exercise a lurid fascination over all with whom he had to do. It was said of Talleyrand, he could make friends where he would, such was the force of his personality. They answered yes or no as he chose. All doors were thrown open to him, and he dined or breakfasted where it pleased him to go. It was delightful, when we could persuade my father, on some quiet evening, when only a friend or two were dining with us, to talk, as only he could, of these breakfasts and dinners, when l'Abbé Boiteux was the chief guest, or to repeat some of the *mots* he shot forth at the club. He was not a man with whom one could enjoy a confidential chat, judging from the replies which we heard he had given to some who approached him. For instance, a guest at a party who had the misfortune to squint, asked the French Minister how affairs were going. "Comme vous voyez, monsieur—de travers," was the reply. Not much kindly wit in

that. But I think the retort which amused us the most was to an unfortunate gentleman who was nearly crippled from an attack of gout. Into the unfeeling ear of Talleyrand he was pouring his woes, "Je souffre tous les tourments de l'enfer," he said emphatically, craving for sympathy. "Déjà !" answered Talleyrand. My father, who was there, would imitate to perfection the tones of surprise and commiseration which he threw into his voice, the gesture of despair with his hands. There was also the story told of him when at a dinner-party in Paris a young Englishman was declaiming at length on the beauty of his mother, in whom the company were taking rather a languid interest. "Elle était belle comme un ange," he declared ; Talleyrand leaning across the table said in the most distinct and interested tone, "Monsieur Smeeth, c'était donc votre père qui n'était pas si beau ?"

The personality of Talleyrand is one of the most interesting in history. In turn, or sometimes simultaneously, Bishop, Atheist, Republican Minister, Royalist Minister, and throughout most intriguing of politicians. Though he was perpetually sneering at the world, his one wish was to bend it to his will. This was the man that France sent as Ambassador to the Court of Great Britain in 1830. His history is a pathetic one, and one which no writer of fiction could compose more crowded with events. As a child, he had been lamed for life through an accident, but his extraordinary will power had not allowed this to impede him. Whether in mental work, or bodily feats, he could always excel over his comrades. Eldest

son of the Prince de Talleyrand, he was the rightful inheritor of the name and lands, but when his father died, the boy being then the age of thirteen, he was informed quite simply by a messenger from madame sa mère, that his younger brother was to be the heir, and not himself. "But why so?" asked the boy. "Because he is not a cripple," was the callous answer. And the young Talleyrand realized that, through an accident, he was disinherited. Embittered by the injustice, he henceforth set his hand against every one. Others he determined should suffer to make amends for his sufferings. To inherit the proud name of his ancestors, to have their lands and riches, had been the dream of his young life. Now his mind, brilliant far above the ordinary, he cultivated with never-ceasing energy, and for the one purpose, that of intrigue, to attain power and money. No one could cope with Talleyrand, no one understood him. As he said, "*La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour déguiser la pensée.*" Both power and money in abundance he acquired, but the common saying was, that he had sold his soul to get them. The one soft spot in his life was his love for his little grand-niece; it is said that because it was her wish he returned to Christianity before his death. He lived to be a very old man. This little girl was a great deal with him during his long visits to London, and might often be seen waiting for him in his carriage when it came to fetch him from the Foreign Office. She was the daughter of the Duchesse de Dino and became Madame de Castellane.

I wish I could remember another famous man of those years, Sydney Smith, whose wit has spread and been repeated over the whole world. He was still living when I was eight or nine years old, so I must often have seen him when he came to visit "John Reformer," as he called my father. He seems quite to be "a recollection," because my father so often talked of him, and would laugh, till the tears came into his eyes, as he repeated some of his jokes and sayings. He had known him since childhood and revelled in his wit, and the sweep of his opinions, for Sydney Smith was out of the ordinary wise, as well as witty. Before my father married, he had formed one of a quartette which continually dined and breakfasted together. The three besides himself were Sydney Smith, Thomas Moore and Samuel Rogers. Mr. Sydney Smith was a real aid in bringing the Reform Bill before the people, speaking over and over again in its cause. Also the Catholic Emancipation Bill. Over this his parson's pride seems to have been pricked ; he thus expresses himself over the matter : "The reformers of the Church are no longer Archbishops and Bishops, but Lord John Russell, not those persons to whom the Crown had entrusted the task, but Lord Martin Luther, born and bred in our Island and nourished by the Woburn spoils and confiscations of the Church."

All this irony my father thoroughly enjoyed ; also his quip about his courage being so great that he was willing to take command of the Channel Fleet, with, or without, ten minutes' notice, though he felt that

joke had rather a sharp edge. He told me that sometimes after having dined with Sydney Smith he would be walking home, then something he had said would come into his mind, and he would have to cling on to whatever was handy, generally a lamp-post, to save himself from falling down with laughing. He kept a great many of his old friend's letters. One referring to an invitation to dinner is, "I should have had great pleasure in dining, my dear John, but I was engaged to dine with Mrs. Stone, the singing woman, not that I have any pleasure in singing women or singing men, but as Adam said when they found him in breeches, 'the woman asked me, and I did eat.'" There was a ring of prophecy in another letter, saying that Euclid would run a bad chance if a Russell contradicted him.

My nephew, Bertrand Russell, has now done so, and maintains he has good reason; this is what he says in his book "Mysticism and Logic":

"The rigid methods employed by modern geometers have deposed Euclid from his pinnacle of correctness. It was thought until recent times, that, as Sir Henry Savile remarked in 1621, there were only two blemishes in Euclid, the theory of parallels and the theory of proportion. It is now known that these are almost the only points in which Euclid is free from blemish. Countless errors are involved in his first eight propositions. That is to say, not only is it doubtful whether his axioms are true, which is a comparatively trivial matter, but it is certain that his propositions do not follow from the axioms which he enunciates. A vastly greater number of axioms, which Euclid unconsciously employs, are required for

the proof of his propositions. Even in the first proposition of all, where he constructs an equilateral triangle on a given base, he uses two circles which are assumed to intersect. But no explicit axiom assures us that they do so, and in some kinds of spaces they do not always intersect. It is quite doubtful whether our space belongs to one of these kinds or not. Thus Euclid fails entirely to prove his point in the very first proposition. As he is certainly not an easy author, and is terribly long-winded, he has no longer any but an historical interest. Under these circumstances, it is nothing less than a scandal that he should still be taught to boys in England. A book should either have intelligibility or correctness; to combine the two is possible, but to lack both is to be unworthy of such a place as Euclid has occupied in education."

A note was added in 1917 :

"Since the above was written, he has ceased to be used as a text-book. But I fear many of the books now used are so bad that the change is no great improvement."

I am more than glad that I never attempted to learn those first eight propositions of Euclid. It was not considered a suitable study for young ladies by early Victorian educationists, though I never heard of the correctness of his propositions being questioned by even the most advanced don at either of the Universities.

Another very famous and very strange man of the period was Lord Brougham, whom I myself can remember. Long after he had retired from public life,

he would dine with us at Pembroke Lodge, or come to our parties at Chesham Place. A tremendous and lonely personality, looked upon with suspicion by both Whigs and Tories, friends and foes, they trusted him not. In the Life of Sir Robert Peel there is a letter to a friend saying, "I was glad of the excuse for not dining at Croker's with Brougham, he is, as a public character, so unprincipled that I suspect we should have been gazetted as a clique about to coalesce with him!" Also in among my father's letters is one saying, "All the mischief began at Brooks's among a little clique composed of Brougham," etc. But there is no doubt that his boundless capabilities and talents had been a great help to the Whig Party several times, he was remarkable for a savage energy which, as my father wrote, "carried him with a kind of overbearing ferocity through everything." When he accepted the Great Seal in Lord Grey's Cabinet, Daniel O'Connell made a remark worthy of his nationality: "If only the Lord Chancellor knew a little Law, he would know something of everything." As an orator few could equal him, even in that age of orators. To cite my father again, "When Brougham opposed anyone, he left him either an object of ridicule or of pity, crushed beneath the weight of a burning mass of invective." Later he writes in his "Recollections," "Brougham's chief faults were a recklessness of judgment, and an obnoxious appetite for praise, also a disregard of the truth."

Though my father had a great aversion to his character, he had a high opinion of his ability. He

had been in the House of Lords at the trial of Queen Caroline, and had heard Mr. Henry Brougham, as he then was, pleading in her defence. "Never," he said, had he heard "a more wonderful effort of oratory than his great speech in opening the case for the defence." Mr. Brougham was then the most popular man in England. But opinions alter ; twelve years afterwards Macaulay, writing to Mr. Napier, referring to Lord Brougham, said : "I may perhaps refine too much, but I should say that this strange man, finding himself almost alone in the world, absolutely unconnected with either Whigs or Conservatives," etc., and later on writes of Brougham's wish to attach himself to any party, "By whose help he may be able to revenge himself on old friends whose only crime is that they could not help finding him to be an habitual and incurable traitor." I think he became less disliked after he retired from politics. He had a very unprepossessing appearance, but one quite forgot that in the interest of his conversation. He was a great student of science, and ranked high among the leaders of learning. He is said to have told a friend that when he died, if there were an after-life, he would appear and tell him so. This he is said to have done, appearing suddenly to his friend while he was in his bath. I remember a great deal of talk about it. He once gave out he was dead just to see what the papers would say about him. They said a great deal which he read with interest and amusement.

I also recollect hearing about a very amusing thing which happened to him. He was inspecting a weaver's

manufactory, and being pleased with some check tweed, he saw in weaving, ordered two pieces to make some trousers; when the pieces arrived they were each fifty yards long. So Lord Brougham's trousers were always of the same loud black and white check for the rest of his life, and some of his coats too! But the memory of Lord Brougham brings me on into another phase of my life, for, in the intervals of his travels abroad, or when he chose to emerge from his splendid old castle in the North, he used sometimes to be at the dinners and parties which my stepmother gave both at Chesham Place and Pembroke Lodge when I was grown up. I also remember Mr. Henry Brougham, his nephew, whom we considered rather a bear, because there was very little ever said that he would not find reason to contradict.

My "Childhood" chapter must now draw to a close, though not before adding a few precious though trivial memories of childhood; one of these is the descriptive calendar of the twelve months, taught to me by my father, who had in his turn learnt it from his mother. I doubt if it has ever been before transcribed to paper. Herewith it is promoted:


" January	Snowy
February	Flowy
March	Blowy
April	Showery
May	Flowery
June	Bowery
July	Beauty
August	Fruity
September	Shooty
October	Breezy
November	Sneezy
December	Freezy"

The childish rhyme, which I so often repeated, brings back to me the little figure of myself as a tiny girl among my sisters, very small for my age, very backward, particularly in the use of my mother tongue. There is a letter in existence from my Aunt Harriet Lister to Lady Theresa Lister, in which she describes "Georgie" as the "merriest little monkey; the day for her is one incessant joke from morning till night." My accent was an unceasing amusement to my family, though they seemed to understand my language, I suppose from familiarity. "What will you do, Gee," Papa would ask, "if you are lost to-day, and the policeman asks, as he is sure to do, whose little girl you are, what will you say?" "Ord Chon Chuttie's," I answered with much gravity. "And if he says where do you live?" persisted my father. "Chirty Chennie Chettie Pase," I answered, triumphant at my cleverness. "I think," said Papa, "in case they should be stupid enough not to understand, I had better send out notice that I have lost a very little girl, with one blue eye, and one that is half brown." At this decision I was not very pleased, as I much resented my eyes being of different colours. I thought I should be disgraced.

My birthday was called "The Chit." It falls on the sixth of February; I could not pronounce sixth, but called it the "Chit of Febbybetty." The whole family took to the name, and when my birthday comes round, even now, I receive congratulations on the "Chit."

On my birthday in the year 1879 I received the

following lines written to me by my stepmother, bringing back to me the days of my childhood, which in the foregoing pages I have again tried to invoke :

- “ Voice of the past in thy sweetness and sadness ;
Thy magic enthralling, thy beauty and power,
O voice of the past, in thy deep holy sadness
I know thee, and yield to thee one little hour.
- “ Once more rings the birthday with happy young laughter ;
Our bairnies once more are around us at play !
Their little hearts reck not of what may come after
As lightly they weave the fresh flowers of to-day.
- “ Now to thy father’s loved hand gaily clinging
To ask for one kiss, he stoops fondly to gie,
To his care-laden spirit once more thou art bringing
The freshness of thine, bonny winsome wee Gee.
- “ Thy rosy young cheek to my own thou art pressing,
Thy little arms twining around me I feel
And thy Father in Heaven to thank for each blessing
I see thee beside me in innocence kneel.
- “ Fadeth my dream, and my day is declining,
But love lifts the gloaming and smoothes the rough way,
And I hail the bright midday o’er thee that is shining
And I think of a home that will ne’er pass away.”
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PART II
GIRLHOOD

GIRLHOOD

WHEN I was about sixteen, so not actually grown up, I often was allowed to take part, or be present, at grown-up social affairs; that is why I can now so well remember the Duke of Wellington. He used to come to our evening parties at 37 Chesham Place—for when my father was in Office there were always parties given at least once a week to political friends and others. The hero of Waterloo, “The Duke,” as every one called him, nearly always would come.

At “37,” there were several large rooms all opening out of each other, just right for a party. The Duke, after shaking hands with my stepmother and whichever of us were standing near her, would proceed to saunter contentedly round all the rooms, speaking to not one person, and then get his hat and go away, still in absolute silence. Every one knew him, and many would have liked a word from him, but at this time he had grown a very old man, and the exertion just of going to a party was honour enough paid to host or guest, without his adding anything further. “He upon whose head, and heart, and brain, once the fate of Europe hung.”

It was my sad privilege to be in St. Paul’s

Cathedral when our hero was laid to his rest. I remember now, as if it were yesterday, the absolute dead silence that reigned when "Earth to earth" was said ; and then the sound of the earth falling upon the coffin. I think few forgot it who were there. His death seemed to us all such a calamity.

The feeling there was for him is well seen by the entry in Mrs. Gladstone's diary : "I sat next the Duke of Wellington at the Archbishop of York's dinner, but I had his deaf ear. Yet I was pleased to think he had spoken to me before either of us died. Have long wished for this."

It was still fresh in the memory of all Europe, how, by this Englishman's genius, the nations had been saved from the thrall of Napoleon, from the cruel dominating force that had seemed every day to gather strength, and to become still more unconquerable. The menace of invasion by this tyrant was not only a tradition in those days, but had been felt and feared by many people then living.

Each of the Powers of the Continent sent representatives to the Duke's funeral, except Austria. What a life his had been ! Even the elements combined with the voices of the guns to give grandeur to the day of his burial, for such a storm broke over London that day as has seldom since been experienced.

I have many recollections of that noble figure ! One that most clings to my memory is seeing him ride down the Row, or one of the streets of London, and observing how every one, high and low, made him some kind of salutation, which he would acknowledge,



LADY GEORGINA RUSSELL WITH DOG

or not, as he felt inclined. It seemed quite a matter of course that this should be, but I don't think anyone, unless the Sovereign, has since had that universal spontaneous respect paid to them. The line written to him, "Oh, good grey head that all men knew," was literally true. All men did know him, for many themselves had witnessed, and every one had heard, as common talk, of his wonderful prowess when in command of the armies which at last conquered Napoleon. Not only his great courage, but his absolute sincerity and freedom from any personal ambition, had won the hearts of the entire nation.

There was no more interested spectator than the Duke of Wellington at the opening of the "Great Peace Exhibition," to celebrate the many years of peace bought by his victories. It was also designed to exhibit the domination of the pursuits and arts of peace, which domination, it was hoped, would last for ever. The principal mover of the whole idea, and the planner of the great "Crystal Palace," or "Temples of Peace," was the Prince Consort. It was the chief event of the year 1851. The people, both at home and from abroad, flocked to it in millions, for the fame of it was world-wide. I remember our all going to the opening, and seeing the procession led by Prince Albert, and listening to the speeches, all on the theme of Peace. My little brother Amberley was with us and got so excited that when lunch-time came, he waved away the sandwiches brought for him. We were trying to persuade him to eat, when Mrs. Disraeli, who was sitting near us, turned round and said, "Ah,

the child has too much soul to be hungry, don't trouble him to eat."

Would that Peace could have been caged in the Crystal Palace ! The very next year she was spreading her wings to fly away, not to return till many brave men had given their lives, for the honour of their respective countries ; for, in 1854, we were among all the sadness and gloom cast by the Crimean War. I had, as girls do, been looking forward to a time of new experiences, to dances, balls, visits to country-houses, but anxiety and sorrow had marked those years for their own. As the months dragged by, every one was either in mourning or else very, very anxious. There is no need for me to try and give an account of what were the causes of the Crimean War. History tells how the Aberdeen Government went step by step towards it, and each step, as Disraeli pointed out, was irretrievable. War had to be. My father, speaking for the Government in 1854, declared it was not consistent with the duty of England to remain at peace. In his own words : "May God defend the right, and I, for my part, shall be willing to bear my share of the burden and responsibility." Though the responsibilities of other people's mistakes, he afterwards decided, he could bear no longer. Turning to history again, you can read how he became more and more dissatisfied with the policy of the Cabinet, of which he was one, and at last broke with them altogether. In his letter to the Queen, "Lord John Russell presents his humble duty. He confesses that his resignation was very abrupt ; it is the consequence

of many previous discussions in which his advice has been rejected or overruled."

I think the story told in Kinglake's history of the going to war with the Russians having been settled round the dining-room table at Pembroke Lodge must be a libel; certainly, we never heard of it at the time. He says: "All the members of the Cabinet, except a small minority, were overcome with sleep." It has since been pointed out, by various people concerned, that everything had been settled some days before, and had been under anxious discussion for some months. The dinner-party in question was more for the purpose of rest than for any further discussion. No doubt guests at the political dinner-parties at Pembroke Lodge often were sleepy, as most of them would either walk or ride the nine miles down. I dare say Mr. Kinglake heard one or other of them being chaffed about having gone to sleep after dinner, and drew his own conclusions. I remember Mr. Kinglake coming down to Pembroke Lodge sometimes; I don't think he had then begun his "history." He was always very agreeable.

The war was terrible. The delay of the fall of Sebastopol, and the long strain of the winter campaign seemed endless, but the war now is far worse; it is so much nearer, and involves the whole nation in one grim struggle, which the Crimean War did not. The army was sent out for one particular purpose; when that was attained, it was recalled.

The East of Europe, in those days, seemed like the other end of the world.

I had no brothers in the fighting, and when so

young, unless it touches one directly, one does not half realize the horrors that are going on.

One person, among the thousands in those frozen trenches, besides the French and the Turks, was my future husband, though at the time I knew it not.

Archibald Peel, not being in the army, nevertheless, in his enthusiasm for his country's cause, went out to the Crimea, to make himself generally useful. Nicknamed by his friends, "The T.G."—travelling gent—he often volunteered, and was put to work beside the soldiers, at the construction of trenches. This work they did under very little cover from the enemy's fire. His headquarters were on the famous ship "Diamond," commanded by his cousin, Sir William Peel, who kindly invited him to be his guest while the war lasted.

It would take the pen of Carlyle to describe William Peel, Commander of the Naval Brigade in the Crimean War, as I heard of him afterwards from my husband.

Third son of Sir Robert Peel, he added yet more laurels to that great Minister's name. Lord Wolseley, a judge of men, declared he was the bravest man he had ever known. The V.C. was conferred on William Peel for taking up a live shell from among the powder cans near a magazine and throwing it overboard, thereby saving the ship and all hands. During the battle of Inkerman, he joined the officers of the Grenadier Guards when they stood back to back defending their colours against countless numbers of Russians, who, emboldened by numbers, attacked from every side again and again, during one dark inter-

minable winter's morning, "till every step they took"—wrote an eye-witness—"was on the body of a comrade." Later in the year he volunteered to lead the storming party in the assault on the Redan, carrying a ladder himself, under heavy fire from the fort, which he placed against the wall, but not before he was severely wounded. He again commanded the Naval Brigade in the Indian Mutiny, his name coming to the fore over and over again for deeds of most dashing courage, and acts of splendid self-sacrifice and daring.

His death was owing to an act of chivalry, typical of his character.

It happened while he was travelling up country. He noticed a missionary who was very dangerously ill being jolted along in an uncomfortable palanquin. He at once sent to offer the invalid his own, and himself took the only other available, which was not a private one, and happened to have been infected with smallpox. He contracted this most terrible disease, and after some days of suffering died at Cawnpore.

It seems the irony of fate that William Peel should die such a death; he who so short a time before, at the siege of Lucknow, had run his guns up and fought them only the range of a cricket pitch from the enemy's protected artillery. Archie, who treasured every remembrance, and valued every moment he spent with him, could tell how he had once said that he hoped when his time came to die it would be a soldier's death, that the only thing he dreaded in life was a lingering illness.

Many years afterwards, Sir Evelyn Wood, who had served as midshipman on the "Diamond," wrote in the "Fortnightly Review" an article on the Crimean War, in which he eulogized the chief, who had ever remained more than a memory to him, in glowing words of description, which brought back old days to my husband—the grim year of the Crimean War, when he had been on board H.M.S. "Diamond" as a guest of the man whose wonderful personality was so ably described. He remembered too: "The dark blue eyes of William Peel that flashed when he talked eagerly, as he often did, the black hair brushed straight off the high square forehead, and most of all the extraordinary courage, not the animal courage so often to be seen, for he was very much alive to danger, but the high sensitive superiority to any circumstance that may arise, the casting away of fear in any form." Sir Evelyn Wood—himself a V.C.—called him "the bravest of the brave."

As Archie would often tell me, that adamant courage was part of the gentlest nature that ever lived, of a rare personality that would intentionally help either spiritually or materially all with whom he had to do, whether his friends, or the men under his command. A characteristic of him was the immense part which his religion took in his life. "I am praying all day," he once said to Archie, and a Bible lay always open in his cabin. His influence, when he chose to use it, was unbounded. He was loved and admired by all.

The following letters passed between two men who had known him, and from whom his great spirit

and influence had never departed. Archie wrote as follows to Sir Evelyn Wood from Newmarket, where he was staying for an autumn meeting :

“Jockey Club Rooms, Newmarket,
October 11, '94.

“DEAR SIR EVELYN WOOD,

“I have been reading with the deepest interest your article on the Crimea. As a dear friend and relation of William Peel, whose guest I was on board the ‘Diamond’ and ‘Balaclava Hero’ during the winter of 1854, allow me to express—I can never adequately do so—the gratitude I feel for the ‘*Immortelle*’ which through the pages of the ‘Fortnightly Review’ you have laid upon his tomb. No other hand could have enhanced the tribute of praise to his memory as yours has done, and of that, it does not become me to speak to you ! Many of the incidents you relate were known to me at the time. It brought back those stirring times to see mention of the names of Ridge and Daniels of the ‘Diamond,’ two officers second to none in her Majesty’s service. The name of the Captain of the Maintop of the ‘Diamond,’ whose body you trod upon when going into the battery, was Churchill, a typical sailor, who perished doing his duty. Dear Sir Evelyn, I hope you will continue your articles, and give the world the actions of Inkerman, and the capture of Sevastopol, and also excuse me for writing this.

“Believe me,

“Very sincerely yours,

“ARCHIBALD PEEL.

“P.S.—You were good enough to say you would honour us with a visit at Westlea. If you can come on the 23rd, we will see the ‘Cambridgeshire’ at Newmarket.”

Sir Evelyn Wood to "A. Peel."

"23 Devonshire Place, W.,
October 13, '94.

"MY DEAR MR. PEEL,

"When I came upstairs at 11.30, I found your charming letter to me of yesterday. It is the more agreeable to me, that having lost most of my friends of 1854, I cannot expect the young folks to feel much interest in the 'giants of those days.' William Peel was my *beau idéal*. I have never known such another. I will not let the winter run through without proposing myself for a visit, but I cannot get away now, as I am going abroad, and must 'clear the kitchen' ere I start: of all back work.

"Yrs. v. sincerely,
"EVELYN WOOD."

Whilst in the Crimea Archie met the lady who became his first wife, Miss Mary Ellen Palmer. She was the daughter of Sir Roger Palmer, a descendant of that Roger Palmer of the time of the Stuarts, whose wife deserted him for King Charles II, who bestowed on her the title of Castlemaine. After divorcing the faithless Barbara, he married again, and had children. The Palmers lived for generations entirely on their Irish estates, till the Sir Roger of the eighteenth century married a Welsh heiress, who brought property into the family, situated in North Wales.

When the war broke out, Sir Roger Palmer took his daughter cruising on his yacht to visit her brother Roger, then in the 13th Hussars, the famous regiment that took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Roger was one of the few who rode back unscathed. In fact, a Russian Artillery officer offered him his sword, thinking the guns were taken. Roger took the sword and made off, full gallop, knowing very well that they were but a few Englishmen who had charged into the Russian Army.

Archie's two brothers, John and Edmund, were also there. Edmund, in the 85th Regiment of Foot, was attached to the 12th Regiment of Turks, as their captain, whilst in the Crimea. He would always speak well of the Turks, and said they were good men to command, and very brave.

John was in the 34th Regiment of Foot, and was attached as captain to the Grenadier Guards. He received a wound from which he never wholly recovered, his shoulder and neck being always stiff. While lying in great pain in the hospital, he received a letter from Queen Victoria, condoling with him on his wounds, and thanking him for his services. His cousin, Sir David Baird, who read it to him, was much touched at his saying, though scarcely able to speak, "Well, that seems to make it all worth while."

The heroism displayed by both officers and men in the Crimean War has been equalled since by the men of the same breed; but I think the mistakes made then by those in authority at home were, perhaps, worse than what are made now. Who, in these days, would be so imbecile as to send out to the troops the right-foot boots in one ship and the left in another?

But enough about the Crimean War. I do not

really remember much about it, except that my father always looked terribly anxious and worried, for he knew of mistakes being made by the War Office, which were out of his power to rectify. The girl of to-day would at once ask what I and my sisters did to help the army. I must answer that the early Victorian maiden did not eagerly bound to the aid of the wounded. In fact, she was not told much about them, though Florence Nightingale's pioneer lamp was just then shedding its beams, which in course of time pointed our sex to their vocation, but she, and even our friend the sister of Dean Stanley, who went out with the first band of nurses—before Florence Nightingale—to the Crimea, were looked on like beings from another world, and no one could see they were not !

I was then studying portrait painting at the National Gallery, copying the picture "Rembrandt by himself." Papà would nearly every day call for me in the brougham to drive me home with him, and I think enjoyed the relaxation it gave his mind, to criticize my efforts at painting. He liked my picture when it was finished, and hung it in his study, where it remained till the end of his life. I was very proud of that !

When he was sent by the Government to Vienna on a mission of peace, he took me with him, as well as his two secretaries, Lord Dufferin and Lord Arthur Russell. We set forth in the boat from Dover in the middle of February. It was so cold that all the sailors had icicles hanging from their whiskers—they all wore whiskers in those days. I found it very cold on deck, so Lord Dufferin went down to his cabin and fetched

his long warm sealskin boots for me to put on, therefore I no longer suffered from it so much, and enjoyed my first voyage over the sea. We landed at Boulogne and, having spent a short time in Paris, proceeded via Magdeburg, where we remained one night. I caught a very bad cold at the hotel because I was not accustomed to the eiderdown, or *duvet*, and let it fall off the bed, so I woke in the night absolutely frozen, and in the morning could hardly breathe. We went on to Berlin, where we were to stop another night, but I was in bed with bronchitis there for some days, and could not continue the journey. My father, who, I think, was not necessarily due at Vienna that week, dined every night at the British Embassy. Lady Bloomfield, our Ambassadress there, was most kind, coming to visit me very often, and recommending her doctor, who soon got me well again. His chief prescription was a glass of "*petit lait*," every morning before getting up. When I had sufficiently recovered from my cold to be able to continue the journey we proceeded to Vienna, where we were most warmly received by Lord and Lady Westmorland, and their daughter Rose. She and I became at once lifelong friends.

Everything great or small was of the greatest interest to me, then a girl of eighteen, and I did not miss the gaieties ; of which there were none, the season being that of Lent. I hardly saw anything of my father, as he sat on the Convocation every day. Each of the countries at war had sent a Minister to Vienna, to meet and confer with the others on peace negotia-

tions. Mr. Disraeli found much fault with our Government for having sent my father. He quoted his speeches in favour of war, to the House of Commons, and then exclaimed, with a dramatic gesture, "And this is the dove that you choose as an emissary of peace!"

The peace negotiations did not prosper, as the Czar would give way on nothing, and another hindrance was, that the Turk who represented the Government at Constantinople had no idea what they wanted, and could be party to no settlement. The Treaty of Paris was not signed till 1856, after the fall of Sebastopol.

But to return to my recollections of Vienna. What I remember best, is a very large ball given by the Emperor and Empress of Austria at *Mi-carême*. It made a great impression on me. Such brilliance and grandeur I had never before seen. Would that I could describe all the magnificence of the scene, or waft my readers back to the brilliantly lighted ball-room where the guests were assembled. All the rank of Vienna were in that huge apartment. Then came the great moment, when the band, breaking off the crashing chords of the National Anthem, with which they were heralding Royalty, fell with a swooping together of violins, into the rhythmical movement of a Polonaise. For the majestic figure of the Emperor, splendid in his white uniform and flashing orders, appeared in the doorway leading the Empress by the hand. It was her first appearance among her subjects since the birth of her daughter. She was really a vision of beauty, tall

and stately, her long graceful neck surmounted by the small beautifully shaped head. Her dark blue eyes looking proudly out from under the level black eyebrows, her dress of stiff silver brocade covered with innumerable jewels, and her splendid dark hair falling quite straight to her waist. On her head was a high crown of magnificent diamonds which caught the light whenever she moved. Their Majesties, hand in hand, came on into the ball-room and began slowly to dance the Polonaise, the music, now sunk to softness, waiting on their steps. As they—treading the measure of the Polonaise—proceeded round the room, the whole of the assembly formed up in couples behind them, till every one, including my father and myself, were stepping the stately dance, after the Royal leaders, while Strauss himself conducted the beautiful slow-step music. It was one of those bright scenes in life, the colours of which may fade with time, but can never entirely wear away.

During our time at Vienna, we were staying at the Hotel Munsch, in the Mehlmarkt, where very comfortable apartments had been reserved for us. A constant amusement to me was to watch the market, which I could plainly see going on from my window. The animated scene, and the curious national costumes of the people were of great interest. Vienna must be a very much changed city since I was there in 1854, owing—among other causes—to the many huge and imposing buildings that have been built in the intervening years. Though I don't think even this fact could have altogether altered the picturesque appear-

ance, which I remember so well, and which was dominated by the beautiful Cathedral of St. Stephen's.

I was under the care of Lady Westmorland, kindest of chaperons, and spent much time at the Embassy. Our Ambassador, Lord Westmorland, was a most delightful host, with a most imperturbable disposition, as long as no one interfered with his going to the opera, a thing which he could not brook. He liked to have dinner every evening at 6.30, and then go to the opera, for he was passionately fond of music, himself playing very well on the violoncello, and in any spare time could be heard humming away on it. He was one who could make his instrument speak.

Lady Westmorland was the sister of the great Duke of Wellington. She was a very good artist, and had only that year completed in oils a beautiful life-size picture of their mother, Lady Mornington, in the act of reading a letter just received from her son, announcing his victory at Waterloo. The figure is wonderfully designed and painted, the letter quite easily to be read! She had it in Vienna with her while we were there, but I think it is now hung with other family portraits at Apethorpe.

The dinner-parties at the Embassy were of course rather ponderous affairs in my youthful eyes, as likewise in those of Lady Rose Fane. It was invariably her fate to be taken in to dinner by some grey-haired notability, who would often give himself but little trouble to converse with such a very young lady. One evening she rebelled, and very cleverly—in my admiring eyes—hid herself behind a curtain, till her

mother had sent in every one except Odo Russell, who was following partnerless behind the procession when out glided Rose from behind her curtain and took his arm, the result being that they had a delightful dinner next each other. Lady Westmorland did not quite know how to excuse her headstrong daughter, but apologized most gracefully, saying, "She is such a child of nature!"

We had not been long at Vienna, when my step-mother joined us, bringing with her several more of her children, who stood the long journey like veterans. In "Punch" that week, there was a caricature of the "British Peace Envoy's large family arriving at Vienna." I think they exaggerated the luggage! They also had a cartoon, when we returned, of the Queen seizing her messenger boy, and saying: "What is the answer?" and the reply: "There is no answer." The Cabinet had refused to let my father divulge to the country how completely the Peace Conference had broken down, so he was placed in a false position. But that may all be read in any history of England.

And how unpopular he became in the country!

His political agent, Mr. Robert Abel Smith, declared that he must give up all idea of being Member for the City: "You have as much chance of being Pope," he said decidedly, and told him he knew they were thinking of nominating Mr. Raikes Currie from Northampton. My father, thoroughly roused by this information, called a meeting at the Guildhall. We all went to it, and I remember the

ominous silence that prevailed as he stepped forward to make his speech.

But very soon he had won his case.

He likened himself to an old servant, and described how hard it would be, if suddenly, without a word of explanation, he were to be dismissed. "No," he said, "I think the master would say something like this, 'John, I think your faculties are somewhat decayed; you are growing old; you have made several mistakes'"—I remember how his somewhat drawling voice here became punctuated with dissenting remarks—"and I think of putting a young man from Northampton in your place." Continued cheering, and cries of "No! no!" "I think," he continued, "a gentleman would behave in that way to his servant, and thereby give John an opportunity of answering, that he thought his faculties were not so much decayed, and that he was able to go on, at all events some five or six years longer. That opportunity was not given to me. The question was decided in my absence, without any intimation to me, and I come now to ask you, and the Citizens of London to reverse that decision." I remember being quite overcome by the storm of applause that greeted the end of his speech. "The young man from Northampton" was not put into the old servant's place. "John" was again returned for the City, with a substantial majority.

I was at the Guildhall on another memorable occasion, in 1857, when I sat beside the aged Baroness de Rothschild in a small gallery, when her son Baron Lionel de Rothschild, standing for the first time as

candidate for the City, was declared head of the poll, to her great joy.

My father, who was much gratified, for he had used every effort in aid of Baron de Rothschild, was called upon for a speech. I remember his saying: "This was the people's battle, this is the people's victory."

My father, in the few years that he was out of Office, made great efforts—to use his own expression—to try to live quietly. He devoted himself to what were his most loved recreations, reading and writing. The bow-room at Pembroke Lodge he made his sanctuary. It was a charming light room, with three windows that made a bow, all looking out into the garden. Here, when holding Office, he was often seated for hours at his table, tirelessly reading over documents and letters, or writing sheet after sheet to be perhaps conned by important officials of both his own country and that of the foreigner, also, more especially, to be read by the Queen. "The Sovereign can do no wrong," he said, "therefore the more responsibility on us." But it always seemed to me a pity that it was a passage room from the drawing-room to the dining-room, for at meal-times we all had to go through. When the governess walked through with the children, or any visitor that was with us, he never seemed too engrossed in reading or writing to stand up, but would invariably do so, never allowing the least sign of annoyance at being disturbed to cross his face; but I know he thought the long windows opening to the garden a great advantage belonging to his den, for it afforded him an outlet of escape from

unwanted guests. Often would a visitor who had left the drawing-room "for a talk with Lord John," reappear again the next minute with, "Do you know where Lord John is? He is not in his study!"

A visitor who occasionally honoured us with her presence was the Queen. She would drive over from Windsor, or down from London. I remember well one of the first times she came to luncheon at Pembroke Lodge. She was accompanied by Prince Albert and several of the Court. Luncheon being announced, my father offered her his arm, to escort her into the dining-room. She placed her hand on it, but, instead of going with him in to luncheon, gave his arm a little tug, so that he, at her direction, turned and walked all round the room, not knowing the least why he was being so guided, nor I think did the Prince Consort, or any of the guests. But the reason soon became apparent, for when Her Majesty reached my sister Toza, who was standing the other side of the room, she stopped, and pressed into her hand a little open velvet case, which contained a lovely heart-shaped diamond and amethyst locket. The pretty gift was quite unexpected, and as my fair young sister curtsied low on receiving it, the Queen stooped and kissed her, and then proceeded in to luncheon.

She had remembered her godchild's birthday, and in her own gracious way.

My journals, in which I recorded all great, and little, occasions, are, to my great regret, irretrievably lost; and, more unfortunate still, some of my step-mother's, which were most valuable to her, disappeared

also. I suspect they were stolen. Nothing has been heard of them since, though a few of the books were found afterwards, thrown into a plantation in Richmond Park, the thief, evidently finding nothing he thought worth keeping in those particular ones ; but the other diaries never appeared again, and I know she was most distressed at losing them. How interesting they were may be judged by looking at the entries from those not lost, published in "Letters of Lady John Russell."

I was a great diary keeper ; every evening I would record with my pen an account of the day, whether eventful or not. It was the same to my diary whether great friends, or great notabilities came, or only the man to tune the piano ; whether we went to some gala festivity, or only walked in the park. I think, though my diaries are lost, I have more recollections now than I should have had if I had not written them down, but the sequence of them is difficult to get exact. I was also very fond of copying extracts from favourite poems in a book which had the short descriptive title of "Plums."

There had been many changes in the family during the years of which I am now writing. We now had three little half-brothers as well as a little half-sister, named Agatha. She was called after no one. "Agatha" means "Good." We knew no other Agatha. She grew up to be the delight of my father's old age : it was the greatest joy to him to have some one so young and so fresh always about him.

My youngest little half-brother, whom we called Rollo, was born in 1849, and christened privately in

the Chapel Royal at Windsor Castle, Prince Albert standing as godfather, the other being Lord Carlisle. Lady Dunfermline was godmother. He grew up a typical Russell, student, scientist, philosopher, an admirer of "the people" in the old-fashioned sense of of the word.

Then there were weddings in the family. Ribblesdale and Isabel both married the same year. She married William Warburton, a great scholar, with whom the whole family were delighted, as he never seemed *too* clever. He was a Fellow of All Souls, and afterwards Canon of Winchester Cathedral, and brother of the author of "The Crescent and the Cross." The Warburtons are an old Irish family which migrated to Cheshire. We had seen a great deal of them at Oxford. In connection with William Warburton, I remember Mr. Matthew Arnold, for he was a great friend of my brother-in-law's, and a comrade in the inspection of schools.

William and Isabel were both so delicate that Life Insurance Companies would not insure them, but they both, happily, lived till within a few years of ninety, to enjoy a diamond wedding day, their sons and daughters giving them as a present, a fountain, which, to remind them, wrote my sister, "Continually flings into the air diamonds of the first water." At eighty they were energetically studying Greek together.

Ribblesdale married Miss Emma Mure, a daughter of Colonel Mure, of Caldwell, in Ayrshire. She was "tall and most divinely fair." They met first in Rome, where Ribblesdale and his two sisters, and an

old governess had gone sightseeing together. When they were married, I remember, there was some anxiety in the family as to their setting up in Eaton Place, which all old-fashioned people considered unhealthy, for they could not forget the year—I think it was 1843—when the cholera was the plague of London, and had gone all up one side of Eaton Place, not leaving out a single house.

The cholera is, to this generation, absolutely unknown in England, and must seem to them as far off as the plagues of Pharaoh. In my young days it was a continual menace. I must insert here an amusing incident happening to my father. “I am very concerned,” he said one day to the hairdresser who was standing behind him cutting his hair, “to hear of the fresh cases of cholera in this neighbourhood.” “No one can prevent ‘em, my lord,” answered the man while he snipped and cut, “it’s regularly got into the h’air.” “Not into mine!” exclaimed my father, really mistaking his meaning and nearly jumping out of his chair. He said he had seldom received such a shock!

Eaton Place became as healthy as anywhere, and my brother and sister-in-law made themselves a charming home there till they went out to live at Fontainebleau, where they had discovered a very perfect hotel in a most lovely part of the country. They had a whole wing of it reserved for themselves, and enjoyed, besides other advantages, the benefit of the best cooking in the world. I went to stay with them some years later, at the same time as my cousins the Arthur Russells were in Paris.

To return to my somewhat gloomy reminiscences of Eaton Place, I remember that all that district was in former years considered rather risky to health, owing to the marshes which were allowed to remain undrained so close by. All round Belgrave Square and Sloane Square were absolute swamps, belonging to Lord Westminster and Lord Cadogan. In my father's youth, when he was at school at Westminster, he remembered the great treat, on a half-holiday, was to go with the Grosvenor boys, who were also at the school, to shoot their father's snipe, which abounded in the marshes, where is now Belgrave Square. He remembered getting up to his waist in bog. But the great architect, Cubitt, was soon commissioned by the owners of this valuable land to begin executing his designs for streets and squares. I remember quite well seeing the houses in the process of being built, especially those of Chesham Place. No. 37 was one of the first to be built. The Duke of Bedford gave his two sons, William and John, land near Belgrave Square—where stood his own house—for them to build houses for themselves. My father built the house we knew as 37 Chesham Place, Uncle William built one further up, which, however, he soon sold, as Lady William Russell preferred living abroad.

The most noticeable feature in our house was the staircase, which was very beautifully built, with oak figures of the goat, which is the Russell crest, at intervals all the way up. On the ground floor, besides the dining-room and the secretaries' room, there was a large, light, sitting-room, with the windows

opening out into the garden, which was kept well stocked with roses and other of my father's favourite flowers. I don't think it was Cubitt who built it.

But I am wandering back again to the time of my childhood, instead of keeping to that which I wish to recall—the years that came after the Crimean War. The years in which fell the time that my father was Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, a post which he soon resigned, and, as I have said before, tried to live quietly. He was for quite a long time without any post in the Cabinet, but taking an active part in the House of Commons. Then at the particular request of Lord Palmerston, he again took the post of Secretary for Foreign Affairs in his Cabinet, till the death of his chief in 1865, when, though past seventy years of age, he was called on by the Queen to be again Prime Minister. She wrote : “The Queen can turn to no other than Lord Russell, an old and tried friend of hers, to undertake the arduous duties of Prime Minister.” At the beginning of her letter, she says, alluding to Lord Palmerston's death, “One by one, tried servants and advisers are taken from her.”

There can be no doubt that my father and Lord Palmerston had often disagreed most acutely, but, at the same time, each knew that the other, in ability, experience and standing, was far above any other man living—Mr. Disraeli was not trusted as they were, and Mr. Gladstone had not then won his spurs. So each respected his sometimes comrade, sometimes antagonist, accordingly. To quote Mr. Reid's book :

"The two men, more than once in mid-career, had serious misunderstandings, and envious lips had done their best to widen their differences. It is pleasant to think now, that Palmerston and Russell were on cordial and intimate terms during the critical six years, when the former held for the last time the post of First Minister of the Crown, and the latter was responsible for Foreign Affairs. It is true that they were not of one mind on the question of Parliamentary Reform; but Lord John, after 1860 at least, was content to waive that question, for he saw that the nation, as well as the Prime Minister, was opposed to a forward movement in that direction, and the strain of war abroad and famine at home hindered the calm discussion of constitutional problems. Lord Lyttelton used to say that Palmerston was regarded as a Whig because he belonged to Lord Grey's Government, and had always thrown in his lot with that statesman's political posterity. At the same time, Lord Lyttelton held—even as late as 1865—that a 'more genuine Conservative, especially in home affairs, it would not be easy to find.' Palmerston gave Lord John Russell his active support in the attitude which the latter took up at the Foreign Office on all the great questions which arose, sometimes in a sudden and dramatic form, at a period when the power of Napoleon III, in spite of theatrical display, was declining, and Bismarck was shaping with consummate skill the fortunes of Germany."

What my father and stepmother most intensely disliked, was Lord Palmerston's intimacy with Mr. Delane. Man of the world though Palmerston was, and not easily to be caught napping, he may, sometimes, have discussed topics with his immediate circle

which he had no intention should go any farther, but which he must have seen were leaking out. The extraordinarily clever articles published daily in the "Times" had in them, more than once, forecasts of the Whigs' policy, which were strangely accurate; and the bitter animosity of the "Times" did not smooth their path. Then, as now, the leading newspaper of the day had a great deal of power over public opinion, and the "Times" went dead against the Whigs and all their measures. Mr. Delane was a familiar figure at Lady Palmerston's large Saturday evening parties, he was often to be seen chatting with his host and hostess, while they received their guests at the top of the staircase of their large house in Piccadilly, now the Naval and Military Club. Lady Palmerston, the widow of Lord Cowper, who had died in 1837, married Lord Palmerston *en secondes nocces* when, I believe, she was over fifty years of age. A more devoted couple never were seen, like John Anderson my jo and his wife, they had many a "canty day." She was a real help to her husband in his political life, deriving judgment and *savoir-faire* from having been from her earliest youth an observer, from inside, of the great causes of political events, being the sister of Lord Melbourne, and with twice his energy. It was a real pleasure to watch Lady Palmerston when hostess to a large assembly. She was so kind to every one, and was frankly fond of entertaining, and so openly delighted to see her friends at her parties, and, what was so charming, seemed still more pleased to go to theirs. Politics and society,

she blended with the greatest ease and success, and, wielding them for her husband's cause, she would throw herself into anything going on with such a zest that it gave life to the dullest affairs. How well I remember her, with her charming vivacious manner, her sparkling blue eyes and fair ringlets, advancing to meet her guests, dressed in the huge crinoline dress which was the fashion of that time. "Why don't you come oftener to my parties?" she said one day to me. I explained that we were nearly always at Pembroke Lodge for the week end. "Well," she said, "I suppose it is of no use sending a card to Lady John, but remember, whenever you hear that my doors are open, you are all invited and most welcome." This, to anyone that can remember her, must seem but a trivial recollection of one who was such a power, not only as a leader of the social world but in the stormy world of politics. To those people one might say that there are unimportant memories of small incidents that may be treasured as are the relics of the Saints, their unimportance being magnified into importance by the memory of whence they came.

Of Pembroke Lodge, which was my dearly loved home for so great a number of years, I have many "relics." Here is one, though perhaps but uninteresting.

I cannot think of life at Pembroke Lodge, without remembering the Servants' Balls, which took place on New Year's Eve, and were made, as much as possible, an annual event. They were always great fun. Every one of our friends living in the neighbourhood was

asked to send a party, an invitation which was seldom refused, and the number of guests was much augmented by many of our old servants who had married and gone to homes of their own. These were sent cards of invitation, and generally combined to hire a large omnibus or brake, in which they drove down from London, arriving about nine o'clock—a very cheerful party. The dancing took place in the dining-room, and the scene soon became a very merry one, the Richmond band providing the music, in which old-fashioned country dances preponderated, my father and Mamma leading off in one of these, by dancing together up the middle and down again, to open the ball. Then followed dances of many kinds, mostly quadrilles and lancers, and the *deux-temps*, and various other steps not known now. Refreshments were handed round on trays at intervals, and at twelve o'clock good wishes for a Happy New Year resounded on all sides. The band played "Auld Lang Syne" amid much hand-shaking and singing, then every one filed in to supper, and soon after one o'clock in the New Year the house had regained its usual peace and quiet, though not before healths had been drunk, and speeches made, which were very complimentary to the host and hostess, who had much pleasure in replying.

This yearly ball, I think, was one of their greatest pleasures, and they generally remained throughout the evening, watching the dancing, and sometimes taking partners for a quadrille, or a set of lancers. I have a very clear recollection of a couple who were

affording the greatest amusement to my father. The lady was Mademoiselle Germain, her partner was a young under-gardener. She was gliding round in her very primmest manner, and he, who had his own idea of dancing, was giving a quantity of little gambols and leaps. The effect was too much for my father's gravity, he followed them with his eyeglass round the room, till his whole form shook with suppressed laughter; and whenever afterwards he was reminded of that couple his shoulders began to shake again. He said he should never forget them.

I don't think any of us were very devoted to dancing, though Bessie had a natural talent for it, and danced very gracefully and well. We went to dancing classes at Aunt Theresa Lister's, then living at Kent House, and when we were at Chesham Place we had as teacher for some years Monsieur D'Egville; he was the nephew of Mme. Davies, who was the famous and much sought after dancing mistress of the day. Every one sent their daughters to her to learn the many mysteries of the quadrille.

Other very unimportant relics, but which yet were part of the life at Pembroke Lodge, are the writing games which we always played in the evenings when only consisting of a family party, or sometimes augmented by a friend or two. Every one sat frowning, with pencil in hand, over a sheet of paper. These games were a great institution of Mamma's, which she had brought with her from Minto. She would throw herself into them with such keenness that she nearly always won, though sometimes my father would come

out with some great effort in verse which was unquestionably the best, but nevertheless much questioned. He was not allowed to win hands down. One of the games we played most frequently was "capping verses." I remember one evening in old days, Lady Grey—the Prime Minister's wife—being so nonplussed by our game that she offered my sister Isabel a shilling to do her verses for her. This compromise Isabel sternly refused, though much tempted by the shilling. As a change from the games, Papa would often read out loud to us, while we worked or painted. The gift of reading aloud really well is a rare one. There are very few people who can be listened to without an effort. My father was certainly one of them, for when he was reading one got quite absorbed in the story, though one's hands were busy with something else. He had books worthy of his talent, for the novels of both Dickens and Thackeray were then being published in monthly parts. The day of their coming out was awaited with the utmost eagerness by all classes of people. Some liked Dickens best, some were worshippers of Thackeray. I think we all most admired Dickens. My father and stepmother were especially struck with his beautiful short stories, such as "A Christmas Carol" and "The Chimes." I remember Papa reading out "A Christmas Carol" for the first time, so short, and so pervaded from beginning to end with beauty and pathos, it seemed like a new and precious possession, a gem we could all share. I don't think they were always newly come out when my father read them aloud to us, as until these years of

which I am writing he had hardly ever had time for novel reading. "David Copperfield" was another wonderful one, over which we laughed and cried by turns, as I think had all the reading world. "Little Dorrit," I recollect, coming out in parts, and the "Tale of Two Cities."

Mr. Thackeray would sometimes come down to Pembroke Lodge, bringing one of his last new books, and read it out loud to us himself, giving us untold pleasure. Mr. Charles Dickens was a very great friend, and was always very welcome at any time. These two great novelists often lunched and dined with us, both at Chesham Place and Pembroke Lodge. Mr. Dickens had such a very evident respect and love for my father, both as a statesman and in private life, that few things gave him more pleasure than a day at Pembroke Lodge. In the evening, I remember, he was conspicuous, owing to wearing a pink shirt-front embroidered with white, but a genius can always wear whatever he chooses. Sometimes he would be seized with a fit of shyness or modesty, for he would suddenly slip away directly after dinner, and people who had come in later, having been asked to meet him, would all be saying: "But where is Mr. Charles Dickens?"

Mr. Thackeray, when he dined with us at Chesham Place, generally liked to leave directly after dinner, and not come up to the drawing-room to talk with the ladies. One day he never appeared at all for a dinner-party when expected; in reply to my stepmother's inquiries, he sent her a little pen-and-ink sketch of himself, waiting despairingly for the invitation from

Lady John Russell, which she had told him to expect, and which never came ! This was the real explanation of his non-arrival.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the friends who constantly came to both Chesham Place and Pembroke Lodge was "Macaulay." He was invariably called "Macaulay" without any prefix, and I think used even to give his name like that for the servant to announce him. Oddly enough, I do not remember being very much impressed by this famous man. He seemed quite a matter of course, though to hear him talk must have been an education in itself. Every one expected, and wished him to hold forth the whole time he was there. Young and frivolous people of my day—of whom, I must say, he never took much notice—used to find this rather irksome, and approved much of the tale told, that some years before, Sydney Smith had said very gravely, towards the end of dinner, "Macaulay, when I'm dead, you'll be sorry you never heard me talk." The reverend gentleman also alluded to him, as "that talk-mill Macaulay." My sister Isabel was a great admirer of his. She would tell how one day when she came down to dinner, when Macaulay was the first arrival, she found him declaiming to Johnny—then seven years old—as if he were a whole dinner-party. It showed he did not talk to impress his hearers, but from the most intense interest in the subject.

One evening, at Pembroke Lodge, Macaulay's conversation suddenly quite hung fire, no one knew why there were so many "brilliant flashes of silence." The secret leaked out very soon in the home circle. It

was the extreme stickiness of the pudding ! No one could move his jaws with any freedom while eating it. Needless to say, it was ever afterwards distinguished with the name "Macaulay Pudding," among ourselves. It was a real privilege, which, I think, I hardly realized at the time, to have heard Lord Macaulay giving forth his thoughts and memories. As is well known, few men could, like him, enter not only into history, but into events recently going on around him, with such a power of descriptively summing up that his listeners were carried with him wherever he would. There seemed to be nothing that Lord Macaulay had not mentally inspected and judged. To the present generation, his books are merely more interesting than most histories, and his poetry more easy to learn, though the ring and "go" of his verses is still appreciated ; but in my day, anything by his pen was so popular, that, as some one described it, the prices and demand went up and down like that of coal. I think he used to enjoy coming down to the peaceful gardens of Pembroke Lodge, and strolling about under the trees with my father and stepmother, discussing every conceivable subject. They were old friends. Nearly all his life, he had been connected with my father in politics, and had served in his Cabinet. He had been one of the Holland House circle, of which he wrote so splendidly. He was a younger man than my father, but died before reaching the age of sixty. My father was one of the pall-bearers, when he was laid to rest in the Abbey.

Quite the opposite pole to Lord Macaulay was

John Bright, leader of the democracy in my young days. It is well known how he and Mr. Cobden, both Lancashire men, had stood up for Free Trade in days when all the rural population, and most of that in the towns, had been a dead weight on the side of protection. But the time when I have recollections of him, was some ten years after the Free Trade battle had been fought, and with help from an unexpected quarter, unsparingly given, had been decisively won.

John Bright was heart and soul for reform. My father, with his long experience of the difficulties in the way of reformers, had great sympathy with one who came straight from those for whom he would redress the law. He brought tremendous energy and knowledge to the cause for which my father had so often led forward the Whig Party. The schemes of the Member for Manchester tallied much with his own, though his judgment was necessarily somewhat different. He looked with impatience on the stumbling-blocks sometimes wilfully thrown in the way of the "Demagogue," as he was called. Without doubt, there was in those days an appreciable difference between the classes. It was the enormous gulf that must exist between the educated and the uneducated, between knowledge and ignorance. It was this gulf that the Whigs of my early days were seeking to make narrower by redressing the old severe laws, and bringing education and light into the lives of the people, and the result of the labour of these aristocrats, in the words of the present-day poet, "Evermore continueth even past their knowing." I don't think they foresaw

the universal free education that would spring from their beginning. People who are on in years, and have watched the growth of events, cannot help feeling a little trepidation when they see the nation deliberately reduce to helplessness this same class that made her so great, which helped up first the few, and then the mass of the people, with but little assistance from the nation in general. Can it be wise to drop the pilots with such knowledge of steering, and whose goodwill has been so manifested ?

In those days there were very few hands held out in friendship to men who had not sprung from the educated families, for they were thought capable of all the faults that their supposed upbringing might warrant. "Hope you'll count your spoons," wrote a candid friend to the Duke of Bedford, when he heard that my father was bringing John Bright for a visit to Woburn ! Of this pure ignorance, if not malice, neither the Duke nor his brother took any notice. The more John Bright was known, the more he was honoured. I remember we were fortunate enough to have him as a guest on more than one occasion. I have never sat by a more agreeable companion at dinner. He had known and could tell me much about my Uncle Thomas Lister, who had died young—also a North-countryman—but our talk hung mostly round poetry and hymns, and the different poets. He had a great love for that section of literature, as have I also, and we got so absorbed in exchanging opinions and in pointing out the beauties in old favourites, that the evening flew on wings. The next morning, I received, with a little note, a beautifully

bound American book of poetry, with his signature on the fly-leaf. The collection was edited by C. Dane, and published in New York. This gift has been the greatest pleasure to me ever since. I think the compiler achieved his purpose, which, as he writes in the preface, was "To comprise within the bounds of a single volume whatever is truly beautiful, and admirable, among the minor poems of the English language." As an introduction are the lines beginning :

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting or spending, we lay waste our powers,
Little we see in Nature that is ours."

John Bright was of a Quaker family. One of his dominant interests was the Society, of which he was President. "To improve the social, promote the moral, and exalt the political condition of the community at large." This was ever the hereditary mission of the Quakers.

As an orator few could compete with John Bright. I have heard my father, Lord Brougham and others, discuss the powers of oratory of different well-known speakers, and they all agreed that the Member for Manchester took the palm. When he was going to be on his feet, ladies would flock to the gallery of the House of Commons, however little they understood his subject. I went several times to hear him : both his voice and his language were so beautiful. Every syllable, and every shade of intonation could be heard with absolute ease. One of his speeches is before me as I write :

"I am not afraid of the future. We have not, as the chosen people of old had, the pillar of fire by night to lead us through the wilderness of human passion, and human error, but He who vouchsafed to have the cloud and the fire has not left us forsaken. We have a guide not less sure, a light not less clear ; we have before us the great principles of justice and mercy which Christianity has taught us, and the advantages of philosophy and experience have alike been sanctioned. Let us trust these principles. Let us believe that they exist for ever unchangeably in the providence of God, and, if we build our national policy upon them, we may rest assured that we shall do all that lies in our power to promote that which is good, and which the patriotic amongst Englishmen have in all ages panted for—the lasting happiness and prosperity of this great nation."

Some of his words during the Crimean War come back with sad refrain, as if they had been spoken to-day and to us : "The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land, you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that He may spare and pass on ; He takes His victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy and the cottage of the poor and lowly."

I can hardly mention John Bright without thinking of the Quakers who were a real power for good. Each one felt that he or she had a definite mission to improve whatever could be improved, to resist anything that had the least semblance of evil, or might

in any degree, even of the slightest, lead to it. They made no secret of steadfastly countering it. The Quaker ladies were the first to associate themselves publicly with the movement in favour of education. Often would my stepmother say on returning from having been with Papa to a meeting to start a school, "So many pretty Quaker ladies on the platform, and John among them looking so happy." He, who never noticed such things as a rule, said once to me, "I do like those pretty bonnets the Quaker ladies wear."

Thus were the gentle-hearted Quakeresses mirrored in the mind of Charles Lamb :

"Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,
Candid meanings best expressed
Mind of quiet Quakeress."

In these few lines are contained a charming and accurate picture of them.

Of the guests who came down to Pembroke Lodge to tea, some would very often be asked to stay on to supper and drive back to London afterwards. It was generally an uncertainty how many people to expect ; on a fine Sunday, sometimes, as many as forty would appear, and, on another day, perhaps one, or none.

We never had late dinner, but a kind of "tea" at eight, which was really more like breakfast, for tea and coffee and toast and jam were on the table, and fish and game on the sideboard. But this meal was always given the name of supper. In respect of this, we were much amused when one of our guests who

was a foreigner, by name Prince Löwenstein, said, in answer to being asked to have something more, "No, tank you, I have *tea'd* sufficiently!" We often teased Mamma with her "rebuff" over our grand supper. This Prince was a very frequent visitor to Pembroke Lodge, and a very charming personality, but he never could quite master the English language. "It is a squeaky engine"—with an accent on the last syllable—was his comment on some very superior violin playing.

The number of distinguished foreigners who came so much to Pembroke Lodge, and to our parties in London, led to my taking the very serious step of asking my father to augment my dress allowance. He looked very grave as befitting the importance of the question, and said he quite saw my point of view, and would raise it to £100 a year, which generosity he also extended to my sisters. This was a great satisfaction to us all, especially to my sister Bessie, who went out more than any of us, and would often stay with friends in London to go to Lady Palmerston's and other big gatherings, on the Saturdays. We really had found great difficulty sometimes not to look less well dressed than the people whom we constantly met. I mean the wives of the Ambassadors and their daughters, and the ladies of the *corps diplomatique*. They all, as a matter of course, had the most beautiful clothes, far smarter than most English ladies. I think the Austrians took the palm for beautiful dresses, and the French were the most "perfectly gowned" as the dressmakers say. The

Germans always seemed to be attired in very costly things, which made a kind of opulent effect. The Spanish and Italians often had the most beauty of face and person, and wore a profusion of lovely jewels and laces, at least that is my impression on looking back through the mists of sixty years.

An interesting recollection to people of the present day is that of a little boy who used to come with his parents, Count and Countess Bernstorff, and while they were sitting talking in the drawing-room used to run all about the garden by himself, exploring everywhere. I don't know how many little Bernstorffs there were, but I strongly suspect that little boy is now the notorious Count Bernstorff, late Ambassador from Germany to America. Another distinguished foreigner was Chevalier de Bunsen, an oracle whom all men listened to. He was very learned indeed. We young people had a great grudge against him, as he recommended a most bad-tempered German governess to my stepmother for us after Mlle. Germain left, when she had "finished" my sister Bessie. Because the Chevalier had recommended her, my stepmother naturally thought she must be estimable, but we, her unfortunate pupils, knew that her temper was abominable, and she always came down to breakfast looking a sort of green colour, and would not speak, except sometimes when my cousin Arthur Russell was there. He could speak German perfectly, and delighted in doing so, just to practise himself in the language. He would incessantly praise up Germany to her, and discuss with her the different

places to which he had been, in that, to him, most interesting country. My cousin—who was private secretary to Papa—was of a very serious turn of mind, and thought no one should ever lose a chance of being improved. When he went out walks with us, he would suggest going to see good pictures or something equally improving, but my sister Bessie, as soon as we were out, would say, “Oh, do take us to see the performing fleas,” and there would be an end of anything serious, though Arthur was such a student of natural history, I think even the fleas interested him immensely. I remember those performing fleas quite well, and how the showman would call them all by name to breakfast on his arm !

But I am digressing from my description of some of the notabilities from other countries whom I can remember.

The Bunsens were among the most distinguished. For Madame de Bunsen we had a great affection, she was so good, so charming and pretty, and had had nothing to do with recommending the governess. She and Baron de Bunsen—as I see he is called by writers of the present day, though I think I remember him as “The Chevalier”—were friends that my step-mother valued above all others.

This great man was the Envoy Extraordinary of His Majesty Frederick William IV of Prussia to the Court of Great Britain. Well known throughout Europe, he moved in the political world of the time, respected and trusted by all nations, his opinion and counsel relied on as carrying the weight of wisdom

and truth. His religion was wonderful, his loyalty, to use his own words, "to all that alone is true and great in life." This can be seen by reading the books and diaries that he left. A fellow student described him in his young days as having power and splendour of mind. I recollect that with his opinion of him my father agreed most thoroughly, and it is interesting to note that the first week Baron de Bunsen was in London he met my father dining out, and recorded in his journal: "Lord John Russell is one of the persons with whom it is possible to get directly out of the emptiness of phrases."

Comte d'Apponyi was then the Austrian Ambassador. He and Comtesse d'Apponyi were great favourites in London Society, sought after by all hostesses. She said to me one day, "An Ambassadress can never know if she is really liked by people, or if they think they have to ask her, as she is an Ambassadress." I think the case was more on her side, whether she really liked people, or thought she had to go to their houses. Comte and Comtesse d'Apponyi would very often come down to Pembroke Lodge quite casually, we never knew when they were going to appear, and they would very often stay to our nondescript supper. She was a type of the *très grande dame*, which I so seldom see nowadays.

Comte de Flahault I remember as French Ambassador, his daughter had married Lord Lansdowne. I think M. de Persigny, whom Palmerston said was the honestest Frenchman that ever he knew, was Ambassador after the Comte de Flahault retired. Comte

de Lavradio was at the Portuguese Legation. At my first dinner-party I sat between Comte de Lavradio and Baron de Bunsen. When getting up to leave the room with the other ladies I inadvertently dropped my fan. Baron de Bunsen and Comte de Lavradio both dived after it. My confusion was added to, when my stepmother said, "What, Georgie, sending both Germany and Portugal under the table at your first dinner-party!" Nearly every great family name in Europe was then represented in London, for the upper classes of European nations had acquaintance with each other a great deal more than they have now, though travelling in these days is so much easier.

French was then universally spoken by the educated of all lands, I think the language next well known was Italian; German came into fashion later. It was considered rather clever to be able to talk German in those days. It was a language with which my father could never get on very much, though he liked to get Mamma to talk to him in German, and would imitate the guttural accent, making great fun of it. He was particularly fond of the study of foreign tongues, and had made himself quite perfect in Spanish, having begun it when a boy, travelling with the Hollands.

He never all his life lost his liking for travelling abroad. One year he took a house in the neighbourhood of Lausanne, a lovely villa standing high above the town and looking over the lake of Geneva. The approach was an avenue of magnificent walnut-trees. In this delightful spot we lived for several months,

enjoying the splendid pure air, and change given us by Continental life, and then we travelled right over the Alps into Italy, most beautiful of journeys, for whichever way we turned our heads we looked on scenery unsurpassed in loveliness and grandeur. We could understand the life-long infatuation which many travellers have for the Alps.

We were twice in Italy for the winter, staying at Villa Capponi, near Florence. To get into the town you had to go from Capponi over a stream of water, making use of stepping-stones. You had to go quick over, as when once started there was no looking round, or stopping for an instant, as that invariably meant one foot in the water, or worse, for it was easy to fall head-long, and get a thorough drenching from the clear running water. I became very expert, seeing that every morning for many weeks, without fail, did I walk those stepping-stones over the brook and down the white road into Florence, where I proceeded to the Pitti Gallery, carrying with me all my apparatus for painting, and there, with many examples of the great Florentine masters looking down on me, I tried to make a copy of the famous portrait by Titian of "An Italian Nobleman." Is there a more beautiful and dignified portrait in existence than this splendid picture which the peerless Italian Master painted of a member of the ancient Italian *aristocrazia* in the fifteenth century? What a wonder of superb genius is the showing of the noble, yet somewhat lazy face, with its expression of veiled contempt of all that was ignoble or small! How impossible it is to throw into a copy

the smallest part of what these great masters naturally inserted into their work, for the very soul of a man seems to look from out the painted eyes, and his real presence to be waiting stiffly on the canvas, ever since he stood for the great Venetian genius to immortalize him on earth, four centuries ago !

A very pleasant memory is the one visit of my life to Florence, with her churches and pictures, her memories of great men, their statues, and their tombs, and, above all, her glory in her world greatest poet, and his guide to other worlds.

We had never been to this beautiful town before—so rightly named the City of Flowers—and my father not for twelve years, but he had not forgotten the beauties of it, and often made himself into a guide.

Among English friends of whom we saw a great deal when at Capponi were, Lord Normanby—who was the British Minister to the Court of Tuscany—Lady Normanby and her sister, Mrs. Edward Villiers, and her three daughters, Theresa, now Mrs. Earle, and the twins, now the Dowager Lady Lytton and Lady Loch. Mr. Edward Villiers was the younger brother of Lord Clarendon, always a pillar in the Whig administration. Mr. Villiers had died quite young, leaving his widow with four children. They lived at Kent House and were friends we valued very much. Theresa was my especial friend. The twins—one of whom married Mr. Loch and the other Mr. Lytton—were so much alike that no one thought even of trying to know one from the other. I knew that one had an eyelid which drooped a little more than

the other. Their mother, with her pretty lisp, always called them "the dear Twinniths."

Villa Capponi was a charming house. The chief beauty of it was a delightfully sunny terrace, which ran all along one side of the Villa. Here my father would stroll up and down, talking to one or other of his frequent visitors. A great many Italian statesmen and men of letters found their way there to enjoy a chat, and exchange ideas on current events.

The Tuscan Government had grave suspicions that the well-known English statesman had not come to stay there solely for the rest and change, they suspected he might have come for political reasons, so they arranged for him and his visitors to be carefully watched. I remember well, when lunching in the private room reserved for us at an hotel, my father signed to me to look at the wall opposite ; I did so, and saw the shadow of a man who was silently standing behind a screen, not knowing that his shadow was thrown on the white wall beyond. Though we were only a family party, he thought it necessary to stand in the room the whole of luncheon-time. We took great care about our topics of conversation.

Tuscany was then a separate State, governed by the Grand Duke Michael. Of him, my Aunt Charlotte Portal had told us an amusing story in which she herself had figured. Some years before, when on a visit to Florence with her parents, her father at some party presented her to the Grand Duke when he came round the room. Seeing, as she thought, that the Royal personage was going to say something to her,

she waited expectantly. The Grand Duke, seeing the young lady waiting, at last said in an important manner and rubbing his hands together: "Le printemps viendra," and she answered, "Sire, j'espère," it being then the month of February. Upon which he continued his progress, satisfied that he had risen to the occasion; indeed, he was heard to make the same remark to many other ladies.

Aunt Lottie was the most delightful of our Elliot aunts, resembling a little my stepmother in looks, and with the same wit and charm of manner, and, over all, so gentle and sweet—a disposition that made every one love her. She had married, soon after my stepmother, Mr. Portal of Laverstoke, in Hampshire. Her two sons, Raymond and Gerald, grew up to be as splendid a type of young Englishmen as have ever lived, and both were taken from her when quite young, by death, within a year of each other. Gerald was only thirty-six, and had already made a name for himself. His knowledge and instinctive talent for administration made him a real loss to his country. Both young Portals had the fearless spirit and love of responsibility which goes far to make a great man. But many people have written of Charlotte Portal's two gallant sons. She never got over her bereavement. I like to think of her, as I knew her, young and brimful of the highest spirits, as were all the Elliots. She used to enjoy telling stories against herself. One besides the Grand Duke episode was on an occasion when my father, her brother-in-law, took her with him to a breakfast-party given by Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet. She felt very

shy, so did not take much part in the conversation. Mr. Rogers did not seem to notice this, till when some cold tongue was handed round, he turned to her sharply, and said : " Take some, you want it." Most girls would have thought that rather unkind, but she laughed about it to all her friends afterwards with the greatest enjoyment of the joke.

We were very sorry when our time at Villa Capponi was over, and we left the beautiful city of Florence to start on our homeward journey. We drove a great part of the way behind horses ridden by postilions. I recollect one of the little inns at which we stayed being most uncomfortable, no one could go to bed the whole night because the beds and bedding were so impossibly damp ; but the journey on the whole was very enjoyable, and through the most beautiful scenery in the world. I made quick sketches of the ranges of mountains as we drove along, and pieced them together in one long picture which makes a nice memento of a very happy and interesting time.

Instead of travelling straight through to England, we stayed a few days at Nice. Soon after our arrival in the town, my father received a letter from Count Cavour desiring an interview :

" MON CHER LORD JOHN,

" Désirant causer quelques instants avec vous sans crainte d'être dérangé, j'irai aujourd'hui à trois heures vous chercher à votre hôtel.

" H. CAVOUR."

This able Piedmontese statesman had already

begun the work of his life, the unification of Italy, amid the protests, and more, of the greater Powers of Europe. Cavour was determined to restore to his beloved land her nationality and independence. Keeping this splendid end in view, he played off one foreign King against another; he aided Garibaldi in every way he could when the patriot General started to the rescue of Italy's liberty at the head of his thousand followers, and, in the end, he succeeded in joining together, in one beautiful free country, the many little States which were already stretching out hands—like their own vines—to one another. They were united under the sway of one King—Victor Emmanuel—to whom all Italy turned as the fulfiller of her ideals. The influence of England was of great importance throughout the Revolution, as both France and Austria hesitated to act against her wishes.

The little part of this wonderful bit of history which I personally recollect is, first, the figure of Signor Lacaita. He is of interest, for he was entrusted by Count Cavour to be an emissary from him to my father, to reverse an official despatch sent to the British Foreign Office, the gist of which was that Italy did not wish Garibaldi to land with his followers, and that the French were to be encouraged to prevent it.

I knew Signor Lacaita—afterwards Sir James Lacaita—as an Italian teacher who came to give us lessons in his native tongue, and was also very anxious to perfect himself in English. He always seemed very poor, and very dreamy. I think he was one of the

many who had suffered imprisonment in a Neapolitan prison.

I well recollect our surprise and wonderment on the day he came as emissary to the Foreign Secretary of England, for, instead of coming to the schoolroom to give us an Italian lesson, we heard our tutor being shown up to Mamma's private sitting-room. The story of her hurried pencilled note to her husband, then already with the French Ambassador, has been recounted elsewhere.

My sister, Agatha Russell, tells in her chapter on "The Making of Italy," in "Letters of Lady John Russell," how, after Lacaita's interview with my father, British diplomacy turned suddenly to the right-about, and every influence was used to aid the patriot and his men in their march on Naples.

The enthusiasm in England for Garibaldi and his cause was tremendous ; young Englishmen of every class were begging to be allowed to enlist in his army, high, middle, or low, from the son of Royalty to the farm lad, or the factory hand.

Much happened before the day three years afterwards, when came the glad time for Italy. I remember going to Venice with the rest of the family, and being taken by surprise at the way my father was venerated by the people of the country. Not only by the upper classes, but by people whom one would hardly have suspected could know of the English Foreign Secretary at all. Everybody, high and low, seemed to know the part he had taken in their liberation. It seems almost incredible that up to this time—the nineteenth

century—Italy, the mother country of the Romans, had had for fourteen hundred years no independence from the rule of foreigners. No existence as Italy. This now free and united land was split up into different small Provinces, Kingdoms, and States, governed by generally inefficient rulers, pledged to take orders from Austria, France, or Spain, but in no case from Italy herself. The misgovernment of small Princes and Grand Dukes, in their turn governed by self-seeking and second-rate officials, was bound to lead to every kind of tyranny and mistaken policy. Small insurrections were continually breaking out, prompted wholly by the actual misery of the people in whom the spirit of liberty could not be entirely quenched. When their leaders stood forward, encouraged by three of the foremost Englishmen of the day, my father, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, they soon began to take heart, and ended in uniting themselves under one King. So overrun by foreigners was Italy that a great Italian patriot, Massimo d'Azeglio, is said to have remarked, after the unification was completed, "Now that Italy has been made, it remains to make the Italians."

We were in Venice on the greatest of days for Italy, when the procession of gondolas came slowly down the Grand Canal, and the King was crowned, Victor Emmanuel. The hated Austrian flag was hauled down from St. Mark's, and the flag of all Italy went up, never again to come down. The emotion of the people was beyond all words wonderful to witness, for not only the women, but the men in

that vast crowd were crying for joy all round us. I know we all wept ; who could help it ? Amid other recollections of that day, is the beautiful singing of the Italian choirs in the evening, mingled with the swishing in the water of hundreds of oars, keeping time to the music, an accompaniment causing a most striking and curious effect. It happened to be a very dismal and foggy day. One of the Italian officials said to my father, "What a pity the fog has fallen on such a day !" But he answered, "Oh no, it is a message from Father Thames to Venice !" The pretty mannered Italians thought this answer was some of their own coin and were much pleased, and even recorded the words in their newspapers.

Another time connected with this event I do, of course, not forget is the day that Garibaldi came down to Pembroke Lodge. The whole time of his visit to England he was tremendously fêted by Londoners. The account of his visit to Pembroke Lodge has been written and well described by my stepmother in her journal. The simplicity of the hero was what most impressed her. "Simple dignity was in every word he uttered," she wrote. He evidently greatly enjoyed conversing with her, for she spoke his language perfectly. I am proud to be able to remember one of the most noble figures of European history. I have still the autograph book in which he signed his name, in even pointed characters, and the rough little sketch I did of him as he came down the stairs at Chesham Place, in his picturesque clothes, his grey cloak lined with red hanging over his arm, after a visit he paid us

there. When thinking of Garibaldi, the words come to mind, "This was a man," say it how you will. London went wild over him. The Duchess of Sutherland was his "Lady Angel," as he called her in his pretty broken English. She and the Duke put their great house at his disposal, servants, horses, everything he required. The Italian General was the idol of London, and crowds of people were ever waiting to cheer him as he went out or came in, and followed his footsteps wherever he went. I believe he was very glad when he left for home, as he was overtired by so much fêteing and rejoicing.

But I have wandered on long enough about Italian history, and must return nearer home to our life at Pembroke Lodge, and all the Shades of the Past—not shades then, but men and women whose footsteps made sometimes indelible marks on the track of time. Such a one was Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the little demure lady who used her gift of writing to bring mercy to the poor negro, then helpless in his slavery.

I recollect her coming to luncheon the same day as our kinsman, Lord Albemarle, who had begun his adventurous career by fighting at Waterloo when aged seventeen. "Depend on it, this will be in her next book," whispered Lady Grey to him—she and Sir George completed the party. And so it was, with a great part of the conversation most accurately reproduced; but there was a still longer account of it in *his* book, in which he also quoted most of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's account!

My father's first private secretary was young

George Keppel, as he then was, but only for a very short time. We liked him much.

An interesting, though shadowy, recollection is that of Sir Robert Adair, the famous diplomatist of my father's early days. He lived to be a nonogenarian, having begun his political life at the early age of six, when he joined the Wilkes riots and broke his father's windows.

He was sent as English Ambassador to Vienna by Charles James Fox in 1806. The Austrian aristocrats, knowing his father was a surgeon, complained that he was not of sufficient rank to be accredited to their Court.

"Que voulez-vous?" was the answer. "C'est le fils du plus grand saigneur d'Angleterre."

He finished his education at Göttingen. My father used to chant some of the lines written by Canning, as coming from the lips of Adair with the greatest amusement, as he remembered Bob Adair in his young days, and his admiration for the fair sex.

"My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.
There first for thee my passion grew
Sweet Matilda Pottingen ;
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-]
tor, law professor of our U-
niversity of Gottingen."

Sir Robert Adair died in 1855. Sweet Matilda never became his wife, for he married Mlle. Angélique Gabrielle, daughter of the Marquis d'Hazincourt.

He was a near kinsman of ours, the "grand saigneur," having married Lady Caroline Byng, elder sister of my grandmother.

Familiar figures of those days were my father's private secretaries, who, in stress of work, generally stayed at Pembroke Lodge, joining the family party, and when we lived at Chesham Place were continually in and out. Arthur Russell, I think, held the post longest, being a great favourite with my father, as he was the son of his much loved brother, William, and resembled him in many respects; he was, besides, brilliantly clever, and quick at understanding: two words would do for him, when a dozen would have to be said to some one else. I remember a contretemps happening when he was young and new to the work. Papa had said to him, "Be very careful how you word a letter to refuse an application for an appointment, or an interview, be sure that your meaning is clear, and yet do not, if possible, hurt the feelings of the applicant, by being too abrupt." He wished he had not said so much about the applicant's feelings, when one day he was surprised by a telegram dated from Sydney, Australia, "Owing to kind letter, am leaving for England to-day!" This was owing to Arthur's cautiously worded letter, refusing an application for an appointment. However, he did not make many mistakes. The second secretary was Johnny Boileau, a son of Sir Peter Boileau of Ketteringham Park, near Wymondham, in Norfolk; his mother was before marriage Lady Catherine Elliot, so he was first cousin to Mamma, though much younger. He had the

Elliot dark hair and black eyes, and the tall slim figure, typical of the Boileau family ; he was one of the very best and most conscientious of workers, his chief put absolute trust in him, and would often leave matters to the young man's clear-sighted judgment. But his life was to be short ; always of a delicate constitution, he died when very little more than thirty years of age, at an hotel on the Continent, whither he had gone to escape the English winter. I look back on the long departed figure of John Boileau with the greatest affection and regard. Truest of friends, and most delightful and interesting of companions.

A person often appointed temporary private secretary was George Russell. Of this cousin, I have very clear recollections, which may be of interest to the countless friends which he had in his young days, or to their descendants. He was the grandson of the Lord William Russell who was murdered by his valet—the man being convicted and hanged—and was the son of William Russell who for some years held the appointment of Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery. There were four in the family ; Emmeline, the eldest, died young and unmarried, Laura, who afterwards married Lord Wilton, and the two sons, George and Reginald. They all inherited their mother's good looks, or rather great prettiness. She was a Miss Campbell of Shawfield in Argyllshire, a niece of the Duke of Argyll. The two sons, George and Reginald, were almost absurdly good-looking for men : they had lovely pink and white complexions, faultless features, golden hair

curling all over their heads, and large light blue eyes. Though my father had made George his private secretary, that young man's bent was much more for society and amusement than for politics. I remember his getting into serious trouble at Pembroke Lodge, for bringing out an article in "The World," in which he mentioned a party given by Lady John Russell. No one was more popular, for he had none of the cold and distant Russell manner, but seemed to sympathize from the depth of his heart with the sad, or just as much with the happy ones. No party could be complete without George Russell. The only time I went to the Derby it was George Russell who arranged the expedition. He got four horses and harnessed them to our own carriage, with postilions to ride, and the whole family went. We lunched at the back of the stand. I have not forgotten the roar of "They come! they come!" when the race was started. Once he had a horribly bad fall from his horse, which got out of hand, and bolted with him, right for the iron railings of Rotten Row, which it never attempted to jump, but simply fell over, head-long. George was picked up unconscious, but soon recovered. The queue of carriages belonging to his friends coming to inquire for him stretched nearly a mile from his door. I heard that almost without exception every smart lady in London was in the queue. He married, afterwards, Lady Charlotte Innes-Ker, and they lived entirely abroad, mostly in Egypt.

Among other figures I remember long ago at

Pembroke Lodge were John and Augustus Lumley. John was the great friend of my cousin Villiers Lister : he was always alluded to, in consequence, as "dear John." This became the usual appellation for him in the family. He was immensely clever, very agreeable, and very artistic, having really studied in his youth ; he was also an untiring traveller and antiquarian.

One day, when he had come down to Pembroke Lodge, the rain came down in torrents, so we had to stay in the house the whole afternoon. He said to me, "Lend me your paints, and I will paint you a picture of any subject you choose." I said "Venice." He also had been to Venice, so he sat down at my easel, and painted a picture of the beautiful city, as he remembered it, with its watery streets, its houses, minarets, and domes, the whole scene bathed in the lovely rose-coloured haze, which so often etherealizes the city. He painted it all from memory, and so truly is the beautiful town put on the canvas that people most familiar with Venice can find no fault with it. He afterwards inherited a property in the North, and became Lord Savile.

The popular Mr. Augustus Lumley, his brother, was also a friend. He cared much for Society, in which he was in great request, all the hostesses of the day wanted him to be at their balls, and no cotillon was considered a success unless he led it.

Sir Edwin Landseer was a visitor very often at Chesham Place. He had not often time to come down to Richmond, but he was often to be met with

staying at Doune in Inverness-shire, with the Duchess of Bedford, who was an enthusiastic admirer of his pictures, and commissioned him to paint several scenes of the Highlands for her : he also painted a very pretty portrait of Toza and Amberley together as children.

The well-known Miss Berrys I have not quite forgotten ; they, at one time, lived at Petersham. The one I remember best is the delightful "Elderberry," as the senior of the family was called.

Another artist of repute who came down to Pembroke Lodge was Monsieur Gudin, the great sea painter. He, like John Lumley, was one day kept in the house by the rain, and also sat down and painted me a lovely picture of a storm at sea, with lightning flashing on the white foam of the water, and the black clouds lowering above, a scene of wild lights and black shadows.

But I must not forget to note a memorable dinner-party, when I was taken in by Mr. Disraeli. Though he talked incessantly, I remember best his shirt front, which was made of white book muslin over a very bright rose-coloured satin foundation, which shone through it. I cannot say I enjoyed his company very much, he was too theatrical, and continually held forth to the whole table.

Another most interesting person was Jenny Lind. The *diva* never had much time to come out to other people's houses, but she would often invite us to the pretty house she and her husband, Mr. Goldschmidt, had bought near Roehampton. She used to enjoy showing it to her friends, and displaying her

collection of treasures. "And they all came out of here," she would say, laughing and pointing to her mouth. The little old chapel down Roehampton Lane could very seldom hold its congregations on Sundays, because of that heavenly voice, chanting the psalms, and singing the old hymns, as if the overwhelming beauty of it were the most usual thing in the world. Mr. Francis Palgrave has described her voice as "unspeakably lovely," and her acting, not as acting, but simply showing her thoughts. "The simplicity of a great soul." She seemed instinctively to know and to be able to enter into the sweetest and highest part of human nature, and, what was more, to be able to feel and interpret, as though it were happening to herself, the sadness and misery too often inflicted on it. A long time has passed since she has joined the "Choir Invisible," but I still remember hearing her voice rising and filling the great hall in the Crystal Palace, as she took the soprano part in some oratorio, and how we all went wild over Jenny Lind on those evenings when she was singing to the packed opera house, her audience hanging breathlessly on every glorious note. Has anyone who heard this famous *prima donna* take any part ever forgotten it? We made it a custom to drive up from Richmond to an early dinner, and then go to the opera, or to any evening party which we wished to attend.

At a dance at one of these, I was sitting with my stepmother, when I saw her suddenly change colour and stare helplessly at some one who had just come into the room. It was Lord Cowper. He came

straight to her. "I have just come from Pembroke Lodge," he said, and retraced his steps across the room. She had asked him to dinner, and had forgotten all about having done so ! We had dined in London, and he had driven the nine miles down to Richmond ! I remember the same sort of occurrence happening long before, when I was in the schoolroom, when Princess Lieven, whom my father nicknamed "our pretty intriguer," drove down to luncheon at Pembroke Lodge on a day she had been invited, and found every one out, except the governess and the children. Though her coming had evidently been forgotten by my stepmother, who had gone out to luncheon, the forgiving Princess made herself particularly charming to us children, talking away to us at luncheon, and telling us anecdotes, taking much interest in our little affairs ; and afterwards she sat down at the piano, and played to us delightfully all sorts of jigs and dances.

I see Greville mentions my Lord John Russell in company with Grey, Canning, Wellington, Palmerston and Aberdeen, as being her friends ; but I don't think my father and stepmother made very great friends. She seemed to make a special object of obtaining the confidence of the Ministers, both of France and England. Her grace, ease and tact, as Greville observes, made this possible. She corresponded unceasingly with Lord Melbourne, and later with Lord Palmerston, and was a most intimate friend of Monsieur Guizot. She had been a Maid of Honour in 1828 to the Empress of Russia, and when affairs became

strained between that country and France in 1850, she was most unkindly banished from Paris, though she does not seem to have meddled treacherously in state affairs. She was a constant visitor at Marble Hill, where lived my future relations, the Peels. Lady Alice had a very warm affection for this charming and interesting Russian lady.

My stepmother was much distressed at having missed her guest, when she came home late that evening, but she had, as with Lord Cowper, quite forgotten she had invited her. I think Mamma had inherited some of the absent-mindedness of her father, Lord Minto, though not to the same degree, for which she might be thankful, as with him it was really an infirmity. "Be very careful," he said to his family one day, "Mr. Macbean is coming to luncheon, and I have been told he is quite absurdly sensitive about his large nose. We must be very discreet and not mention noses while he is here." The guest arrived, and everything passed quietly, till some gooseberry tart was put before Lord Minto, when, to the horror of every one at the table, he said, "Mr. Macbean, will you kindly make a long nose, and reach me the sugar!" The speaker's feelings can be imagined. He was the kindest-hearted man in the world, but no apologies could improve matters. Another instance of his absence of mind is so well known as to be almost public property. He was staying in Edinburgh, and had ordered a sedan-chair, as the evening was snowy, to take him out to dinner with some friends who lived at the other side of the town. When he came down

ready to start, the sedan-chair was waiting, and the men, not knowing the way, said they would inquire as they went along. "Oh no," said Lord Minto, "I'll show you." He then walked the whole way across Edinburgh attired in evening dress, the snow falling meanwhile, and the men carrying the empty chair behind him, the rightful occupant having quite forgotten, in his zeal to show the way, that he had ordered it for his conveyance. None of his daughters or sons luckily inherited this very inconvenient peculiarity, though all had a bad memory for faces, as had my father also. Perhaps it was the fact of having such a bad memory for acquaintances that made him particularly pleased when his friends appeared.

In the pages of my lost journals, I know there is the record—though of a later date than that of which I am writing—of a visit that is perhaps the most interesting of all, for it tells of King Edward the Seventh, then the young Prince of Wales, bringing his bride to Pembroke Lodge, whom only a few weeks before he had conjured over from Denmark to marry him, and to be the idol of the English nation. As Tennyson well described the enthusiasm for her: "We all became Danes." The day he drove her over to Pembroke Lodge was a proud one for us all. He presented my father and stepmother to her with the old-fashioned ceremony which seemed natural to him from childhood. On their departure, the visitors' book was brought forward, and "Albert Edward" was inscribed in the clear handwriting of our future King. Then the Princess took the pen, and proceeded to

write "Alexandra." The pen was bad, and a small blot appeared. Her Royal Highness was not pleased with this, and called for a penknife, which some one produced ; she took it, and worked away with much energy at the blot, till the knife dug into the paper, and the blot disappeared into a hole ! I have still the little old book, with that precious little hole in one of its pages. When the Princess went away, she left us with the feeling of a presence withdrawn, most wonderful and rare.

On turning over the old pages of this visitors' book—the place of which was on the table in the hall of Pembroke Lodge—it is interesting to see again the many different handwritings that had inscribed names often famous throughout Europe : Cabinet Ministers, Melbourne, Palmerston, Brougham, Clarendon, and others in early days, and Gladstone in later ones ; men of religion, of letters and science, Dean Stanley, Macaulay, Kinglake and Rogers, and later Wordsworth, Longfellow and Tennyson ; here appear the autographs of Thackeray and Dickens and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, besides many other friends, young and old, English and foreign, too numerous to mention, though I here insert a few impressions.

Sometimes at Pembroke Lodge, on Sunday afternoons, there would be a great clatter in the drive. The Duke of Argyll would arrive, driving the Duchess in his low phaeton and pair of high-stepping ponies. He was always in very high spirits. The Duchess was one of the few persons for whom my father would pick one of his roses.

To pick a flower, especially one of the precious roses, or azaleas, was to him a positive pain ; he would think and think before he could make up his mind to cut off what had been so many months perfecting. I don't suppose the receiver of it often understood what an effort it had been, and what a compliment it was to them.

The Duke writes, in his autobiography, that he had a great antipathy to the Whigs, as a party, but proceeds to add, of their leader, that a more charming companion in private society could not be found, and : "We formed an intimate friendship which lasted till death." When walking together one day in the gardens at Pembroke Lodge, my father picked up an acorn which he gave to the Duke. The latter, unknown to him, kept it, and forced it on in one of his hot-houses, so when Papa went the following year to stay with him at Inveraray he produced a fine young oak sapling, which he asked him to plant as a memento of his visit. I suppose it is now grown a big tree.

Professor Owen is often mentioned in my step-mother's diaries as a frequent visitor. His house was not far off. I remember him appearing one bright starry evening, bringing a wonderful new telescope, through which he allowed us each to look in turn ; while he stood by and explained some of the wondrous tale of the heavens.

Sir William Hooker and his son Joseph were neighbours also, though not so near ; they thought nothing of walking over from Kew, where Sir William held the post of head of the immense public gardens.

Mr. Motley, the great historian, was then Ambassador from America; he and his daughter were frequent and welcome guests at Pembroke Lodge. Miss Motley was very pretty indeed. I remember how my sisters and I used to admire her, as I think did every one.

A man, well known in society and politics was Mr. Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, who, when a young man, went by the name of "the cool of the evening," because he never appeared very much till the evening, and then his manner was generally so cold that his friends declared he made the whole neighbourhood chilly. He would sometimes come to Pembroke Lodge, but more often to Chesham Place; he was one of the cleverest and most agreeable of our friends and one of the best-known men of the day, wit, poet and politician.

A near neighbour, who often drove over from Strawberry Hill, was Lady Waldegrave. I remember her first as a widow, then she married, as her fourth husband, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Lord Carlingford, one of the cleverest and foremost men of the day. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland in my father's Ministry, and again when Mr. Gladstone held the reins of Government. He was so much away that we did not know him so well as his wife. They were both frequent visitors to Pembroke Lodge. I have not forgotten an afternoon one summer, when I was driving with Mamma, a very heavy thunderstorm suddenly broke almost over our ears, the rain coming down in torrents just as we were passing the gates of Strawberry Hill, so in we drove, hoping for shelter, but

the butler sternly said, "Not at home!" Knowing that Lady Waldegrave was in the house, there was nothing for it but to drive home, which we did as fast as possible, in the open carriage, both of us being drenched by the time we arrived. Next morning came a letter full of apologies from Lady Waldegrave, saying the butler was new, and had not recognized Lady Russell, and she herself had no idea she had called, for there being a thunderstorm, with lightning, she had, as she usually did on such occasions, gone to bed!

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were among the most welcome of visitors. I remember that my father and Mamma were always so particularly pleased to see them, as they knew that the Gladstones would rarely, if ever, mention political subjects. The brilliant statesman, who for so long in later years governed the country, would often appear on Sunday afternoons, generally alone, as his wife had much that demanded her attention on that day. He would spend his visit to my parents pacing up and down the shady walk to the wood, the three of them deeply engrossed in discussion, often of some point in Natural History, for both my parents took the keenest interest in the lives and habits of beasts and birds, and looked upon Gladstone as a fellow enthusiast. They had many notes to compare on their own observations.

Other very welcome guests were Lord and Lady Lansdowne. He was one of my father's oldest friends and colleagues, she was a daughter of Comte de Flahault. So charming and gracious, she was

nearly always monopolized by young people, who loved to be near her, and to get her to talk to them. I remember accompanying my father and stepmother on some delightful visits to their beautiful place, Bowood, in Wiltshire. It was a great joy staying at Bowood, with its rooms, great and small, hung with splendid pictures, some of them famous over all the world, some of them gems which few had seen. The vast house, the lovely gardens and lake, the rolling downs beyond, altogether gave one such a feeling of exhilaration and enjoyment. There were very merry parties at Bowood.

My father and I would walk over to Slopperton Cottage, where lived the widow of Thomas Moore, the poet, who had died in 1849, leaving my father, his best friend in life, to arrange the quantities of letters and papers to be published for the benefit of Mrs. Moore, who was left with a very small income, for her husband had been through many pecuniary troubles. "Lucky you are a poet, and not a philosopher, or you'd never be able to bear them," wrote Sydney Smith to him. My father gladly undertook to edit his Life and letters, and brought the books out with great success.

In old days Tom Moore would always be at the Bowood parties, and in the evening would go to the piano and there, surrounded by ladies all enthralled by his beautiful voice, would play and sing his Irish melodies, one after the other, till sometimes, so overcome would he be by the pathos of his own words, that he would break off, lean his head down on the piano and sob.

I can remember Mrs. Moore, who was still very pretty when I knew her. He had married her when she was a lovely girl of sixteen, and already on the stage. I still have the signet ring she gave me, which her husband had always worn on his little finger. It consists of two turquoises carved into Cupid's heads.

Another of my visits which I recollect very well, is when I went to Scotland with my father to stay with Lord and Lady Fortescue. I not only had the mumps when on this visit, but I saw a ghost! I suppose I must put down one as a reason for the other.

I was just finishing my lonely supper in my bedroom upstairs, when suddenly I became conscious of a quite ordinary-looking middle-aged lady standing the other side of the room—which was very few yards off—and looking at me intently. She was dressed in black, and had on a bonnet and thick veil. I did not know her, and thought she was a visitor and waited for her to speak to me, but instead of doing so she faded away completely. I knew I had seen her, and told my father so when he came up to say good night, but he would not allow me to mention the vision, as he called her, to anyone else.

I cannot think why I should have seen either this vision or the one of which I now relate, as I have no feeling—as some people without doubt have—for the supernatural, but I am perfectly certain that I did see them, and without being the least upset in mind or feeling.

Another time when I saw a ghost was at a house in Ireland called Ardsalla, which had been left to us by

the Duke of Bedford. Though it was a very pretty house with pretty surroundings, and standing well, on the banks of the Boyne in Co. Meath, neither my father nor his eldest son ever cared to live there, so it was always let. My brother and I went there to stay with the tenant, Dr. Collins, as Papa wished Amberley to make up his mind what he thought of it. He made up his mind that he did not like it, so it was sold. While staying there, I happened to wake up about one o'clock in the morning, and was surprised to see a woman, as I thought, dressed ready for a journey. Her head was tied up with a white veil—some one afterwards cheerfully suggested grave-clothes—she stood for some time by the window looking out. I lay in bed observing her, and thinking she would soon turn round, and I should see who it was, but instead of that she suddenly disappeared. Again I was shy of saying anything to my host, especially as I mentioned the incident to an old servant, and she begged me to keep it to myself.

My brother and I then went on to Baronscourt, to stay with the Duchess of Abercorn. A visit there was always full of enjoyment. On that occasion we went the long expedition to see the Giant's Causeway, and were much impressed by the beauty of it.

Amberley, I think, was right to decide not to live in Ireland, his interests were so much elsewhere. When only twenty he stood for Parliament, and took his seat for Nottingham. He was very clever, and had a great fund of common sense, being very like his mother and all the Elliots in appearance, with their black eyes and hair. When at Cambridge he had

become agnostic, but as a boy at Harrow I know he was not, for he had the greatest feeling and admiration for the sermons of Mr. Smith. This famous preacher was then a master at Harrow, and Johnny's letters were filled from end to end with quotations from sermons to which he had listened. It seemed as if they had made an everlasting impression on him.

A very happy event in the family was his engagement and marriage with Kate Stanley, the youngest of the Stanleys of Alderley. They were both very young, he being only twenty-one. My stepmother, who was in Scotland when she heard of the engagement, wrote the following letter to me, so full of her own beautiful feeling :

“MY DEAR GEORGIE,

“Your long and dear letter was a great pleasure to me, showing how you are thinking and feeling with us about this event, so great to us all. Whatever pangs there may be belonging to it, and of course there are some, are lost and swallowed up to me in great joy and gratitude. We might have wished him to marry a little later, to have him a little longer at home. But on the other hand, there is something to me very delightful in his marrying, while heart and mind are fresh and innocent, and unworldly ; and I even add inexperience—for I am not over-fond of experience. I think it just as often makes people less wise as more wise. There is more real truth in their ‘Ideale’ than in what follows.

“God bless you, dear child,

“Your very loving Mama.”

The marriage was a particular joy to me, as Kate

had long been a friend of mine. She was like a fresh breeze coming on the family. Besides, her beauty, the charm of her high spirits, and joy in life, made her a universal favourite. Even the old sage, Thomas Carlyle, would come and wait at her door to take her out riding, and evidently enjoyed the gallops they had on many mornings. She was such a mixture of fun and earnestness, and had in a marked degree the great quickness of thought possessed by all that generation of Stanleys. Anyone not in the family would often be quite bewildered when they chanced to have—as I often did when staying at Alderley—many of the young Stanleys round them. The firing off of generally ironical questions on every subject, the quick replies, generally involving an argument in which every one would have a different opinion, and uphold it with tremendous spirit. Such a clatter of tongues as there was all round the table at any meal, and such a clashing of brilliant wits. Algernon, now Monsignor Stanley, was the only quiet one of the family.

My brother and Kate were married at Alderley. Both families had a great objection to a fashionable wedding, with paragraphs in the papers, and photographs of the bride and bridegroom, and lists of guests, and the presents they gave, so a great deal of trouble was taken to keep it a quiet country wedding. We were all surprised, to say the least of it, when the usually dignified "Times" came out the next morning after the wedding, with a long paragraph headed, "High Jinks at Alderley!" describing the ceremony

in high-flown language, also a list of the guests, and the dresses worn by the ladies, even not leaving out an account of the country dances, which took place in the evening, when they declared that the Countess Russell had danced up the middle and down again, with the Lord Stanley of Alderley ! as indeed she had. It was a very gay and happy festivity, and what made it still more so, was, that the last bride of the family, Rosalind, who had married about a month before, George Howard, afterwards Lord Carlisle, returned to dance at her sister's wedding festivities. Dean Stanley conducted the ceremony of marriage.

The Amberleys made their home entirely at Rodborough, the pretty country place near Stroud in Gloucestershire, which my father had bought when he sold Ardsalla. It was situated in the parish of Amberley, which provided my father with his second title to bestow on his eldest son, when he received the Earldom of Russell.

My brother and his wife lived a perfectly happy simple life, both holding the most advanced views about everything. In these days they would have been called socialists, living the simple life, but at that time I think the word describing them was "demagogue." Their happy married life was short ; within ten years they were both no more.

The heroism in the story of my sister-in-law's brave death is infinitely touching. This is what happened. Her dear little children fell ill of diphtheria. Frank, the eldest boy, was the one who contracted it first. Owing to his mother's incessant

care he recovered ; then the little sister fell ill of the same dreadful illness, and much more seriously. Kate nursed her day and night, though herself much worn out from devoted nursing of her little boy. In spite of all she could do, the little girl grew worse, and to her distress the poor mother felt the illness coming upon herself ; she realized from the terrible pain in her throat that she had caught it from her children. She could not, would not, give up fighting for the life of her little daughter, who was now hovering on the threshold of death. When the dawn broke, she knew herself to be in the same state. She rang for a cup of tea, but when the maid came to the door had hardly strength to order it. She was never able to speak again, but died that day. Her little child, for whom she had hoped to give her life, lingered on for twenty-four hours longer, then also passed away.

The sunshine of Kate Amberley's life seemed to make the blow fall all the more suddenly on those who mourned her death. Her husband survived his great loss and desolation only for two years, and then died in 1876. His mother, in a letter to him the year before his death, writes that she wished she could give him the one and only rock of refuge and consolation of faith in the wisdom and mercy of a God of Love. "But I trust in Him for you, and I know that though clouds may hide Him from your sight He will care for you and not forsake you." I heard that the hospital nurse who attended him at his death fell on her knees by his bedside, and prayed aloud for one, "Who is very near the Gates of Heaven." The girl

had noticed with concern that he never prayed for himself during the illness through which she nursed him, and that no one prayed for him, owing to his professed atheism. Deeply religious herself, this was more than she could stand, for his patience and gentleness during the long and trying illness had won her affection and esteem.

Amberley and Kate had settled together that they would be buried close to one another, not in consecrated ground, but in a favourite spot in the garden of their home. Their wishes were carried out, but soon after Amberley's death the Duke of Bedford and my father had the remains removed to the family vault at Chenies, where they now rest.

Professor Jowett, with whom my brother had studied at Oxford, and who knew him perhaps better than anyone, writes in a letter to Mamma condoling with her on her son's death :

"He was one of the best men I ever knew—most truthful and disinterested. . . . Some people may grieve over them because they had not the ordinary hopes and consolations of religion. No person's religious opinions affect the Truth either about themselves or others. God does not regard men with reference to their opinion about Himself, or about a future world, but with reference to what they really are. In holding fast to truth and righteousness they held the greater part of what we mean by belief in God."

I think about my earliest recollection of my brother is as a little boy, dressed up in all the oriental draperies

which we could muster, taking the ambitious part of Solomon in some children's charades which we had got up to celebrate Mamma's birthday. We all took parts. Toza and I were respectively the sham mother and the real one who declaimed violently in blank verse following on the lines of the Bible story, to the wise King, and his puzzled councillors, who shook their heads and frowned in total perplexity. The part of the baby, whose mothership was in question, was taken by Gilbert, the last Lord Minto, who, at the age of about eighteen months, was brought in to be the bone of contention. He was very good, and lay there quite contented, even when the climax was reached and Solomon gravely ordered him to be cut in half! Then he did seem surprised and gazed reproachfully on us all with lovely wide-open grey eyes, and perhaps was relieved in mind when he was handed over to Toza, who played the part of the rightful mother, and had passionately refused to take only half of him!

The chief amusement in the holidays was the writing and acting of these little plays and charades, in which all the children we knew would be invited to come, either as actors or as the audience. The Elliots were particularly keen on it, as were the three Byngs, Henry, Charles and Francis. They were all just as good at writing a part as they were at acting it. My stepmother wrote many little plays for us to stage, for poetry came very easily from her pen. One, called "The Fairy Dewdrop," was very pretty, an ideal children's play. I am told that the first time I acted in the theatricals at Woburn I was only four

years old, so I was given a part which had only two words to say, which were, "Obey orders." I never could be got to say my part at the right moment, but came in with "'Bey orders," at the top of my voice, long before I ought to have spoken at all.

My father, in a letter to Lord Minto, mentions us thus : "My six bairns are all good actors, so can earn their living on the stage if Bright destroys our old nobility."

Papa would often come to look on, and made an especially good audience : he entered into the spirit of the production so thoroughly, and much encouraged the players by applauding vigorously when any speech struck him as good, or the actors as playing their parts with extra spirit. The epilogue was generally written by him. We thought the following one of his best, though others were very good. This one was composed for a little play acted at Woburn Abbey before H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, who was staying in the house.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Lord John Russell.

*Spoken by Lady Eleanora Paget, and Lord Alexander Russell,
Before His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.*

Gent. "Go on ; go on." *Lady.* "Just wait a little while."

G. "Draw up the curtain—now put on a smile."

L. "I can't I say—I feel a sudden shyness ;
How shall I speak before His Royal Highness ?"

G. "Begin, begin." *L.* "But what am I to say ?
An Epilogue ? Shall I abuse the Play ?

Or say 'twas perfect ? must it be in verse ?
How hard, without a moment to rehearse ! ”

- G. “ Fear not, but try to speak to some effect,
Forestall the wrath of those who may object ;
Perhaps some critic, serious and severe,
May gain, ere you begin, the Prince's ear.
With candid seeming his cold sneer advance,
Allege the Play is borrowed all from France,
Wish, with a sigh, that our dear native land
Were not neglected for a Gallic band ;
Shakespeare and Congreve, Farquhar he will quote,
And urge that Sheridan divinely wrote,
Dilate in praise of Poins and madcap Hal,
Curse foreign jargon, vow that English Sal
Is merrier far than Mademoiselle Duval ;
Just hint the Duchess was too prone to start ;
The blacksmith's son hammered out his part ;
As to the Duke—but let me make an end ;
All sorts of faults such critics will pretend.
Then to be plain—your woman's tongue we trust ” —

L. “ Nay, trust not me—your cause may be unjust.”

- G. “ Well, if you will but plead, all faults will fade—
A woman's reasons always can persuade.”

L. “ Well ! I will speak—our Farce we must avow
As foreign goods ; we're too enlightened now
For narrow views—it is our statesman's care
To buy the cheapest, sell the dearest ware ;
We choosing samples for each market fit,
Export our woollens and import our wit.”

- G. “ What for the actors ? ” L. “ We must plead—in short,
Implere at once the mercy of the Court.
How Justice might her dreaded balance hold,
I fear to think—but in intention bold
We ask your favour. Here a Prince presides
Whom keen discernment equitably guides :
His public course consistent to one end,
By smiles unwarped, to frowns will never bend ;
His private life in kindness overflows,
No friendship loses, no resentment knows ;

From him we surely may expect to hear
A summing up most candid, calm and clear.
The Counsel for the Players, in their cause,
Ask not acquittal only, but *applause*."

Among other memories, which I must not forget, is that of a very proud day in the year 1857, when sixty-two men of all ranks were decorated with the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry and deeds of valour—the highest and most coveted honour ever given in either of the Services. The Victoria Crosses which I saw given on that morning were made from the iron of captured Russian guns in the Crimea. The ceremony took place in Hyde Park, in the part of it quite near the Grosvenor Gate. It was the morning of a beautiful hot summer day, and thousands of people came to be onlookers, either in carriages or on foot. As soon as the sun rose they began flocking into the Park, and securing different points of vantage for the scene. I think every soul of them felt a thrill of pride in their countrymen, when the time came for the chosen recipients of the honour to march on to the piece of ground that was reserved for them only—the bravest men in the world, and all of them English, Welsh, Scottish or Irish. The cheering, which really came from the hearts of the people, was tremendous as they appeared. I was a spectator of the interesting scene, with others of the family, in an open barouche which was allowed to have a very good position for viewing the ceremony from a roped-in enclosure. The ground was surrounded by troops in their brilliant uniforms.

Queen Victoria rode on to the scene punctually at the scheduled time, which was 9.30 a.m. She was accompanied by Prince Albert and the two young princes, Edward and Alfred, both mounted on handsome little ponies and dressed in plaids and Scotch caps. The Queen herself wore a scarlet habit with a gold sash across the bodice, her small hat having a gold band round the crown and a white feather. Her Majesty looked extremely smart, and sat her horse with that grace of her own so familiar to her subjects. The horse she rode, which was of a pale cream colour, did not at all seem to share in the general feeling of elation, it maintained a conspicuously null demeanour, at which one could hardly wonder, when the whisper went round, originating from an authenticated quarter, that it had been drugged. We all thought this quite as well—though it did not transpire what her Majesty thought—for instead of fidgeting at the wrong moment, as the most well-trained horse might do, it stood as if in a trance, while she bent down and pinned the Victoria Cross to each man's breast, when he advanced to her horse's side for the purpose. The name of the man, and the deed of valour and daring by which he earned it, was read out beforehand, amid, first the silence, followed by the plaudits of the throng. After all had been thus decorated, the V.C. heroes, with the Cross on their breasts, formed up in line about fifty yards distant from the Queen, and in the space between the troops marched past with colours flying and bands playing.

I remember the Artillery came past at a gallop,

making such a roar and thunder that we wondered we still lived afterwards. The giving of the Victoria Cross has often had to be repeated, but this is interesting as being the first time, and as having taken place the same year that the Indian Mutiny broke out, where the soldiers that we saw that day were soon engaged in a more grim and deadly struggle than even the Crimean War had been. The horrors that happened in India came upon us in stroke after stroke. It is like a page of nightmares in the history of England. Though a page that soon came to an end, owing to the courage and resolution of our men. I remember when Major Anson came down with the news of it to Pembroke Lodge, his narration turned me sick and faint, and I had to walk out of the room. It is within the memory of a great many people how the universal feeling of horror, and sorrow for the sufferings which our people underwent during the Indian Mutiny, turned to a feeling of universal anger, and wish for vengeance against the dark perpetrators of the crimes. Every one was seething with rage. It was difficult to realize in our quiet sheltered lives the storms that raged outside, and over women and girls like ourselves, cruelly beating them down in its course.

Greville, in his memoirs, at the time, just after the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, says : " John Russell has come forth showing his teeth, but not yet attempting to bite the Government ! " On the contrary, though on the opposite side of the House, he supported the Government against the attacks of Disraeli,

and moved a "Vote of Confidence" in a speech which, coming from a statesman of his standing, gave them most valuable aid, though Disraeli was pleased to call it "One of those dry constitutional platitudes, which the noble lord pulls out of the dusty pigeon-holes of his mind, and shakes in the face of a perplexed House of Commons." Indeed, the Government needed help, and not opposition, in that most terrible year, when throughout the whole of India reigned anarchy and rebellion, when that huge Empire, from end to end, became the scene of wild and furious battles, of interminable sieges, of cruelty and misery without parallel, only to be more than balanced by the glorious bravery and self-sacrifice shown by the outnumbered British.

Contemplated through the unreliable glasses of memory, it all seems to converge into a short space of time, the dreadful atrocities at Cawnpore, the defence of Lucknow, the long march of Havelock's army to the rescue, the battles they won against seemingly impossible odds, and then the death of their brave chief ; all seemed to happen at once owing to the slowness of the news filtering through. Contemporary writers have recorded in full how those few thousands, on whom hung the fate of the Indian dominions, maintained their trust. There was no yielding against terrible odds, no abating of their furious attacks which at last won them through, and by them India was saved.

A fact which W. H. Russell, and all writers of the time, marked with wonder and admiration, was the

astonishing loyalty of part of the Sikh army, who amid a surging ocean of fanatical disloyalty stood firm for the English flag. "How often," says an eye-witness, "was their charging cry the precursor of victory!" To these men, the great Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, took off his hat, as they rode past him, with burning words of thanks and praise.

"Thanks to the kindly dark faces, who fought with us faithful
and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, drove them and smote them
and slew."

In 1861 the country was mourning the death of the Prince Consort. An old letter of mine has come back to me written in that year to my sister-in-law Emma Ribblesdale:

"Pembroke Lodge,
December 19, 1861.

"... The Prince's death came upon us quite like a great misfortune in the family. I never remember anything like it. Was it not dreadful, it was such happiness and so suddenly it has been all swept away. I'm afraid the poor Queen will feel his loss more and more severely, he was everything to her both in public and private affairs, and then she is left so much more lonely than most widows, having no equal, no father, mother, brother, or sister. Princess Alice is perfectly devoted to her, and her own behaviour is quite beautiful. I am sure all the sympathy and the pity of a whole nation sorrowing for her cannot be great enough for the trial she has to bear. The Prince of Wales writes to Papa saying that his mother would try to live for her duties alone, and hopes her

children will help her and prove themselves worthy of such a father.

“And now we shall soon have the answer from America so anxiously watched for. The thought of war is such an awful and dreadful one and between two free and civilized nations, and at Christmas-time when we are all dwelling upon Peace and Goodwill. Amongst men love and forgiveness are preached, but how different is the code of laws for nations ! ”

The “answer from America” which I mention must have been the answer to the despatches sent to America by my father as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the contents of which are well known to the world, as are the despatches in reply, also Grote’s comment on the policy he observed, viz., “The perfect neutrality of England in this destructive war appears to be almost a phenomenon in political history.” Also Mr. William Harcourt writing to my stepmother : “Among all Lord Russell’s many titles to fame, and to public gratitude, I think the manner in which he has steered the vessel of state through the Scylla and Charybdis of the American war, will always stand conspicuous.”

But the strain of anxiety and responsibility must have been more than even his family could have imagined, especially in the matter of the privateer “Alabama,” about which he himself declared his opinion changed. “The ‘Alabama’ ought to have been detained,” he wrote ; and he and the Duke of Argyll would still have done so, but were overruled by others. To show how seriously he considered his

error of judgment I find a letter from my stepmother to me after he was eighty years of age and his health beginning to fail : " John worries so about the ' Alabama.' I wish he would not."

Among family events happening in these years, two important ones were, my father being elevated to the Peerage and the marriage of my sister Bessie. It was in 1862 that Papa was offered, and accepted the peerage, taking the Earldom of Russell. " I shall be Earl Russell," he wrote in a letter to Lady Minto, " and make little change in the signature of your affectionate brother John Russell." The death of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, had left him richer, or else, he said, he could not have taken the peerage, though much needing the quieter atmosphere of the Upper House. To quote his own words : " Forty-seven years of the House of Commons are enough for any man, and imply a degree of wear and tear which those who read the speeches listlessly at the breakfast table have little idea of." He had refused the pension for retired Cabinet Ministers, saying that this favour was intended for poorer men than himself, and it went against his conscience to receive it.

When he, as Earl Russell, took his seat in the House of Lords, a cartoon in " Punch " depicted Lord Brougham at the door. " Ah, Johnnie," he said, " you'll find it mighty dull here." But in reality he was greeted by Lord Derby, his constant opposer in politics, who exclaimed, " What fun we will have, now you have come ! " But the days of his great fighting

speeches had gone by, and there was not so much occasion for them in the Upper House. I well remember as a child, when a servant said to me, "Oh yes, your papa's very quiet at home, but when he gets into the House of Commons he's a little tiger!"

In 1865 he for the second time was called on to be Prime Minister.

My sister Bessie's marriage took place in 1862 to William Melvill, who afterwards became Sir William Melvill. The day after Bessie's marriage she received an enormous official envelope from the irrepressible Maurice Drummond, then Receiver of the Metropolitan police; it contained a bill from the Metropolitan police for expenses and damages contracted in the desperate defence that they had to make all round the church during her wedding, from numerous disappointed and angry suitors who were trying to get in and cause serious disturbance. Of my half-sisters, she was the youngest and therefore the nearest to my age, and of course I missed her very much when she married, as indeed we all did. She had so much personality and charm, and would keep the whole family in good spirits by the tremendous energy of her own. William had hardly less, and was very good looking, tall and dark. He had an appointment as Counsel to the Crown and solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue, so they lived a great deal in London, as he had constantly to be at Somerset House. So Toza and I and little Agatha were the only sisters left at home, the three Lister sisters being all married.

A great feature of Toza's and my life then, was the spending of two or three months with the Cradocks at Oxford. Mrs. Cradock, I must explain, was our Aunt Harriet Lister, our mother's only living sister, who had come to take care of us when she died, after her three short years of marriage. Aunt Bunny, as we called her, had soon resigned her post as Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria so as to marry the Reverend Edward Cradock, afterwards Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford. He was a good deal older than she, and I believe had long wanted to marry her before she accepted him. He was very learned, very kind-hearted, and very witty and full of fun, though with a very grave expression, and with the stately and dignified manner of the old school, and, over all, he possessed a sort of sweetness of mind, often to be found in scholars who have studied and read the best of what has been thought and written in the world.

Aunt Bunny gave us a real and valuable friend when she married him.

The few years she had spent in waiting to the Queen were very happy ones. To be near and to render little services to a Sovereign so gracious as Queen Victoria was ever a joy to her, and most constant of memories in later life. The Queen seems to have inspired this feeling of affection in all her Maids of Honour, from the time when young, and shy, and newly arrived, she was given the elementary duty of carrying the Queen's glass of *eau sucrée* to her the last thing at night, to the time, when experienced and dignified, she was entrusted

with more weighty matters. Aunt Bunny had a great friend, also a Maid of Honour, who had gone into waiting the same year as herself, and used often to accompany her on her visits to Pembroke Lodge. One day, a very curious and unpleasant incident happened to Miss A——, who was, at the time, coming to visit us by herself. She arrived very agitated, and could hardly collect her faculties to tell us that, while on her way to our house, she was walking across Richmond Park, when suddenly a tramp of fierce aspect, and in ragged and dirty clothes, jumped out from behind a tree, and threateningly demanded her purse. She looked in his face, and to her astonishment perceived that it was a man who was well known to her, being Lord L——, a young man going out everywhere in society, and, no doubt, would be seen at some ball that very night. In a flash he also saw that she recognized him! She said quickly what occurred to her at the moment, “Young man, remember your mother,” and he turned, and ran away, disappearing in no time among the trees. He was acting the part of a dangerous tramp, and had no doubt terrorized many ladies—with whom his face was not familiar—into giving him their purses, the police not being so vigilant for the public safety as they are now. We all thought this occurrence had better not be talked about, so it went no further. I think this wild young man received a shock, which perhaps curtailed further adventures in that course of conduct. He would have lost a good many friends if his strange doings had been circulated

among them. Aunt Bunny and her friend often laughed over the adventure together, the absolute fright that he must have felt could be hardly less than hers.

I don't know if it is a custom, but in early Victorian days, when a Maid of Honour married, besides the lovely cashmere shawl, the Queen presented her with £1000 as a wedding gift. With this nest-egg, my aunt was able to provide her drawing-room with furniture after her own heart, also fill her house-linen cupboard, in fact, it enabled her to set up house comfortably. Uncle Edward had, besides his official house at Oxford, a very pretty little country-house near Grasmere, looking over the lake, but of course he lived at Brasenose College of which he was the Principal, only going to Grasmere for a month occasionally.

The long visits we made to the Cradocks were always a particularly happy time. Uncle Edward's learned friends were always very charming to us. Professor Jowett was perhaps the "lion" at that time; I remember the famous Master of Balliol as very quiet and always rather silent, but giving the impression of a hidden reserve of fire and strength. He had many devoted friends and disciples among the young men up.

We used to like watching how he, as well as other very clever men, always enjoyed a talk with Aunt Bunny; though she never seemed to converse with them, but rather to make remarks on what they were saying, or ask questions about any subject

that interested her, and many a man of note at Oxford found his way to her drawing-room.

I have a recollection of Dr. Jowett also at Pembroke Lodge. It was when Henry Villiers, my clergyman brother-in-law, was staying with us. I remember seeing him standing in front of the fire declaiming energetically against all nonconformists. His audience, who were half arguing with him, half agreeing, but always putting in some word that excited further controversy, were my father, never a narrow Churchman, and my stepmother, who was standing up like a good Scotswoman for the "Kirk." In an armchair some way off, but listening with amusement to the argument going on between the young clergyman and his parents-in-law—one of whom was not a new hand in debate—was Dr. Jowett. Henry was scoring a point against the nonconformists. "They refuse to pay the church rates," he said, with voice full of indignation, "and yet expect to be buried in our churchyards!" Every one was impressed with the enormity of this: surely it was unpardonable? But a high piping little voice came from the distant armchair, "And why shouldn't they?" It was the voice of Jowett. Henry's surprise and my father's amusement were worth seeing.

Also there was Mr. Goldwin Smith, dark and grave; Mr. Dodgson of "Alice in Wonderland," who besides his other work was writing the most delightfully witty parodies—such as the one on *Hiawatha*—but both these he considered as child's play to his real work of mathematical treatises; Mrs. Harington,

the widow of Uncle Edward's predecessor at Brasenose, and her two young and pretty daughters, more sought after than any girls at Oxford, as they were intellectual as well as good looking ; the Liddells, of whom one was "Alice" the dreaming child into whose dreams so many children and grown-ups have wandered with the white rabbit, or the red and white queens, but I think few have seen the German translation which the author afterwards made ; Charlie Wood, afterwards Lord Halifax ; Granville Leveson-Gower, Lyulph Stanley, whose sister married my brother—and a few others. As might be imagined, all these clever and interesting men were the most delightful company in the world. Uncle Edward would ask a few of them to dinner very often, and we used to hear very interesting conversations. They were so eager about all things happening, or that might happen, bringing minds that were apt to take no common view to bear upon matters that interested them, which comprehended a very wide field, for it lay in country, world, or universe, or anything pertaining to human nature in general. Politics they disdained. I found those little parties very different from the stiff dinner-parties to which we had been accustomed, when the conversation was often anything but impromptu. There were dark stories of a "diner out's" notes having been spirited away, just as he was on the point of going in to dinner, leaving him soulless, and on the other hand the thief, for whom no epithet could be bad enough, bursting with animated conversation !

We generally visited Brasenose during the winter, in the season of cold, bright, frosty days, some of which would be spent in taking long walks right out into the country. Some of our friends would join us in these tramps, and we would all eat our luncheon, which we carried with us, while sitting on some old wall by the roadside, or, not seldom, a party of us would invade the parlour of a country inn, and very comfortably eat it there.

At a late hour in the afternoon we would arrive home, with just enough feeling of contented fatigue, exhilarated by the fresh air, and tired of our thick boots. We were soon ready for the bountiful tea, which Aunt Bunny always had ready for us and at which she herself presided. We could hardly ever persuade our aunt to come with us on these long tramps, for short skirts, thick boots, and exercise were not at all her ideal, but a much more placid form of happiness. She would flit off by herself to a certain beloved spot, namely, a walled garden of which she had acquired the possession, and which was situated about half a mile from the College. There, perfectly happy, she would linger for hours, looking after her flowers, or doing the hundred little bits of work which seem always to be necessary in a garden. Or perhaps she would rest quietly reading a book, or musing over the next book she meditated writing. "John Smith" required much thought. There was always a comfortable chair, with plenty of cushions placed in her tool-house, a little shed occupying one corner of her garden. She would never allow a summer-house to be erected,

though we often begged her to do so, telling her how perfect it would make her garden. I think she feared, in that case, the advent of too many friends who might interrupt the solitude she prized. Aunt Bunny was such a mixture of two opposites, a recluse and yet revelling in society ! At the same time, it may be observed that, though no one enjoyed genial company more than she, the people who were a little above the common were much preferred ; in fact, if they were not congenial to her, she soon got a hopelessly harassed expression, as if she did not know what to say, or how to withdraw from them. Her dinner-parties had been known to create considerable annoyance among her neighbours, especially—though quite unintentionally on her part—among the ladies, for very often she would send an invitation to the husband and not to his wife ! One lady in particular was much annoyed, considering herself slighted by Mrs. Cradock.

We were a little surprised and sorry when, some years later, Aunt Bunny, being then a little white-haired and rather eccentric old lady, with little ways that no doubt seemed odd to a stranger's eye, was caricatured by this same lady, in the most unkind way, in the pages of her very clever and much-read novel. We thought the book, which made a great sensation owing to its originality and thought, would have been just as much appreciated by the public without this effort of ill-nature against one who was always so kind. As far as I remember my aunt personally did not much mind, or realize the unkindness of it, but her large circle of friends could hardly contain themselves for anger.

There was a companionableness about Uncle Edward and Aunt Harriet Cradock which made them friends to every one—even the most crusty of philosophers, or unsociable of dons. They all enjoyed coming to have a talk with either of them. The long, quiet evenings at Brasenose are some of my most pleasurable recollections. It was on those peaceful evenings that Uncle Edward taught me to play chess, a game which, ever since I managed to grasp it, under his tuition, has been the greatest boon to me. It is a never-failing relief from worries, a sure rest from the common cares of life, which very few other recreations can give. The Oriental origin of the game must be derived from the Oriental dread of troubles, for all of them must necessarily be forgotten when one is engaged in this all-absorbing game. However often one plays it, even if always against the same adversary, one game is never the same as the next. Uncle Edward used to take a ring off his finger and put it round one of the chessmen saying, "Now, Georgie, I will checkmate you with this particular piece, and no other." This he would proceed to do, in spite of anxious and long deliberation, and very great efforts on my part. The mimic battle would wax desperate from end to end of the board. I would bring up piece after piece to defend my hard-pressed King, only to fall into the enemy's hands. I made underhand attacks on the master-piece, and also on the enemy King, but all of no avail; the terrible moment would come when it began to be approached, generally a pawn which would come creeping up, guarded on every square, pushed into a more and more advantageous position,

till at last, my King, driven to a standstill by the other pieces, would be checkmated by the most dreaded of all !

Uncle Edward had a curious habit of thinking aloud about anyone of whom he was fond, though not betraying the full train of his thought to his listeners. For instance, he would suddenly say, "Bessie, Bessie, Bessie," and if his attention were drawn to his having spoken he would answer, "I was just thinking of her ; she is in my mind." He called Mr. Goldwin Smith "the Golden One," and thought a great deal of him and of his opinions. Very often he would burst out with "Golden One, Golden One, Golden One," showing thereby the trend of his thoughts.

Mr. Goldwin Smith was one of Aunt Bunny's most frequent guests, and spent much of his spare time in her drawing-room. He held the appointment of Regius Professor of Modern History. All history seemed to be at his fingers' ends. I think Oxford missed him very much when he went to reside in New York to instruct the students of Cornell in Modern History.

From Mr. Goldwin Smith's lips I heard the old legend that happened at Brasenose. As every one knows, the Hall had been known by that name, ever since the time of Edward I, owing to the brazen nose affixed on the gate. The tale runs thus. In the olden time there lived a Friar Bacon, who, with the assistance of the devil, made a brass head that could speak. More than this, if he *heard* it speak, he would have the added power to make a brass wall that could go

round all England, so that no power on earth could assail her. The head when finished was warranted to speak within a month, but it was quite uncertain when. If they did not hear it, all their labour would be lost. After watching this wonderful production for three weeks, fatigue got the mastery of Friar Bacon, and he set his servant to watch it. The man heard the head say at the end of half an hour, "Time is," at the end of another, "Time was," and at the end of another, "Time's past." The servant did not think he should disturb his master for such a trifle, and the head fell down with a crash, so Friar Bacon's labour was lost. Mr. Goldwin Smith would never say if the nose, a copy of which is fixed on the college door, had been saved from the debris.

The old quadrangle of Brasenose always seems to me one of the most lovely spots of Oxford. How beautifully has Oxford been described as "the dark and ancient edifices clustered together in forms full of richness and beauty, yet solid as if to last for ever, such as become institutions raised not for the vanity of the builder, but for the benefit of coming ages" !

Besides visits to the Cradocks—which were, perhaps, considered more as an institution than a visit—Toza and I went often to stay with other relations, sometimes together, sometimes alone with a maid.

Nearly every year found us staying with the Albemarle at Quidenham Park in Norfolk. Louisa and Augusta Keppel were our very great friends, and there were so many delightful things to do, we always enjoyed our stay there immensely. A recollection of

Quidenham is the pretty summer-house at the far end of the garden, where we all assembled every morning with needlework or drawing, or knitting to occupy our hands, while Lady Albemarle read to us for about an hour. This hour in the summer-house she never failed to keep throughout the summer, however busy she was, or however many guests were staying in the house. Louisa Keppel was one of my most intimate friends during this happy eventful time, my other ones being Rose Fane and Gwendolen Anson.*

We took care to fit in these delightful visits to our friends so that they did not interfere with our time in Scotland, for the Queen nearly every autumn sent my father a message that she would be pleased to lend him Abergeldie Castle if he cared to have it. He always most gratefully accepted, the whole family and servants went there in August or September for two or three months. Being so near to Balmoral Castle, it was convenient for the Queen to have a Minister at hand, whom she could at any time send for to consult. So we all shared the benefit of this beautiful place.

Abergeldie Castle is a beautiful old Scotch castle of the type so well known throughout Scotland. As is usual in these rambling old houses, one seldom lives all over them, as one does in an English house, there being always many rooms which no one uses for anything. I remember all the chair-covers and cushions were of the Stuart plaid, which had the effect of an echo of bagpipes in the house. The castle stands in

* Lady Louisa Keppel, Lady Rose Weigall, and Lady Gwendolen O'Shee.

the middle of wild and lovely scenery ; and, though much smaller, seems to hold its own with the greatly more important neighbouring Castle of Balmoral.

Balmoral had just then been restored, and changed from a dour Northern stronghold into a lovely and livable house. Prince Albert had directed and planned the alterations. Queen Victoria, as is well known, delighted in her Scotch home, and spent several months there every year. She would often drive up to Abergeldie on unexpected visits, and always, with the Household, attended the kirk on the Sabbath.

An amusing little incident that has somehow stuck in my memory is of Colonel Grey handing round the collecting box—which was like a long ladle—during the service. As was the custom, he had been all round to every one in the kirk first, and came into the Queen's pew last. I suppose he must have been nervous, or he stumbled, for down went the box on the floor with a tremendous rattle, all the shillings and sixpences and pennies rolling noisily about everywhere. This was too much for the Queen, also the sight of Colonel Grey's worried and apologetic countenance. She went into fits of laughter, shaking with mirth. Bessie and I, who were in the next pew, hurried to Colonel Grey's aid, and went down on our knees, searching for money, but we were also nearly helpless with laughter, and crawled on the floor much longer than we need have done, so that no one should see our faces. I don't think the little Princes and Princesses were present on that Sunday.

The Royal children were the greatest interest and

pleasure to the whole neighbourhood. The Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred were little boys in kilts, wearing the plaid. I remember at a gillies' ball leading Prince Arthur out to the dance, as he was much too little to lead me out, though he invited me very prettily. Prince Albert did me the honour of dancing with me sometimes, but I don't remember that he talked to me at all. He was often very tired and over-done, by combining the business of State affairs and deer-stalking.

Abergeldie and the country around need no description from me, but a landmark, which I think is now no more to be seen there, is the aerial gear by which a basket, or cradle, was swung over the river Dee for anyone who wished to cross from the village. The postman used to come over by it every morning, as there was no bridge for miles. I remember the funny sensation it gave me to look down, as the cradle slowly moved along the rope, and see the river swirling along so far beneath.

Once or twice I journeyed with my maid over to Ireland to stay with my Aunt Louisa Abercorn at Baronscourt, Co. Tyrone—the Duchess was one of my grandfather's second family. One eventful visit to Baronscourt I never forgot, for I lost my maid, and caught a large pike, a catastrophe—and a triumph, which did not happen at one and the same time. The catastrophe happened on my arrival at Newtonstewart station, where I was met by a high phaeton and a pair of horses, to take my luggage and myself the sixteen miles to the house. I got up beside the coachman, the luggage was put in, and off we drove. I thought

that my maid had mounted the back seat. It was very cold, and I was very much muffled with wraps, and, driving with one's face to the wind, one does not think of turning one's head. I did not do so till we had gone about twelve miles, and were nearing our destination, then, for some reason, I did look round. Judge of my feelings ! I found that the back seat had no occupant ! The coachman suggested, as we were so near home, we had better drive on. I arrived in a great state of anxiety. My aunt quite shared my feelings, but did not think any harm would happen to the girl, she was certain to be offered hospitality, and she would send a boy and pony cart back for her. Her amusement was great at the consternation expressed by the butler's face when he came to announce, the Lady Georgiana Russell had arrived, but had left her maid behind ! "It's h'exceedingly h'awkward, your Grace," he volunteered. Aunt Abercorn never forgot this, and would remark about anything unexpected, "It's h'exceedingly h'awkward." All ended well, and the maid was found, having got up on the carriage, and then got down again, and run back into the station for something she had lost. Meanwhile the coachman, not noticing that she got down, had driven quickly away.

The triumph I must now narrate. It was when fishing in the lake with my cousin Claud Hamilton. I suddenly found that a big fish was on my line, and after a time we saw it to be a huge and lively pike. I played it for what seemed to me a long time, and then Claud crawled along an overhanging branch of a tree

with a gaff, and very cleverly brought it to land. I remember the unfortunate fish with the great hook put by Claud right through its body.

Long, long afterwards, I had another very different adventure with Claud. It occurred in Hertfordshire. My husband and I had been asked to dinner by some neighbours, Sir George and Lady Faudel-Phillips, to meet H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. We were the only people outside the house party who were invited. Claud Hamilton was one of the house party. To my great surprise, when I entered the drawing-room he jumped up and said very quickly, "How do, Georgie," and gave me a hearty kiss. This I had not at all expected, and looked for an explanation. It appeared that he had bet his unsuspecting hostess, who did not know we were cousins, that he would kiss the first of the ladies that she had asked to dinner that came into the room, knowing very well that I was the only lady to come. Luckily for him, I did not know of all this, or he would not have found it so easy to win his bet!

I also stayed with the Abercorns when they were at Beau Desert, which place is well known for its beauty. They had taken it for a little while. It is situated on the borders of Cannock Chase, among lovely and grand scenery.

There, I have a recollection of a very interesting personality of the time, in "Lady A.," as she was always called, known to every one as Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury. She was one of the galaxy of great ladies who had influence over the society and politics of the time. As Lady Maria Tollemache, till she was

about twenty years of age, she had lived in complete seclusion at Ham House. Her mother had a dislike for her young and lovely daughter, and sent her to live at Ham with the Grandmother, out of her sight, but first cut off short to her head the dark golden hair of which she was especially jealous. The story was, that she was never known to venture beyond the gardens or park. When she married, came a complete change; she bounded, all at once, into a whirl of society and gaiety. No party was complete without her commanding presence and great deep voice, which might be mistaken for that of a man.

My special little remembrance of her, is when staying at Beau Desert with the Abercorns. A few other guests were also staying in the house. My aunt made a custom of having tea brought to a small sitting-room, the windows of which opened out on to some stone steps, which led down into the gardens. So every one generally came in to tea through the window. One day, on returning from a walk, I was proceeding in at this window, to join the rest of the party at tea, when whom should I find waiting some way off the foot of the steps but Lady Ailesbury. Also standing there, its head under its wing, was a large swan, which had come up from the lake. As soon as Lady Ailesbury saw me approaching she at once walked towards me with an air of relief. "My dear," she said, in her deep voice, "I am so glad you have come, I cannot go up the steps as I dare not go near that swan. I have been here for three-quarters of an hour, hoping some one would come. I have

felt perfectly terrified." I took her arm, and we went up the steps together ; she was the very last person anyone would expect to be afraid of a swan, especially of this beautiful creature, which had been trained by its mistress, Lady Flora Paget, daily to come to tea with her at the window of her boudoir.

Another visit Toza and I always made together was to Aunt Theresa Lewis, one of the most lovely women of her day. She was Lord Clarendon's daughter, and had married first, my Uncle Thomas Lister, always called by us "Uncle Titus," I cannot think why. He died leaving her with a son, Villiers, and two daughters, one of whom married Algernon Borthwick, afterwards Lord Glenesk, and the other William Harcourt of Nuneham. Their first child died when a baby, their eldest son, Lewis, was called after Sir George Lewis, Aunt Theresa's second husband. He had a beautiful place in Herefordshire, where Aunt Theresa reigned ; she was a perfect chatelaine for a big house, being by nature a good hostess, and so devoted to all that makes a home pleasant, being fond of needlework, reading, writing, and all home pursuits. Sir George Lewis was a complete contrast to his wife's high spirits and vivacious manner, being a very grave, silent man, giving the impression of a great sternness. He was a great deal thought of by the Whig Party, and looked on by some people as a future leader of an administration, but he was much handicapped by being a nearly inaudible speaker. It was of him that Sydney Smith said, "If he ever does go to Hades, his punishment will be to sit book-less

for ever, treaty-less, pamphlet-less, grammar-less. In vain will he implore the Bishop of London, sitting aloft, to send him one little treatise on the Greek articles, or one of the smallest dissertations on the verbs."

Friends whom we generally found staying there were Henry Villiers and Charlie Wood. They were both as fond of riding as we were, so we all went long rides on the ponies hired for us by Sir George Lewis. I remember the saddle was continually turning over on my little round pony, which always carefully swelled himself out before the saddle was girthed up. Sometimes my unfortunate riding companions had to readjust it three times on one ride.

Henry Villiers, the young clergyman, who no matter how long our rides, was invariably to be seen riding at Toza's side, was a son of the Bishop of Durham, and a nephew of Lord Clarendon, and of Aunt Theresa Lister. He had long been a friend of ours; I cannot remember when first we met, but think during childhood. We were all pleased when it transpired that he had proposed to and been accepted by my dear sister Victoria, though her parents desired that he should have a living before the marriage took place. This soon came his way, in the shape of the parish of Adisham, near Dover. So the couple were married at Petersham Church, and took up their abode in the large roomy Vicarage of Adisham. She was so happy, the part of a clergyman's wife she took to her heart, and became the centre of all good work, though her health was never very strong, and she could

seldom take any active part in organization ; every one wished, and asked for, her advice and her approbation. She joined her husband in his task of repairing and beautifying the parish church, and to increase the funds, cheerfully sold her jewels, treating it as a privilege to do so. Of my brother-in-law, afterwards so well known as the Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and for his far-reaching work in London, I quote a short extract from a memoir of him, written by Canon Newbolt in 1909, a few months after Henry Villiers' death :

" In his long Ministry in the Church of England, extending over forty-eight years, he occupied only three charges or spheres of work. . . . In 1862 he was appointed—while still a young man—to the charge of Adisham, near Dover ; here he remained nineteen years, learning no doubt, many things by experience."

In Canon Newbolt's sketch of Henry Villiers' personality, he writes :

" His most obvious characteristics were his geniality and great courtesy. . . . He had a marvellous power of sympathy, especially with the poor and sorrowing, and he would take the minutest pains to help anyone who was afflicted, either in mind or body."

My sister made him a wife who was a true helpmeet. Some days before her marriage, Mamma addressed the following lines to her :

" Oh, sweet and holy is the tie so long has bound us twa,
And well I know it ne'er can break though thou art far awa !

But a mightier chain is round thee and will not let thee bide.
And thou deemest all too slow the hours that for me too swiftly
glide.

So a bonnie blink of sunshine, from our home for ever goes
From the garland round us twining there drops a bonnie rose.
But thy step is light, thine eye is bright, e'en through the
starting tear.

God speed thee, and watch o'er thee then thy haven is not here !
To meet new joys that beckon thee thy heart is bounding fast,
They'll keep it fresh and green beneath the brightness of thy sky.
Like dew in blossoms lingering when the noonday sun is high,
Our help no longer needest thou the web of life to weave
And a lonesome spot within our hearts, dear lassie, thou wilt
leave.

But to him we yield thee trustfully whose love hath bid thee go,
And to God we pray to be thy stay for aye thro' weal or woe."

PART III
MARRIAGE

MARRIAGE

SIX years after the marriage of my sister Victoria to Henry Villiers, came my own marriage, in 1867, to Archibald Peel, the youngest but one of the five sons of General the Right Honourable Jonathan and Lady Alice Peel, of Marble Hill near Twickenham.

Marble Hill is a perfectly plain white house, built in the time of the Georges, amid ancient trees and old-established meadow-land, some way above the banks of the Thames. It is now well known to the public, to whom the house and grounds have for some years been thrown open. Slanting through the grounds runs the path so shaded by elms that it resembles "one of the narrow side aisles in an ancient Gothic Cathedral." It is for ever rendered famous by Sir Walter Scott in the most entrancing of his novels; for along its straight and grassy way walked Jeanie Deans with the Duke of Argyll, the day that she came to beg for the life of her sister, and by her simple address, to use the simile of her good friend, "hit with both barrels right and left," in spite of which, all that she came for was attended by success. Readers of the Waverley Novels will remember how the Scotch maiden, on her quest for mercy, walked from the heart of Midlothian, "twenty-five miles and a bittock each day" with

“sometimes a cast in a wagon!” Marble Hill at the time when lived Jeanie Deans belonged to Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, who had herself designed the house for the builders, while Pope laid out the gardens, and Dean Swift stocked the cellar. The Corporation of Richmond and Twickenham, in whose possession it now is, purchased the house and land a few years after the death of Lady Alice Peel, to save it from the hands of the builder, for it is situated in the valley of the Thames and parish of Twickenham, which needs not the adornment of the stucco villa and model cottage.

General Peel represented Huntingdon for many years in the House of Commons, and had served in Lord Derby's Cabinet, as Secretary of State for War. He resigned on “the 10 minutes Bill,” of which he disapproved most strongly. The General was a son of the first Sir Robert Peel—that pioneer along the path to money-making by inventive, or commercial genius, whose lead has been so often, and so successfully followed, by families to the fore in affairs of the present day—and a younger brother of the well-known Tory statesman, Sir Robert Peel, who succeeded his father as second baronet in the year 1830.

“The Peel family in the last two centuries asserted themselves with such vigour, and in such numbers, that the genealogy of the family is of great interest.” So writes a biographer, the late Mr. Jonathan Peel. He goes on to write of them—what was no doubt the case—that in earlier centuries their numbers impoverished them so thoroughly, for many generations, that they were unable for that reason to come forward

before the world, and lived as simple unpretending yeomen, farming their own land, and joining in the life and society of the neighbourhood. He traces them back for 800 years. Then in the early years of the eighteenth century was born one, who made the first mark in the annals of the family : this was Robert Peel, the son of William Peel, of Peel Fold, a man of great original genius, and inventive power. His first invention, it is recorded, was a device for printing cloth or linen. A tremendous demand arose for this kind of material, and he benefited much. He then invented a kind of machine for spinning cotton, which up till then had been done by hand. "In these days," says the biographer, "inventors protect their interests by patents, by which their names are rescued from oblivion, and the reputation justly their due is preserved. In no single instance did Robert Peel thus protect himself, the man was too independent, and self-reliant, to seek adventitious aid. The result was, that others pirated his inventions, and appropriated the repute which properly belonged to him." Still his means and fortune increased, and he erected great manufacturing establishments in Yorkshire, and various other parts of the North. One, especially great, he erected near Burton-on-Trent. "The steam engine was then unknown, the necessary motive power had therefore to be supplied by other means. For this purpose, a weir was thrown from bank to bank across the Trent, in order to dam up the water. A canal, several hundred yards in length, was cut from a point considerably above the weir, down to the mill he had

built below. Through this new course, the whole body of the river was diverted and made to flow. On reaching the mill, the water was concentrated in a narrow shelving channel of solid masonry, constructed under the centre of the long tall building, and there, fell upon a wheel that put his newly invented machinery in motion. It must be borne in mind that he was working on untrodden ground, that there were none, of whom the doer of this work could learn, none by whose experience he could be guided. All was the creation of his own brain, he was the first, and literally, the pioneer who found and led the way—that way which so many have since followed so successfully.” When the writer of these words visited Burton-on-Trent about 1870, the waters of the Trent still were rushing down the stone channel in which, more than a hundred years before, the wheel was fixed! The empty, long-disused building still stood where he had built it, and seemed little touched by time. Even the weir and canal remained unbroken and entire! A practical proof that this Peel of two centuries ago lived up to his oft-repeated maxim, “Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.” Another saying of his, the biographer recalls, was: “Barring accidents, a man may be whatever he chooses to be.” Also Solomon’s adage was often on his lips: “Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings.”

This man, when he died in 1795, left a large fortune. Even among seven sons, it was an appreciable amount, and his one daughter who married a clergyman, the Reverend George Park, was also left

very rich, for those days—her son married one of the Yates family, and took the name of Park Yates. Among the seven sons was one Robert, who more than any of the others inherited his father's spirit. More inventions issued from his brain, more money did he make. Liked and respected by all who knew him, he stood for Parliament, and was elected as Member for Tamworth, and sat for many years a staunch supporter of Pitt, who more than once sought his advice on financial matters, then, when the chance came to Robert Peel of serving his country by his great wealth, without hesitation he took it, and averted a national bankruptcy by his munificent gift to the Government. For this service, he was offered the baronetcy, and became the first Sir Robert Peel. His partner and brother-in-law, Mr. Yates, was also offered the same honour, but declined.

The first Sir Robert did not always agree with his eldest son, in the latter's wise measures, and, in fact, once contracted him flatly in the House of Commons.

This generation of Peels came forward as new men, their own present, and their own future, were all in all to them. They cared nothing for the past. Even the order and number of the most recent generations were not remembered by them. "The only ancestry we care about is the shuttle," said Lady Henley to me, herself a Peel, a daughter of the Dean of Worcester. This feeling was shared, I think, by most of the Peels of that generation. "What do William Peel of that, or Robert Peel of this, matter to me?" replied A. when some one pointed out the

long ancestry of the family to him, and "William Peel of Peel Fold is quite enough ancestry for me," wrote Arthur Peel, the Speaker of the House of Commons, when a book was brought to his notice, tracing the Peel family back to the fifteenth century.

At a time when lineage was more taken into account than it is even in these days, there was something refreshing and vigorous in this ignoring the claims they could have made of long descent, by that generation of the Peel family. They needed no position prepared by distinguished ancestors; by their own merits they distinguished themselves, for besides the great Prime Minister, Sir Robert had five other sons, three of whom were Members of Parliament, two were in the Cabinet, and one was Dean of Worcester. General Peel was the fifth of the family.

My father was very well pleased with the alliance—through my marriage to Archibald Peel—with the Peel family, for, though Sir Robert Peel was his bitterest and most powerful opponent in affairs of State, he had a great admiration and sympathy for his high-minded and disinterested policy. Whenever he met with him out of Parliament, he would have a word with him if he could. The two men, in the pleasure of conversing on manifold subjects, seemed to forget how passionately they had opposed each other across the floor of the House. They also had a common enemy in Disraeli. Mr. Disraeli is reported to have said that he would sooner have the devil at the head of affairs than Sir Robert Peel, to which Sir Robert replied to the effect that he hoped the



SIR ROBERT PEEL, FIRST BARONET

hon. member would one day have for himself the Minister of his choice.

An instance of the friendliness of the two rival Ministers, I remember well hearing about at a ball at Buckingham Palace. Anyone could see Sir Robert Peel and my father standing for some time, leaning against the wall, side by side, absolutely engrossed in conversation with each other, neither of them the least aware of the little half-circle which had gathered, mostly composed of foreign guests, who, while looking carefully the other way, were nevertheless listening with intense interest to every word passing between the two chiefs of opposite parties.

The following anecdote is related by Mrs. Drummond, the old friend of the family, elsewhere mentioned in these pages as Miss Kinnaird. She married, in 1835, George Drummond, at one time Under-Secretary for Ireland; he died a few years afterwards, leaving her with two daughters. In her short memoirs is a reminiscence of a large party at Lady John Russell's. "M. Thiers," she writes, "was there for the first time, and I was asked to point out to him who some of the people were. We stood near the door of the first room to watch the guests as they arrived. Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, was standing in a corner near the door, talking with several of his friends. Presently a gentleman entered, who went up at once to Lord John, and began a very animated conversation with him. "Qui est ce monsieur-là?" said M. Thiers, with great curiosity. "C'est Lord Stanley," I replied.

Lord Stanley was then in opposition and became Prime Minister shortly afterwards. "Milord Stanley!" exclaimed M. Thiers. "Mais c'est impossible, madame, vous vous trompez, ils sont ennemis déclarés." I said, "Il est vrai qu'ils sont ennemis en politique, mais dans la vie privée ils sont amis intimes." "Mais, madame," he replied, "c'est une chose innoui en France ce serait parfaitement impossible!" Many years afterwards Mrs. Drummond told this incident to M. Renan, and found he had been as astonished as had been M. Thiers, at the mixture of political opinions in English society.

The sudden death of Sir Robert Peel, in 1850, came as a great blow to the country. It was a heavy national loss, and was recognized by the people as such. I was only fourteen years old, but even at that early age, I can remember the great sensation and display of feeling shown by the whole nation when the news of his riding accident was received. Crowds hung round the door of his residence in Whitehall, waiting for better news, hoping in vain that his injuries might not be fatal.

Archibald Peel, my future husband, received a note from Sir Robert Peel's daughter, Elise, afterwards Mrs. Francis Stonor:

"5 Whitehall Gardens.

"MY DEAR ARCHIE,

"Come and get my father's blessing, and then go off at once to Rome, and bring home my brother Robert.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"ELISE."

A. at once rode to Whitehall Gardens, and was admitted into the troubled house. There, in the dining-room, lay his illustrious kinsman, white and suffering, hardly conscious. The pain of being carried had been so great that he preferred to remain on the ground floor rather than have the journey upstairs to his own rooms. He lay full length 'mid cushions and rugs on the dining-room table, there had been no time even to bring in a bed. A. went up to him gently, and kissed his hand, hardly able to restrain his tears. Then he turned and left the house, meeting Lady Peel in the hall, who spoke kindly to her young nephew, and wished him God-speed on his journey. He started at once for Rome, travelling day and night, and delivered the sad message to the eldest son, who set off on the journey home with all the speed possible in those days, but I think was too late to see his father alive, for Sir Robert lived but four days after the fatal fall from his horse.

In the House of Commons, my father, then the Prime Minister, alluded, in terms of the deepest sorrow and regret, to the death of his great opponent, he eulogized "that long and large experience of public affairs, that profound knowledge, that oratorical power, that copious, yet exact, memory, with which the House was wont to be enlightened, interested, and guided." He spoke from experience of the "temper and forbearance which the great statesman had always displayed to those who held opposite views from his own." He predicted that "posterity would place the name of Sir Robert Peel among the names

of the foremost statesmen who have adorned the annals of this country, and have contributed to their lustre."

Some time ago the following prayer came into my possession, with the statement, that it was one which the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel constantly used, and was on his dressing-table at the time of his death :

"Great and Merciful God, Ruler of all Nations, Help me daily to repair to Thee for Wisdom and Grace, suitable to the high office whereto Thy Providence has called me. Strengthen, O Lord, my natural powers and faculties, that the weighty and solemn interests with which Thy servant is charged may not greatly suffer through heaviness of body, or confusion of mind. Deign, I beseech Thee, to obviate, or correct any ill effects of such omissions or mistakes in my proceedings, as may result from partial knowledge, infirmity of judgement, or unfaithfulness in any with whom I may have to do. Let Thy blessing rest upon my Sovereign and my Country. Dispose the hearts of all in high stations to adopt such measures as will preserve public order, foster industry, and alleviate distress. May true religion flourish, and Peace be universal. Grant that, so far as may consist with human weakness whatsoever is proposed by myself, or others, for the general good may be viewed with candour ; and that all wise and useful measures may be conducted to a prosperous issue. As for me, Thy servant, grant, O merciful God, that I may not be so far engrossed with public anxieties, as that Thy word should become unfruitful in me, or be so moved by difficulty, or opposition, as not to pursue that narrow way which leadeth me to life. And, O Most

merciful Father, if, notwithstanding my present desires and purposes, I should forget Thee, do not Thou forget me, seeing that I intreat Thy constant remembrance and favour, only for the sake of our most blessed Advocate and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, to Whom with Thee and the Holy Spirit be Glory for ever. Amen."

It fell to my father to have the honour to offer a Peerage to Lady Peel, which she most decidedly refused, owing to her husband's wish that no member of his family should accept any distinction or reward on account of his services to his country. In her letter to my father, dated from Marble Hill, she explained that "The only solace (if any such remains for me) for the deplorable bereavement I sustain, will be that I bear the same unaltered name that lives for ever distinguished by his virtues and his services."

My father-in-law, General Jonathan Peel, the younger brother of this eminent statesman, had chosen a soldier's career, the only one of the family of six sons to do so. He was in the Dragoon Guards before he left the Army to represent Huntingdon in Parliament. His quiet common sense, and the way he asserted it in debate, soon won him a high reputation in the House of Commons; notwithstanding this, the Opposition, as perhaps was natural, could not forbear questioning the Prime Minister, in 1841, as to why his brother should be given the office of Surveyor-General of the Ordnance in his administration. "Because I know him to be the best person for the post," answered the Prime Minister decidedly. He

had been heard to assert that his brother—my father-in-law—had just as good a brain as he had, but, being a soldier, had not the opportunity of using it. When chosen by Lord Derby as Secretary of State for War, Jonathan Peel fully justified the selection of his Chief, by easily mastering the details of his department. "He was such a complete master of figures, that he was able to deal easily with the mass of statistics he had annually to lay before the House of Commons, in that clear and lucid manner that commanded its attention, and always conduced to his credit as a most able Minister." I quote from a biography that was written of him shortly after his death in 1879.

A.'s grandmother—the wife of the first Sir Robert Peel—was Miss Ellen Yates, a daughter of the sturdy old Lancashire family of Yates, which had supplied good English yeomen for many centuries. It was through them that General Peel and his sons inherited the strong sporting instinct, the wish to excel in bodily feats, and to look on others excelling, whether men or animals. From them, they received the love of long days in the open air, perhaps with gun in hand, and the yells of beaters approaching, or maybe walking up the rows of turnips, or across the fields of after-grass, the pointers ranging and pointing around them, and the coveys getting up with a sudden whirr of defiance to the unready. Perhaps, best of all, were the days out with the hounds, with a good horse straining against the hand, while close by, the "whimpering cry" of the fox-hound was heard in the covert, causing the breathless wait, the wild pulsation of

excited hearts, till the distant view-holloa was heard, and then the longed-for "gone away," from the whip at the far corner, followed by the mad rush round the covert-side of the whole field, lucky ones arriving in time to see a chorusing pack streaming out into the open. Then came the joy of settling down over big fields and big fences, with the chequered forms of hounds fleeting in front of them, forms which they well knew would vanish fast in the distance, unless the powers of horse and man were exerted to the utmost. It was a saying of General Peel's, that there could be few better feelings of happiness than that felt by a good sportsman in a grass country on a good horse, alongside the tail hounds of a pack running really well.

Jonathan Peel had entered the Army as a young ensign in 1815, in the very month that Napoleon was defeated for ever at Waterloo. After that came the long time of peace, so he saw, I believe, no active service. In 1825 he entered Parliament as Member for Norwich, and sat for that city until 1833, when he was returned for Huntingdon, a borough for which he continued sitting for many years. He once told me that in all the years he represented Huntingdon, the only question he was ever asked by his constituents was, "How are you?"

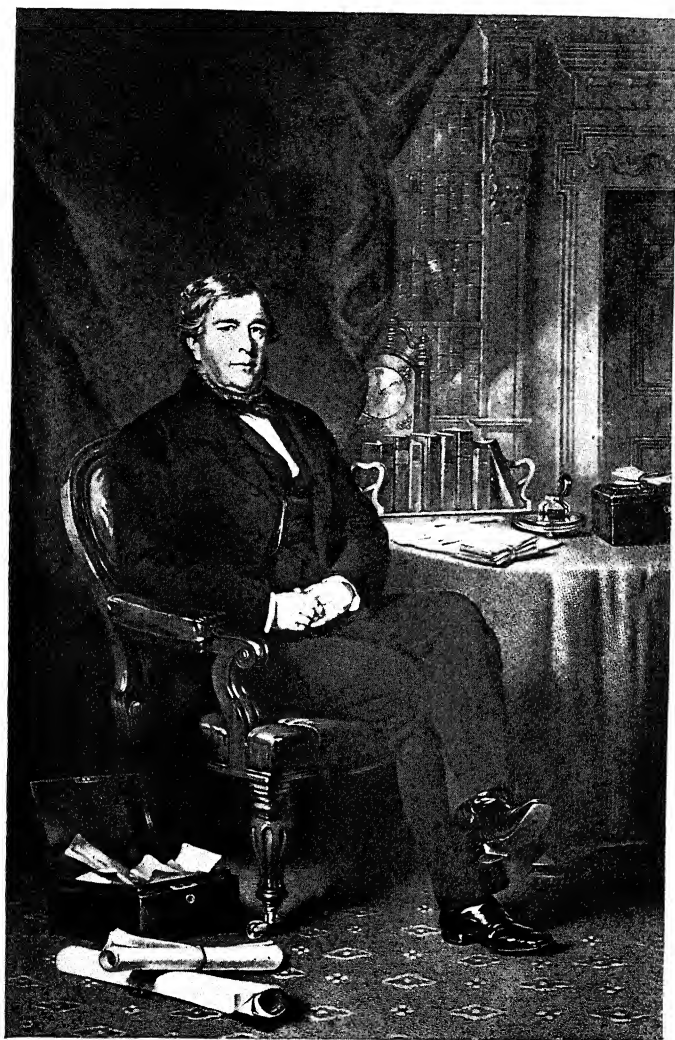
In 1890, when A. and I moved ourselves and our family into Hertfordshire, a very old woman stopped A. as he was riding along a country road, and said: "My husband voted for your father for thirty years, and I once shook hands with him!" "I hope I may

have that honour," said A., and they shook hands cordially. It seemed quite a welcome into Hertfordshire, and a reminder of days long gone by, for General Peel had been dead for some eleven years.

The favourite recreation of my father-in-law was racing. His upright character made him a veritable pillar of the turf, and he was one of the original few members of the Jockey Club. His constant aim was to keep up the tone of racing, which, he remarked, is apt to run down owing to the many scoundrels it attracts. "For goodness' sake let them race," said General Peel, "it is a good way of keeping them quiet ; but, mind you, don't let them drive out the honest and true sportsmen, for they keep up the standard, which it is in the nature of betting men to lower. If there was really anything to be gained by betting, how many rich men there would be among the bookmakers ! but, as anyone can observe, there are *not*."

My father-in-law kept a very large racing stable and breeding establishment, and carried off in his day most of the classic races—the blue riband of the turf once.

The story of his horse, "Orlando," winning the Derby is well known, and how the impostor horse of four years old, named "Running Rein," came in, as might be expected, before all the three year olds, and won the race. An objection was lodged by General Peel, after some deliberation. Meanwhile, the horse was killed by the owner, fearing discovery of his trick, but by order of the Jockey Club the carcase was exhumed for examination, and found by the teeth to have been four



GENERAL THE RIGHT HON. JONATHAN PEEL

years old, so the Derby was given to General Peel's "Orlando," "Ionian," also owned by General Peel, coming in second. "Orlando," whom A. described as a great raking dark brown horse, with a narrow blaze down his forehead, never very quiet, or easy to handle, is the ancestor of many of the best thoroughbreds that have since then won stakes in England.

I must also record again the victory of another of his horses, named "Slane," that won the "Waterloo Shield." It was a match between General Peel and Lord George Bentinck for a piece of plate, worth twelve hundred pounds, to be run for, over a four-mile course. Lord George was so sure of winning that he settled he would give the prize to the Duchess of Richmond—the hostess of the famous ball at Brussels on the night before the battle of Waterloo—and actually had embossed with the figures of the Duke of Wellington, his horse, and his staff a large shield of silver, about two and a half feet long. The faces of the group are so cleverly cut in the metal that each one can be recognized, as it stands out on the silver. But fate decreed against Lord George Bentinck, the shield never was presented to the Duchess of Richmond, for the gallant "Slane" won the race, to the great delight and triumph of the Peels. The "Waterloo Shield" has been in the family ever since, and is now the property of Lord Biddulph of Ledbury, General Peel's son-in-law.

Besides these famous winners, he owned many good horses, whose feats are still discussed, and whose portraits, painted by Herring, may be seen on the walls in houses of General Peel's grandsons. "Vulture,"

the beautiful chestnut dam of "Orlando," herself a famous winner, "Archibald"—called after my husband—winner of the 2000 guinea stake in 1832. From his picture, which I possess, he is a beautiful bright bay, with black points. On his back is depicted the supercilious figure of Nat Flatman, the famous jockey of the time, who later on rode "Orlando" in the sensational Derby of 1845. Many times did my father-in-law talk with pride of the merits of his beloved horses. As a wedding gift, he gave me a beautiful little riding mare, called "Fairy," and to A. three mares, "The Ballot," "Rocketeer," and "Spring-flower."

I remember the personality of my father-in-law with the greatest affection. A bluff old soldier, always in a good humour, sincerity in every thought and word. His politics were like himself, full of common sense. When holding the appointment of Chief of the War Office, there was much talk of an enemy invasion. "Yes," he said one day, "I hear of many very good plans for invading this country, but no one has ever explained to me how the enemy would get out again."

About one Derby Day, when he had a horse running for the great race, he recounted a very funny anecdote relating to himself. General Peel's French was of the simplest. "Alphonse," he said in his broken French to his valet, who was of that nationality, "ride my hack down to the course, and I will be there." He was much taken aback when Alphonse answered with an air of desperation, and clenching his teeth,

“Oui, mon général, je ferai mon mieux, mais”—he continued modestly—“je ne promets pas la victoire !”

The pluck of the little Frenchman, who thought he was suddenly required to ride in the Derby, was a sight not to be forgotten. Most likely “mon général” had confounded the French word “*course*” with the English course. It afforded him much amusement whenever he thought of it.

Another story of General Peel’s connected with his imperfect knowledge of the French language I must not omit. It occurred when he was—I forget on what occasion—entertained at a banquet in Paris. Mistrusting his capability of conversing in French, he talked during most of the dinner to a neighbour, among his entertainers, who he knew liked airing his English, but after a time he made up his mind he must talk to the silent French gentleman on his left. He gathered his French together, and hazarded a remark. “*Quelle chambre magnifique !*” he said, with many distinctly foreign gesticulations. The man leant towards him confidentially ; General Peel braced himself to understand. “Ain’t a patch on our Guild’al,” was the whisper that reached him, with an unmistakable accent. All the General’s timidity of him throughout the banquet had been wasted !

Among the few letters which my husband kept I find some from his father. They constantly wrote to each other, just matter-of-fact letters, telling about whatever happened to interest at the time ; both father and son wrote in very small and nearly illegible handwriting. The loops of letters, such as *l*, or *h*,

or *f*, added quickly afterwards, like some people cross their *t*'s.

“Beau Rivage,
Janry. 20th, 1866.

“MY DEAR ARCHY,

“In due course of post this ought to reach you on your birthday, and convey to you, your Mama's and my best wishes for many happy returns of it. My old Prayer Book, which contains on the first leaf a registry of all your births, often reminds me of the places and circumstances attending each, and as Addy, the *youngest*, will be thirty this year, it attaches to all of you whatever respectability *middle age* can confer.

“I do not know that I can make a better wish for you than that you may be as well, and have suffered as little illness, when you are in your sixty-seventh year, as I have done, and that you may be equally grateful for it.

“We are having wonderful weather here for the time of year. To-day and yesterday have been like Midsummer in England, and when I was smoking my cigar to-day in the open air, I saw ‘Mick’ amusing himself by catching the flies that were annoying him.

“I had a letter from Johnny the other day. I think he is a little disappointed at being left at Malta, but I am sure that it is on every account the best thing for him. He is not well enough, according to his own account, to do very active service at the present moment, and as the Jamaica affair is sure to be constantly discussed in Parliament, and I shall very probably have to take part in it, I am very glad that Johnny cannot be suspected of having given any information to me, or anybody else.

“We propose to leave here on the first of February.

I shall stay with your Mama in Paris until Monday the fifth, and take my chance of arriving in time to dine with Disraeli, and hear the speech read on that day.

"Your Mama wrote to Edmund and got a nice letter from him in reply, he seems to think very little of the Fenians, and says they would be scattered to the four winds in twenty-four hours if they were to rise.

"I had a letter from Lord Glasgow yesterday, confirming our usual engagement to dine at White's with Lord Stafford on the day of the Meeting of Parliament. It was broken through last year for the first time for a series of years. In 1860, *he*—Lord Glasgow—came up from Scotland on purpose, and returned the same day. He had sent all his horses to Geddings at Newmarket, and says he has a very nice lot of two year olds, but as they have not been *backed* yet, I am not *on* any of them for the Derby of 1867, if we ever come to it, but somebody wrote to say that Lady Mary Oswald was in great spirits because she was sure the world was coming to an end this year.

"I almost regret leaving this quiet spot for all the envy hatred and malice, which I see looming in the distance, but we must gird up our loins, and do our best, and 'May God defend the Right.'

"I have looked out for an account of a great sale of hunters at large prices, but have not met with it yet!

"Your Mama sends her best love.

"Write soon.

"Your affectionate Father."

"8 Park Place,
Oct. 31st, 1865.

"MY DEAR ARCHY,

"I return the cheque for £25, for although it is very honourable of you to send it, I must beg

to differ with you as to her having *turned out well*. When you have *sold* her for £500, I shall gladly receive it, but I have always been regretting having recommended her to you, and thought what a useless beast she has been to you. I shudder at your clever horses! A gentleman farmer is bad enough, but a gentleman horse-dealer never prospers.

"Your Mama is much alarmed about cholera, and will not go near any place where it is, she saw an account of a case at Lausanne, and has written to Mrs. Baird to inquire about it. I went down to Newmarket to see the Cambridgeshire stakes run for, as I would not *believe* that any three year old could win with nine stone on him. I doubt if 'Gladiateur' could have won.

"I went down in the same railway carriage with poor Captain Blackwood. I had got a carriage and gave him a place, and he was standing next to me, and talking to me all the time the Cambridgeshire was running. He remarked to somebody how lucky he had been in getting a hack, as he only arrived in the morning, and they said (I cannot recollect who it was), 'Does not it pull very much?' He said, 'No, but it is very fidgety, and to-morrow I shall put another bridle on it.' Those were the last words I heard him utter, as I started the instant the race was over, and got a lift in the Prince of Wales's express train, and was at White's very nearly as soon as the telegraphic account of the race.

"I went to Lord Palmerston's funeral because I *always* felt most grateful to him for the sympathy and kindness he showed to me when I went to him to get a passport for you on the evening of Robert's death. I think the way the newspapers are crying him up now, as a great *Minister* is perfectly absurd; he was

personally very popular, but as a *Minister* his success (if success it can be called) was entirely owing to his *not* doing what he said he *would do*. He said he would bring in a Reform Bill, and he did *not do it*; he said he would assist the Poles and the Danes, and he did not do it, and his real merit was having persuaded the House of Commons for six years to do nothing. As Lord Elcho, who stood next to me in Westminster, remarked, there was nobody buried there (with the exception perhaps of Lord Nelson) who died at such a fortunate moment for *themselves*. I cannot tell you how much I was struck by the coffin being placed immediately under the Statue of Robert, whilst the service was read, and there was a light which just played upon the statue and gave it the most *extraordinary expression*, when all the rest of the Abbey was in comparative darkness. I could not help thinking of the last speech Robert ever made in Parliament, when finding fault with Lord Palmerston's interference with other Nations, he turned to him and said, 'Beware that the time does not arrive, when, frightened by your own interferences, you withdraw your support from those whose hopes you have excited, and leave on their minds the bitter recollection that you have betrayed them.' If Robert could have foreseen what was going to happen to Poland and Denmark, he could not have added a word to this prediction. It is *the* sentence that has always governed *my* feeling towards our foreign policy. What is called *moral influence* is the greatest humbug in the world. If you won't fight, hold your tongue. Your children must be good companions for you now. I think there is nothing so charming as a child, as long as it continues to be a child.

"Emily Peel is to be married on Thursday to a Captain in a West Indian, or *Black Regiment*. He is

good-looking, is Irish, and at his father's death, will have £100 a year and a cottage in a bog.

"Your Mama sends her best love,
"Your affect. Father."

The horse mentioned as a clever one was a black mare, which the General had bought for A. as a bargain at a low price, the dealer having told him she was a clever one. A. at once saw her to be of a low class, what he called "a hairy-heeled one," but could not refuse to have the mare, owing to her being a present from his father, though he very ungratefully gave his new possession the name of "Black Dose."

General Peel had a good story illustrating the sharpness of dealers, with whom he said no gentleman could compete successfully at selling horses. The following is the dialogue, which he would relate in his own inimitable way. Intending buyer, inspecting horse for sale, "Can he gallop?" Dealer, turning up his eyes admiringly, and drawing a long breath, "Can he gallop? Hoo, hoo!" Purchaser, delighted, "And can he jump?" Dealer ecstatically, "Can he jump? Ho, ho!" Purchaser, quite satisfied, concluded the deal, but found the horse could neither gallop nor jump. The dealer when taken to task, remarked, that he had never said he could!

"8 Park Place,
March 20th, 1866.

"It is quite true, my dear Archy, that I have owed you a letter for some time, but unless I can learn from Bell's Life, I never know where to find you. I heard of you in England (I think it was Lord Edwin Hill,

who said you were come over). And then I read in Bell-Button's Diary, 'Mr. A. Peel and "Black Dose," *nowhere*.' I wanted to write to you, as Mr. Coleridge has made a second application to me, to procure for him the *cartes de visites* of Mr. Robert, yourself, and Edmund, for his Book of Pupils. Willy has promised me one of Robert, and if there are such *cartes* of you or Edmund, I must get you to send me them. You must write at all events, as I *forgot* Mr. C.'s first application.

"Your Mama arrived here on Saturday from Paris, so your letter will probably never reach her. She and May have gone to *humiliate* at Church.

"We go to Marble Hill for Easter, and afterwards commence the tug of war, and the Reform Bill. I hear the Government flatter themselves they have a majority of from thirty to forty in favour of the second Reading, but when they listen to the *floods of eloquence* that will be directed against it, I think it will be washed away. The Radicals will vote for it, as a step, and only a step, in the direction they wish to go. I do not think a *single* human being *approves of it*, and many of the Whigs are known to hate it, but will nevertheless vote for it.

"I had a letter from Johnny this week, he said he had been so rheumatic, that he had not been writing to anybody, and talked of taking a cruise in a Man of War, if the opportunity offered. He said he heard from Jamaica regularly, and the examination of some of the witnesses was very amusing.

"I was to have gone to the Duke of Grafton yesterday for Northampton Races, but Army Estimates, which ought to have come on last night, and a Command to dine with the Duke of Cambridge on Wednesday, made me give it up, and I do not much regret it, as it will be bitterly cold there to-day.

"I think there ought to be a clause added to the Mutiny Bill, extending it to the Jockeys, and that Master Grimshaw should have been tried on the spot, and flogged, for refusing to ride Lord Hastings' colt at Warwick, that Fordham had ridden with *one hand*, the day before. I never *knew* a jockey refuse to ride a horse except once, and on that occasion he was fully justified in doing so.

"It was Arthur Pares, and he was very proud of telling the story. He said, after cantering up at Ascot once, the owner of the horse he was riding came to give him his orders—which were, that he was *not* to win. 'On which,' says Arthur, 'I jumped off, gave the horse a cut on the rump, and turned him loose, saying they must get somebody else to ride him!'

"I hope your children will come up to town after Easter, as I should like to see them.

"Your affectionate Father,

"J. PEEL.

"Be sure and write about the *cartes*."

General Peel married, in the days when it was customary for a man to marry, before he was twenty-five, so he and his bride were not considered out of the way youthful, though she had barely reached the age of eighteen, and he was twenty-two. A young subaltern in the Guards, his picture showing him to be tall and broad-shouldered, with hair that was almost red, and very bright blue eyes; he sought for his bride Lady Alice Kennedy, the fair daughter of the Scottish Peer, Lord Ailsa of Culzean Castle in Ayrshire, who at this time lived much in a house he had built on the riverside not far from Twickenham.



LADY ALICE PEEL, WIFE OF GENERAL PEEL

The marriage took place in the year 1821.

I, of course, can remember Lady Alice Peel well, in her younger days, long before I entered the family as her daughter-in-law, as Marble Hill was within a walk of Pembroke Lodge, and my stepmother and Lady Alice were old friends ; but the Peels, being the absolute opposite to my family and the rest of the Whigs in politics, we did not see very much of them. I recollect Lady Alice when she still had the fine golden hair, parted and arranged in ringlets, and the blue eyes like a baby's, of as pure and bright a colour as the blue sky in April, which remained undimmed into old age. The following letters are from her, a few years after my marriage to her son :

“Marble Hill.

“MY DEAREST GEORGY,

“Many thanks for the little letter I received on my return from Brighton. I would have written before, but what with unpacking and having all the *house bills* to do on my arrival which had been amassing themselves all this time I had hardly a moment to myself. Sunday has brought them to a close, and I shall soon be packing up your glass and despatching it to the Gerwyn.

“Many thanks for sending the grouse which arrived the morning we left Brighton—and were very good and acceptable—the papa wrote to Sir Watkin his thanks.

“. . . I was just beginning to find a few people at Brighton when we came away, but he caught a cold there and thought he would be better here, and he *is* very well. I was sorry to leave Mina Munster, who is such a nice pleasant creature (as Archy knows).

The Egertons had arrived—they have got a house for three months—and she felt more cheerful there, as she has been very sorry about her son. She told me he was a great friend of your brother Rollo. The Prince seems quite to be on the road to recovery. Miss McDonald told your papa about his illness—the Princess sitting by his bedside. He had, it seems, two nurses from the hospital and one of them always said (having attended many in that fever) that he would recover, it seems he always threw his arms about in a very energetic (?) way—and she said she had never known any who did so that did not get well! I suppose that he must be considerably reduced, for Gull took him up in his arms and carried him to another bed when a change was required.

“I mourned over poor Lord Chesterfield being ‘the only son of his mother,’ and she is in the deepest distress. I had a letter yesterday from Mrs. Curzon who is with her at Britley, and she says it is quite terrible, her grief. He left Britley and everything he had to his mother.

“... The old Duchess of Cleveland called on Friday from Osterley with Mgt. Kennedy (who is staying there), but I had gone to town.

“I think I told you Lord and Lady Arran are here (Lord Sudley’s father and mother); she called yesterday, but unfortunately I was out.

“Your most affectionate

“MAMA.

“I am so glad the servants suit. It is a true comfort that, and how seldom it happens!”

“Brighton,
Nov. 9, '71.

“MY DEAREST GEORGY,

“Many thanks for your letter received this morning.

" . . . We have found more people we know which has made it much pleasanter latterly. The Augustus Loftus are living within two or three doors, and I like them very much. . . . They go to St. Petersburg, as soon as this sad illness of the P. of Wales has taken a decided turn, the bulletins are better to-day and there seems some hope of him, for every one agrees this kind of fever is very variable. Lady Augustus Loftus is going to return to London for the season. I don't think her daughter very pretty. They say the D. of Hamilton admires her. We see much of Mina Munster, who is quite charming.

" . . . Henry —— is come with his daughter Alice and he makes a very agreeable addition—then there is Sir George and Lady B—— whom we like very much. Constance Gordon arrived to-day, but goes away on Monday again. She had been over to Windsor C. every day from Frogmore, and they said they were very gloomy there about the Prince.

" Margaret has found a friend here in Miss Harcourt. Her mother has taken a house near Strawberry Hill and they live there, and William Harcourt, her brother; but the mother does not like it and think of giving it up.

" My sisters are in London. Lady Newburgh returned yesterday from Chatsworth and Buxton, so I've not seen her yet, but I think she will come here for Christmas, and we expect Laurance Peel on Wednesday. Our love to Archy and the children, and, dearest Georgy, I am

" Your most affectionate
" ALICE PEEL."

Lady Alice's three sisters, my aunts by marriage, were also very well known in the world of those days, and to mention Lady Newburgh, Lady Anne Baird,

and Lady Mary Oswald, may bring back pleasant memories to anyone who can remember them.

Lady Newburgh, the youngest of the three sisters, was totally blind. I was told when I married in 1867, and was first introduced to her, as her niece by my marriage with Archibald Peel, that she had already been so for twelve years. She bore her affliction with a courage that one could hardly have thought possible, if one had not seen it. She was always cheerful, and the most charming of companions, having a keen sense of humour, and a vivid imagination. She was very independent in all her ways. I remember the first time I waited for her at her house in London, to come out with me. I heard her slow step approaching. To my surprise, she was quite alone, and I held my breath as I watched her descending the long staircase backwards, step by step, reaching out to feel the way with her foot, and grasping the banister with her hand.

Lady Mary Oswald lived continually in Scotland. We very seldom saw her, but Lady Anne Baird was most kind to me, when I first married her nephew, and quite took me under her wing. When buying furniture for the Gerwyn, she helped me in every way she could, her house in Eaton Square was always open to us, and she ordered the carriage every morning, driving me to Maple's or any out-of-the-way place of which I may have heard, as having nice things. Many times was I aided by her advice, as she had excellent taste. A charming feature about my Aunt Anne Baird was the red-golden hair, which covered the heads of

so many Kennedys and Peels, my husband among them. She was one of those genial people who cheer every one up by their presence. Though of small stature, she held herself so upright, that she gave the impression of being tall.

Writing of the time when we were buying furniture reminds me of a little incident which amuses me when I think of it. We had taken some rooms in Eaton Terrace; when we arrived there, the nurse with the baby had hardly come into the house, when she made an exclamation, and held up a flea, which she had caught on the baby's white robe. I was rather dismayed, but A. said joyfully, "What a treasure of a nurse she must be, so observant, and so quick-handed!" and we quite forgot the slur on the new lodgings, which such an incident implied.

To proceed with an account of the family into which I married, I must tell that my mother-in-law came of the oldest of Scotch families, the Kennedys of Ayrshire. Ever since time has been, there were Kennedys in Ayrshire. They seem to have sprung from the soil itself.

About the fourteenth century one of them began to build castles along the coast, to protect his land from marauding pirates, and was created Earl of Castles, by the King then reigning, which name developed into Cassillis; but this is perhaps only a legendary origin, as Burke declares that the name Castles is taken from the lands of an heiress of the Montgomery family. The Peerage, however, omits to relate that the happy bridegroom had slain both

his bride's brothers to secure her having the heritage. The Earls of Castles, or Cassillis, ever made their power felt with no uncertain hand in Ayrshire. The Kennedys over whom they reigned as chiefs were a wild and unyielding clan. They said that no one should ride nor bide in Carrick or Ayrshire without their permission. But the proud Campbells, a neighbouring tribe, could not brook such autocratic ways from their neighbours. Their chief said that every day he and his men would ride across Ayrshire. This, as might be imagined, led to wild scenes, dashing forays, to bitter battles between the two clans. Once, if not more, were the Campbells, surrounded by the fierce Kennedys, cut to pieces. Grimly did the Campbells revenge themselves, for they got round the Kennedys, and burnt the castle of the absent Cassillis, and massacred his wife and children, and all the retainers he had left in charge. The history of Ayrshire tells how the Clan of Kennedy divided under the two unyielding chiefs, Bargamy and Cassillis; bitter was the feud, and frequent were the battles. It is left to conjecture which of the clans was the better, when more civilized times came, and the arm of the law perhaps reached to Ayrshire, but it does not appear that either subdued the other!

“Twixt Wigtoun and the town of Ayr,
Port-patrick and the Cruives of Cree,
No man need seek for to bide there,
Unless he side wi' Kennedy.”

A wild dark story in the annals of this lawless old family is the roasting of the Abbot of Cross Regal.

The Monastery of Cross Regal was built on some fertile and beautiful land which, from ages past, had belonged to the ancestors of the Earls of Cassillis. So Gilbert, fourth Earl of Cassillis, sent word to the Abbot to give up to him the lands of Cross Regal. The answer that came back from the good man was one of defiance. Then, in the course of time, the old Abbot died and a new one was appointed in his place. He happened to be one of the Clan of Stewart, a clan as determined and brave, as full of spirit, as any in Scotland, and of which the Abbot was no mean representative. Though warned, it is said, by the gipsy, Johnny Faa, that he would be captured, and most likely killed, by Cassillis and his followers, he boldly rode unarmed and alone, across the rough wooded country of Ayrshire, to take up his position as Holy Abbot of Cross Regal. The wicked Earl sent his men to capture the good Abbot, and bring him to his castle of Dunure. There he had a sumptuous meal put before him, and entertained him himself, and behaved to him as host to guest. But, after the meal, he put some papers before him, and a pen in his hand. "Now sign," he said. And the Abbot, on examining the document, found that it gave the whole of the property of the Cross Regal Monastery to the Earls of Cassillis and their heirs. He turned from it with an expression of contempt, and refused to sign. Then comes the awful part of the grim story, for Cassillis had him bound hand and foot and carried down to the black vault of Dunure, there he bound his helpless victim to the grid, which slowly turned before the roasting

fire. But beyond groans, he got no yielding from the brave Abbot Stewart. "If I'd known ye were such a dour mon, I'd no have done it," said Cassillis at last ; not being able to help admiring the pluck of his noble victim. The story continues how the Abbot, when senseless, was unbound, and taken to be nursed by an old woman in a distant part of the castle, till perhaps he should again be capable of bearing more torture to force him to sign away the lands of his monastery. The history tells how he, with the secret help of the old woman, managed to escape, and "A' burrrnt tho' he wor," says the old book, stood up in the market-place of the town of Ayr, and denounced the wicked Earl of Cassillis. "For gif barbarous cruelty, and theft heapt upon theft deserve Hell, he can no more escape it for ever."

A romantic legend in the annals of this old family, is that of the gipsy, Johnny Faa. Roaming Ayrshire, he fell in love with Lady Cassillis, and persuaded her to elope with him. She left her home and escaped with her wild lover into the woods.

BALLAD OF COUNTESS OF CASSILLIS.

"The gypsie cam' to Cassillis yet
And ae but they sang sweetly,
They sang sae sweet and sae very compleat
That doon cam' our fair ladye.
And she came trippin down the stair
Wi' all her maids before her.
As soon as they saw her well faured face
They cast their glamourie o'er her.

“ ‘O come to me,’ says Johnnie Faa,
‘O come to me, fair ladye.’
‘O tae from me the gay mantel
And bring to me a plaidie,
For spite o’ kith and kin and a’
I’ll follow the gypsey laddie.’ ”

The runaway couple were captured and brought back to the old castle at Maybole. On her, her husband had mercy, but the gipsy was hanged in the courtyard. The story is, that the vengeance the Earl had on his wife was to force her to stand at the window, and see her lover hanged. Another version of this legendary tale is, that Johnny Faa was hanged with twenty of his followers from the gipsy band on the “Dule” or mourning tree of Cassillis, not at Maybole. Can the Dule tree have been thus profaned? for it was under the Dule tree it was the custom of the Kennedys to assemble to mourn their dead, or to receive news of calamity. In the shadow of its huge branches stood the old men, and the boys of the clan, to hear, and to bear, the tidings of their losses at Flodden, when the “flowers of the Forest were aweid awa.”

The Marquisate of Ailsa was bestowed on the eleventh Earl of Cassillis by George IV. He took his title from the large Craig which, like a sentinel, rises from the sea, a mile and a half out from Culzean Castle. Many were sorry to see the old and romantic name of Cassillis merge into that of Ailsa.

But to return to the gentle descendant of these wild Scotchmen. Lady Alice Peel was one of the

best-known hostesses of the time, between 1820 and 1860. Rank, beauty and genius were all to be found in the circle that surrounded her at Marble Hill.

A peculiarity of Lady Alice was that she never would partake of any meal between breakfast, at nine, and dinner, which was at seven o'clock. Between these hours she fasted. She would frequently come for luncheon at Pembroke Lodge, and would sit beside my father, never touching anything to eat, but conversing with him merrily throughout the meal.

The Peel family consisted of five sons and three daughters. My husband was the fourth of the five sons. Robert, of whom A. was particularly fond, yet passed most of his life without ever seeing, was the eldest of the five brothers. I can hardly remember him. He was very tall, with very bright blue eyes, and red hair. His story may be briefly told, so long afterwards. He was the most promising of the family, being very intellectual, as well as having the sporting instincts of the family, and also took great interest in politics, which the other brothers did not, though A. was once prevailed on to stand for Devonport on the Conservative side. Robert became deeply in love with a young lady, but unfortunately she was the daughter of a former friend, who had seriously quarrelled with General Peel—I believe over politics. The General was furious with him, and said his son should never marry the daughter of that man. Lord A. returned by absolutely refusing to allow his daughter to speak to Robert Peel, and I believe was very savage to the young man. Robert, after a

stormy interview with his father, left the house in a rage, saying he would never be seen again in England. He kept his word; they only heard of him again when dying on the Continent. The lady never married. The following letter is from him, in happy days before all this had happened :

“ St. Ives, Bingley,
Nov. 26.

“ OH, ARCHI, MY DEAR BROTHER ARCHI,

“ You promised your big brother a visit long before this time, and you would write and announce your coming !

“ In vain has the bag been daily searched for the loving epistle, and now, Archi, where are you ? What are you doing ? Flying like this tempestuous wind across the country after Wynn’s hounds ? or working for Taylor in Dublin County, where I hear the vile Illiberals have stolen a march upon him.

“ Well now, Archi, to business, serious business. Lochiel wrote to me some time ago, proposing to pop in here for two or three days’ wild shooting at the latter end of this month, or the beginning of next, and that bold blockade runner, his cousin, has offered to meet him, and it struck me that you might arrange to visit us, and then be the bold horse breaker to some of your hunting friends in the N. Riding, at the time they were here, if I only knew from whence to summon you.

“ What say you to this, Archi ? I long for a chat, and to tell you all that is going on at Devonport, where A. Buller has sent a dozen pair of his old shoes to the soup kitchen, and by this unexpected act of generosity has redeemed his waning popularity. I had a grand reception there the other day.

"We have had great sport on the moors here, as well as in the coverts.

"The Government are sinking very rapidly in public estimation, and whenever a General Election takes place they will get notice to quit from the country, and a good many M.P.'s, too, will get the same for having sustained them on the Treasury Bench.

"What do you mean to do, Archi? For many reasons I am anxious to see you in the House, and in Office, if you would stick to business and work.

"It won't do for a Peel to go into the House and do nothing. Let me hear from you, and you will do something very gratifying to your big brother.

"Most affectionately yours,

"ROBERT."

I here insert letters from another brother, namely John, Knight of Medjidie, whom I mentioned before, when writing of the Crimean War. He was mentioned in despatches, and received the Turkish medal. My husband adored this brother, his senior by a year. He was the cheeriest person, and had the brightest blue eyes of anyone that I ever saw. The other two brothers, I knew much less. Edmund, after soldiering half his life, married, and settled down in Ireland, becoming a Resident Magistrate; and Willy held an appointment as School Board Inspector, which kept him very busy; his brothers called him John Gilpin, a citizen of credit and renown.

"Palace, Malta,
Dec. 7th, '64.

"MY DEAR ARCHY,

"Here we are, installed in our Palace, unworthy successors of the Grand Master of the

Order of the Knights of Malta, whoever he may have been. Having left you after our little séance at Nat's, I repaired to Pratt's and played cribbage till six on the Sabbath morn, and so to Paris, where we stayed till the Friday, leaving Marseilles on the Sunday afternoon in H.M.S. 'Psyche,' blowing a gale, snapped two hawsers getting out of harbour, nearly ran down the pier, did our thirteen knots all the way, heavy sea in Gulf of Lyons, saw the house of the great Italian liberator at Caprera, didn't land however, attended meals regularly, and behaved in a seaman-like manner, doing the journey, 650 miles, in 52 hours, landed on the Wednesday, ships of war, forts, guards of honour saluting, etc., etc. I find a pretty considerable difference, however, between life at Malta and life at Brighton, and I think Brighton has it. Breakfast at nine o'clock every morning, hardly time to smoke a pipe, go to my office, thence in hot haste to examine and report on the state of H.M. stores in the Island of Malta and its dependencies (a good month's job), come back like a hunted fox to be caught and worried by some department or other, till I show fight and repair to my whist at the Club, *i.e.* one before dinner rubber, dinner at 7.30, Opera after that, whist and brandies and water to conclude, so don't get too much bed. Sir Henry has made me his private secretary until he appoints another, a nice little matter of £300 a year more. However, I gave Strahan half, as he does the work; all this smacks of affluence, but, again I repeat, Brighton has it. There are some good fellows here of course, Ridley the General and his A.D.C. Bowden, Harding, 22nd, Gubbins, late 85th, Dunne, 16th, Anderson, co-respondent in the now famous case of Codrington *v.* Codrington, etc., besides our Naval friends, Jones of the 'Thunderer,'

Brown of the 'Devastation,' Robinson, Flag Captain to Blowhard, etc. You know it's all the old thing over again, one garrison is very much like another. We have a pretty formidable list of dinners to get through, all the Messes, a Bishop, two Admirals, besides the returns; as Harry Lorrequer says, it's likely to leave some of us on the sick list. We have had lots of rain, and that infernal sirocco wind the last day or two, otherwise the climate is *piacevole assai*. I've no time for anything till I get quit of this infernal board on stores, etc., but later on I shall take again to the Italian, etc. The Opera is moderate, good tenor and orchestra, but the rest are bad. I think I have now told you all the news. In Paris we fared sumptuously every day. I have a grateful recollection of the dinners, remember the Hotel Westminster, A1. Not the least of my troubles have arisen from horseflesh, every Maltese man thinks it necessary to bring a three-cornered brute for inspection daily, modestly asking five times his value, and hinting that if you don't buy him, he will be sent to England to improve the breed of English horses. We begin our Field Days next week, and I must get a beast of some kind. How is Edmund? Where is Willy? I wrote to the Governor last week. I hear the Corfiotes are in a parlous state, they tell them the English are coming back within the year to keep them quiet, so a Naval man told me, who had just come down. I shouldn't much wonder if we saw fighting before our six years at Malta are out.

"Good-bye, my Archibald,

"God bless you,

"Yours,

"JOHN."

"The Palace, Malta,
Feb., '65.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I again write to you, my best beloved. I received your second this week, and as mail is late from Alexandria owing to frequent gales (it is calculated by our ablest nautical men that no amount of anchors could have saved the apostle's ship during such weather) I resume my epistle, having just stepped out to partake of the nutritive foie gras with our esteemed General Ridley and the cheery Bowden. I hope their sack has not impaired my powers of composition !

"I doubt the prudence of your Ceylon trip, travelling is a great bore at any time, and a confounded nuisance in the Red Sea.

"So old Greville has gone at last to that place, where, as poor old Moore would have said, 'he'll be handicapped according to his doings'; let us hope he will be lightly dealt with. Have you seen the Papa? He tells me that he wintered at Beau Rivage more satisfactorily than last year. I begin now to think, on mature consideration, that real happiness in this world is a myth, and that the nearest approach to it consists of making the best of things as they happen to you; 'What is right,' that's my belief.

"How is Roger? Bowden tells me that officers of the 2nd on relieving guard at Regent's Park hand each other a written report of the looking glasses in Regent Street which best reflected them, so that they might take that route.

"Sir Storky continues very well to the front, the A.D.C.'s take him out two hours in the afternoon, and I generally take him to the opera at night. He says it only requires one of us to carry a dog whistle to make him feel like a dog let out for airings.

"Edward Lear has been often here, he has a house the other side of the harbour ; I generally dine him and put him up about once a week. Though excellent friends, when talking to him I feel like a bad skater ; any minute may bring me to grief. Artists and naval men are so cursedly vain, they are always thinking of their own dignity, and that is why one is perpetually treading on their toes. I have a letter from Bob Goff telling me of a cock fight to be held on his domain at Roscommon in this year of grace, despite the Act passed by Her Majesty's Commons forbidding such sport ! I hear from Edmund about once every six months, abusing the family in general and myself in particular. How is he ? There will be good shooting in Albania this year judging by the woodcock over here.

"Good-bye, my well beloved and trusty one, may all good attend you,

"Yours,
JOHN.

"I will write again about how the world wags, but sometimes the blood runs sluggishly through my veins and I sit and stare at my paper like an ape, while the mail goes. My rheumatics get worse every year, I cannot ride, though I have two prads, but it might be worse, and many are."

"The Palace, Malta,
July 3rd, '66.

"MY ARCHIBALD,

"A wholesome waggishness pervades your letters, a right merry conceit ; by St. Boniface thou hast a pleasant wit, and I would fain discourse thee over a cup of sherris sack this summer weather, an it were possible, and troll a merry catch to boot. How now, Mad Wag ? how go's it ? Here we are on this blessed

dusty rock, larding the lean earth with our sweat, for men must work, and women must weep, and our journey through life has its regular stages chalked out for us ; let us hope when we come to the last, we shall not be sorry to reach the journey's end. Poor Bob has been there now some time. What think you of all this fighting ? by my faith I see not the end of it if Russia and France fall to, it will be like a Welsh Main in a cockpit, even the winner won't have much to brag of when they call the law. As bad luck will have it, we are in a state of suspense till the next mail, who are in and who are out ; we know that Ministers have resigned, and that it has been accepted, but whether our Rt. Honble. Secr. of State for War who resides at 8 Park Place, St. James's, S.W., has resigned, I know not. I have a great pal at the Coast Guard Office, one Captain Wodehouse, R.N., an elderly man, but of an infinite humour ; should you meet him, cherish him for my sake. Young Molyneux (not the black) was in his ship, but he's a duffer, don't believe in him. We have bad news this morning by telegram, '*l'esercito Austriaco in Boemia fugge precipitosamente*' ; alas, my Tedesci, I can't believe it, *verloren, alles verloren*, one blow for Kaiser and Fatherland ; let us hope all may yet be well. How think you, my brave ! Does Lord Lyon win the Leger ? I stand 100 to 50 against him, my one bet, I shall stand the shot ; like Gladstone, 'I will burn my bridges and sink my boats behind me.' We hear also by telegram that up till last Saturday, 'Darbee' could form no ministry, and had suggested that Liberals should try their hands again. What has become of Jock Baird ? I hear nothing of him ; is it low water with him ? My Chief, Sir Henry, ought to be in England soon, he has been very seedy. I hope he will not try this climate again, if he is not sufficiently recovered, for although I should lose my berth, I would

far sooner see him all right again, he is the best friend I ever had. Should you meet my friend Strahan, he will give you the Jamaica news, his *succès* amongst the darkies has been, I am told, astounding. Do you see anything of Lear? I hear nothing of our William, but during the London season I don't expect much, even from my nearest and dearest. I am keeping very fairly well, I couldn't do the sword dance yet, but hope to before I die.

"God bless you, my Archy, and your little ones,
"Your loving
"JOHN."

"The Palace, Malta,
Feb. 23rd, '67.

"MY ARCHIBALD,

"Glad to find you in fettle, sorry to find you at two with Roger; but I should be inclined to say 'contradict away, my hearty, if that does you any good, but pass the wine.' I am glad to find you enjoying yourself, and should not mind joining you, although, from long want of practice I should not shine at first, I dare say I should get all right. I have just taken to riding again, as that is the exercise that does me most good. I am, thank God, in very good case, and able to take a full-grown person's dose of liquor, very comfortably. As for future prospects, my Archy, it is much easier to say go in and win, than to do it. I have not the slightest idea what I shall turn my hand to, now that my chief is throwing up the sponge; anyhow having no encumbrances except two portmanteaus, I start fair, with the rest of the world. I dare say I shall take a month at Napoli before I leave this part of the world, and so through the Campagna, mayhap on to Rome and Venice to see the changes, and so the pilgrim turns

his face homewards, *i.e.* to modest lodgings in some obscure street in London or Brighton, like Enoch Arden, home, what home, had he a home? Edwin Lear, when he passed through, dined with me; he was as usual somewhat melancholy, and foretold the death of his remaining relatives, several in number and his own total blindness and impecuniosity like Micawber; however he brightened up, and concealed a good deal of liquor about his person, he is now up the Nile, and I owe him a letter. I shall not be sorry to get out of this place, all small places are bad to remain in too long; contact with the great world is good for the mind. By the by, what is to become of the Ministry? This is the fatal day. Dizzy is certainly the best abused man of the period, although, upon my word, except being a trifle prosy, I don't see what else he could have said in bringing forward other people's measures. There has been a tremendous earthquake at Cephalonia, we got the tail of it here, but only very slightly. We have had no rain here for two years, and the want of water is a very serious question. It appears to me that all over the world things look squally, and Cumming may not be so far out after all.

"Yours, my Archibald,
"JOHN."

Of General Peel's daughters, the eldest, Margaret, remained unmarried. After her mother's death, she lived for some years at Batchworth, where she ran a farm with great success, and kept a fine head of Jersey cattle. The youngest daughter became the wife of Mr. Michael Biddulph, now Lord Biddulph of Ledbury. She died in 1872. The second daughter, Alice, married Mr. Morier, then a young secretary in the Foreign

Office, but soon to become one of the most able Ambassadors that ever served his country. As a young man, he was often to be seen at Pembroke Lodge. I dare say, what often brought him, was the attraction of the presence of Alice Peel. He would unbend to enjoy a game of croquet, though his thoughts were very evidently on more serious matters.

My father had a great opinion of Sir Robert Morier's qualities, long before they were known to the world, and when he attended the Queen, as Minister in Waiting, on her travels abroad, he took, with him Robert Morier.

At Coburg my father, when on a hunting expedition, shot a wild boar. We were much amused at the sport, which consisted of his sitting safely on a little platform constructed in a tree, and the beast being driven past for him to shoot at his leisure ! He used to laugh about it very much.

Just before my marriage to Archibald Peel, we were both on crutches ! He had had that year a very bad fall, while riding at Punchestown races. A man ran out across the course, only a few yards in front of him, as he was coming up the straight, too near to be avoided ; both men and horse came down a great smash, and A. not only lost the race, but could not walk without crutches for months.

My accident was less interesting. It happened while we were in the old town of Nismes. We were inspecting the remains of the great stone amphitheatre built by the Romans to hold 17,000 spectators to view the various games, bull-baiting, and most likely, those

contests between gladiators, or men and beasts so vividly described by writers of old. We were going over it, imagining the scenes that must have taken place in the days of the Romans, when suddenly my brother Rollo called out that we must go at once, our parents had already started for the train. In my hurry, I jumped down from one stone seat to the next. I jumped too far, and came down heavily on the stone. My leg was sprained most painfully and severely. I nearly fainted with the agony, but managed to keep up, as my brothers, one on each side, helped me to the railway station, and we went on to Paris. My father there went to see his old friend the Duchess de Galliera, to inquire what doctor would be best. She recommended highly her own doctor, so he was at once sent for. The great surgeon gave his opinion that the leg must be amputated. Luckily we decided to consult an English doctor first, before taking such a very important and drastic step. So, with as little delay as possible, we took our way home. I shall never forget that journey, being in constant pain, and having to be carried at all the stations. On arriving, Dr. Hewett, who always attended me, was summoned. He at once said that the foreign doctor's prescription was quite wrong, he thought amputation preposterous ! But when I inquired if my leg would soon be well, he answered, "My dear young lady, if you had broken your leg, I could have given you some idea of when walking would be possible, but as the muscles are sprained I cannot venture even a guess !" For three months I was not able to walk at all ; after that time

had elapsed, I began to mend, and so was able to walk, with a stick, up the church on my wedding day, August 15, 1867.

A short sketch of Archibald Peel, derived chiefly from his own reminiscences, and from those of some of his friends, may add to the interest of my book of recollections, especially to those who remember him.

The youngest but one of the five sons of General and Lady Alice Peel, he was, when still but a child, sent to join his brothers at school. I believe eight years was the age at which he went to the Reverend George Faithful's private school at Hatfield Rectory, where also were sent my half-brother Ribblesdale, and Sir Robert Peel's two younger sons, John and Arthur—afterwards Viscount Peel—and not least Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards, in his long career, to carve so large a part in the history of his country. Here, watched over by the Miss Faithfuls, the kind daughters of the head master, the boys lived a happy and healthy life. A. attributed in a great part the splendid health he enjoyed throughout his life to the wise care of the Faithfuls at this early age. A recollection of A.'s is, of the much beloved Miss Emily Faithful reading them to sleep every night with her soothing voice, and still more soothing story.

A personage who stood out clearly in the life of the little school, was "Eliza," the maid. How short was her temper, and yet how she befriended them and spoilt them! "Eliza," said the future renowned statesman one evening—he was in the next bed to A.,

who listened with interest and approbation. "Well, Lord Robert, what is it, why in the world are you not asleep?" "I wish I was a cat," was the answer which came from the bed-clothes. "Oh my! Lord Robert, why ever should you wish such a thing as that?" The small figure tossed impatiently. She surely might have understood! "Because I should not have to undress every night, and then dress in the morning!" he replied gravely, having evidently thought out the whole matter. But this conclusive reason met with scant sympathy from Eliza, who was already bustling off to some other claimant of her attention.

After several happy years at Mr. Faithful's house, whose school for small boys was famous owing to the excellent preparation received for the public schools, A. was sent to Eton; here he met with eight cousins of the same name, one of them being Peel *nonus*. The first evening he was there, in the same class was a boy named Ethelstone, who confided to him under cover of the singing, as they sat next each other in chapel, that he would one day change his name, and also be called "Peel" and come into a pot of money. This boy, thirty years afterwards, was our neighbour and landlord, Mr. Edmund Peel of Bryn-y-pys in North Wales. His mother had been a Miss Peel, and her brother left his young Ethelstone nephew a fortune, on condition that he took his name.

At Eton, in those days, a favourite recreation was cock-fighting, and many boys, A. among them, owned his cock.

At Eton A. had acquired an insatiable taste for

boxing, and I believe was no mean adversary when wearing the gloves. He delighted all his life in going with a friend to watch professional prize-fighting, and marked every phase of the match, and knew exactly when a hit was scored, and when useless. He often said that St. Paul's exhortation to fight "*not as one that beateth the air*" rang on his mind with an added force from the great spiritual leader of men, owing to the experience he had of hard blows. I was told a tale of long ago, when A. was a young man, staying with some of his Scotch relations for a ball. Another member of the party was young Lord Binning. He and A. settled together that instead of going to the ball, they would have a boxing-match. The feelings of the hostess must be left to the imagination, when two of the gayest young men of her party, instead of getting into the bus when it came to the door, were inseparably engaged in a far other pastime. Some one, in telling the story, said that the apparition that met the ball party on their return, he should never forget. Two grinning, gory heads stuck far out of the window, in the full light of the moon, having fought the last round without the gloves !

After his school-days were over, A. continued his education at Oxford. Mr. Francis Lawley, an old friend, wrote the following reminiscence of him :

"Mr. Archibald Peel was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Oxford, at the same time that the late Duke of Westminster, the late Sir Robert Morier, Lord Sandford, and the Hon. Edwin Portman, were undergraduates at Balliol College, where, under the

mild and tolerant rule of Dr. Jenkyns, the discipline was much less severe than under Dr. Jowett. Fox-hunting in winter, and the amusements, races, and dinners, provided by the Bullingdon and Quintain Clubs in summer, were much more attractive to youths of a gay and festive disposition than Aldrich's 'Logic,' and Aristotle's 'Ethics.' At that time, it was an almost daily occurrence in winter for a dozen covert hacks to be led out in front of Balliol College in the early morning, upon which undergraduates, faultlessly attired in pink coats and boots and breeches, mounted without let or hindrance, to gallop off to the tryst of Squire Drake's hounds at Stratton Audley, or to meet Lord Redesdale and Jem Hills at Bruern Abbey or Bradwell Grove. No attempt was made by the then Master of Balliol to interfere with the sporting proclivities of the young men under his charge, and when some of the more zealous of his tutors reported to him that they had met two or more Balliol undergraduates returning from hunting, and wearing the extremely unacademic costume appropriate to the occasion, the Master invariably refused to take heed of the complaint. Trinity College, the next-door neighbour of Balliol, also sent its contingent to the hunting-field, and among them, Mr. Archibald Peel, and the late Colonel Luttrell, M.P., were the most constant and conspicuous attendants."

Mr. Francis Lawley wrote the above as an obituary notice of Archibald Peel for the "Daily Telegraph," but himself died that same year, A. living for many years afterwards. The account he had written, however, was pigeon-holed by the "Daily Telegraph," who in 1910 published it in their pages.

But besides hunting and other sports, A. gave

much time to reading. At Oxford he had come much under the influence of Professor Jowett, most inspiring of tutors. He kept carefully the Ita testamur signed by Dr. Jowett till the end of his life, viz. "Examinatus prout Statuta requirunt, satisfecit nobis Examinatoribus. Ita testamur Nicolaus Pocock, B. Jowett, R. Cowley Powles (Examinatores)."

A story of Professor Jowett's which is now a well-known chestnut, my husband heard from "Old Jowler's" own lips. The professor would tell how he one day arrived at a toll-gate and found he had no money in his pocket. Wishing to go through on credit, he said to the gatekeeper, "I am the Master of Balliol." "You may be Master of Balliol," replied the man, "but if you b'aint master of twopence you don't go through 'ere!"

When reading for his degree, and living with his parents at Marble Hill, he rode over every morning to study under the direction of Dr. Temple at Kneller Hall, whose interest and friendship with A. continued throughout his life.

Another friendship which he much valued was that with Mr. Francis Palgrave, which began in the days when the latter was Vice-Principal of Kneller Hall. He is better known as the compiler of "The Golden Treasury," and as the Professor of Poetry.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tennyson were then living at Twickenham. A. had known the great man since he was a boy, and had the greatest veneration for him, as one of the mighty upon earth. There was no one living like Alfred Tennyson. Many were the evenings

that he spent at their little house, whose doors were always open to him, and welcome sure.

The first time I recollect Alfred Tennyson definitely is when he came with Archibald Peel to a picnic on the River Thames. These little festivities we often arranged, and the Byngs and Hamiltons and a few others would come from London. On this occasion the bard, who was seated under a tree, related in his splendid voice, that caused whatever he said to sound as poetry, the following anecdote of what had happened at a seaside town where he was staying :

“A tourist had fallen off the pier into the sea, and, the waves being very rough, he would certainly have been drowned, if a fisherman had not plunged in, and brought him safely to the shore ; the little man thanked his rescuer most heartily, and then feeling in his pocket brought out sixpence, which he presented to his rescuer as a reward. Alfred Tennyson imitated the way the astonished man held it out on his palm, and looked at it for a minute before speaking ; then he said, slowly and consideringly, ‘Well, I suppose every one knows what his own life is worth.’”

A. was up three years at Oxford, was President of the Bullingdon Club, and was well known as one of the best riders of the day, “The best company in the world,” as a friend described him, but the literary men were the company that he sought. He would give up any festivity to go and dine alone with Frank Palgrave or Edward Lear, or to go with Mr. Woolmer—a great friend—to spend half an hour with Thomas Carlyle.

The sage's definition of smoking he always remembered : "Doing absolutely nothing, when you think you are doing something." Alfred Tennyson said, "I suppose it's grateful to the senses." Others of his friends were Mr. F. D. Maurice and Mr. Bromley Davenport, whose "Dream" in St. Stephen's stirred the heart of many a hunting man ; Lord Mayo, afterwards Viceroy of India, with whom he spent many a happy day hunting from Palmerstown ; Sir John Astley, whose "Well, Archie, my Tulip," was a familiar greeting at Newmarket ; Mr. Reggie Mainwaring, in later years handicapper at all the great race-meetings ; Lord Penrhyn, with whom he travelled in early years ; Captain F. Machel (the later one day said, "I have just given £600 for a hunter, Archie." "You may have given £600," replied A., "but whether you have got a good hunter remains to be seen." A.'s unfounded doubts were fulfilled, for we heard afterwards that the horse had a way of lying down like a dog on the least difference of opinion with his rider). Sir Charles Fraser was another friend, the "Charlie Fraser" of Whyte Melville's poem, who though wounded himself swam a river to rescue a maimed comrade :

"Dusky voices blankly staring
On a prey thus lost and won,
Husky voices deeply swearing,
Allah, Allah, bravely done !
Tramp of horse and deathshot pealing
Wolfish howl and British cheer
Cannot drown the whisper stealing
Grateful on the rescuer's ear.

Wounded, helpless, sick, dismounted,
Charlie Fraser well I knew
Come what may, I might have counted
Faithfully on you."

But the two women who made, I think, most impression on his life were his two cousins, the friends of his young days, Sir William Peel, who before is mentioned, and Lord Fergus Kennedy. The latter also died young, through his own recklessness; he had caught a chill, salmon fishing, which developed into pneumonia with all the accompanying high fever. The doctor had left him uncomfortable and feverish the first night of his illness, and driving up the road the next morning, he found his patient fishing, standing knee-deep in the burn. The story is, Fergus waved his cap exultingly at the doctor, who called out to him from his dog-cart, "You're a dead man," and drove away. That evening he was summoned again to find Lord Fergus in a high fever and delirium; he died that night. Among other things, A. told me of a match he once made with him when up in the Highlands, to ride twenty miles, walk twenty miles, and the one that shot most grouse won the match, to be in by seven o'clock; this Fergus Kennedy did with four brace.

The company of Mr. Frank Palgrave, A. considered a privilege, especially to hear him describe pictures or literature, or anything beautiful that took the keen critic's notice. I think it was he who one day remarked, "You need not be an architect to enjoy living in a beautiful house." Mr. Palgrave certainly lived in a beautiful house, composed of all beauty in heaven or earth that he gathered to

himself, not only poetry, but beauty of thought, of art, of nature, of religion, his whole being turned towards it. He also wrote a good deal himself. A poem by him, in 1870, might well be describing recent years. They are written to the New Year, during the Franco-Prussian War. These are the opening verses :

THE NEW YEAR.

"We have looked for thee long ; and behold thee !

Ice at the heart, tear frozen on tear,

Snow drifts and sorrow the robes that enfold thee,

Oh bitter New Year.

"Thou art come ; and the light of thy morning

Lurid arises and baleful and drear,

Blood stained the world, skies ruthless and scorning,

Oh bitter New Year.

"Thou art come ! and the breath of thy coming,

Scorches with carnage, and freezes with fear,

Flame at thy lips, flame icy and numbing,

Oh bitter New Year !"

How aptly might these verses have been written to the years 1915, 1916, 1917 and 1918, though written about France in the year 1870, whom he predicts in the end, shall rise again !

"Then renewed in the strength of her splendour,

Purer and prouder her face she will rear,

And thou for each burden, a blessing will render,

Oh bitter New Year."

In the year 1854 came the Crimean War, of which I wrote in earlier pages, describing how Archibald Peel went out to be with the army, and while there met Miss Mary Ellen Palmer, whom he afterwards married.

She died five years later, leaving with him three little children. Of these, their grandfather, Sir Roger Palmer, took charge, and A. went abroad immediately, travelling incessantly here and there, sometimes with friends, sometimes alone.

Two very interesting men with whom he travelled, in Italy and Corsica, were Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Chief Secretary for Ireland in my father's administration, and Mr. Edward Lear, the landscape painter, and writer of nonsense stories and verses, also books of travel, which have a charm about them, given by the writer's very original ideas, coupled with sketches which render to the reader exactly what he wished to describe.

While in company with Edward Lear, they stayed at a small inn, in a town in Italy, which was much agitated by a local revolution, a frequent occurrence in that country. The two visitors, wishing to go out at once to inspect the beauties of the town, gave the keys of their boxes to the waiter, and asked him to unpack, and put out their clothes, as they wished to change at once on coming in. They were somewhat taken aback, when the excited little Italian threw the keys in the air, shouting, "*Non c'è roba! Non c'è chiave! Tutto è amora é liberta!*"—"There are no clothes, there are no keys, all is love and liberty!" They were quite relieved when the luggage and keys remained in sight, and did not disappear!

A story told A. by Edward Lear always struck him as a lesson in worldly wisdom. Though published afterwards by the well-known landscape painter in one of his books, it may perhaps be repeated. The

fable, which though not Æsop's is worthy of that ancient sage, run as follows :

"Once upon a time, three poor students, all very near-sighted, and each possessing a single pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, set out to walk to a remote university for the purpose of competing for a professorship. On the way, while sleeping by the wayside, a thief stole their three pairs of spectacles. Waking, their distress was great : they stumbled, they fell, they lost their way, and night was at hand when they met a pedlar.

" 'Have you any spectacles ? ' said the three miserable students.

" 'Yes,' said the pedlar, 'exactly three pairs, but they are set in gold, and are of magnificent workmanship ; in fact, they were made for the King, and the cost is £15 each pair.'

" 'Such a sum,' said one student, 'is absurd ; it is surely as much as we possess.'

" 'I cannot,' the pedlar replied, 'take less, but here is an ivory-handled frying-pan which I can let you have for a trifling sum, an astonishing bargain ; you may never again chance to meet with such a singularly joyful opportunity.'

" Said the eldest of the three students, 'I will grope my way on as I can. It is ridiculous to buy a pair of this man's spectacles at such a price.'

" 'And I,' said the second student, 'am determined to purchase the ivory-handled frying-pan ; it costs little, and may be useful, and I may never again meet with such an extraordinary bargain.'

" But the youngest of the three, in spite of the laughter of his two-companions, bought the sumptuous spectacles, and walking quickly on, no longer hindered by his bad sight, soon disappeared in the distance.

"Thereon, No. 1 set off slowly, but falling into a ditch by reason of his blindness, broke his leg, and was carried back by a passing cart to his native town.

"No. 2 wandered on, but lost his way, and after much anxiety and loss of time, was forced to sell his valuable frying-pan at a great loss, to enable him to return home.

"No. 3 reached the university, gained the prize, was made a professor, with a fixed home and a fixed salary, and lived happily ever after.

"*Moral.* To pay much for what is most useful is wiser than to pay little for what is not ! "

Edward Lear, as can be guessed from his books, was the most inspiring of companions, nothing could be uninteresting when viewing it in his company.

While on his travels A. visited North America and Nova Scotia, South America, and the West Indies.

In Nova Scotia an end was nearly made to his travelling days, by the coach in which he was travelling turning upside down in the middle of a deep ford, through which the driver urged his horses, full gallop, though knowing it to be in a dangerous condition. The driver and his passengers, consisting of Lord Penrhyn and A., were all nearly drowned, but managed in the end to get out and swim or wade to the bank.

In Cuba, a country by which he was much attracted, he stayed for over a year with Monsieur Cruchon, who had built himself a most lovely house, with every luxury and comfort, on his ranch, in what A. described as one of the most beautiful spots in the whole world. He had long known Monsieur Cruchon—I think first in the Crimea, and admired the originality of character,

which led him to settle down in this out-of-the-way part of the world, though a Parisian by birth, and with a large fortune at his disposal. Monsieur Cruchon did much, by his sympathy and kindness, to lessen the weight of sorrow that A. felt so acutely in these sad years, after the death of his first wife. Life among the palm-trees of Cuba is lazy and peaceful. The people are a tranquil pleasure-loving race. The national amusement is bull-fighting. As is the case with all Englishmen, A. was disgusted with the one-sidedness of the contest, and would very seldom go to look on, while the much-protected matador lets his horse be butchered by the bull. But, one day, he asked if he himself might attack the bull on equal terms. The person in authority, not believing he would do so, gave his consent, so when the bull was turned into the arena, on to the ground rode A., mounted, as he expressed it, on a handy little horse that he could trust, and armed only with a heavy leather hunting-whip. With this, he fetched the bull a mighty whack over his back, the great beast turned and charged, upon which, A., with a turn of his hand, made the little horse avoid him, and again galloping up, gave him another stroke with his whip. But naturally the bull was far the stronger antagonist of the two, and A., who had broken a stirrup leather, was soon galloping for his life to the barrier, which I think the horse jumped ; anyhow, he and his horse escaped finally from the closely pursuing bull, amid the shouts of the crowd, "*Brava, brava, Englees,*" though A. said it flashed through his mind that they would have shouted with just as much

pleasure, "*Brava, brava, toro,*" if his horse had made the slightest slip. My husband brought home the whip and spurs as a memento of having been toreador in a bull-fight.

After his return from abroad, A., though living principally in North Wales with his father-in-law, Sir Roger Palmer, came much to stay with his parents at Marble Hill, which, as I said before, was very near Pembroke Lodge. His sisters were great friends of ours. I remember, strangely enough, in very old days, joining their party, of whom A. was one, to drive over to a ball at Hampton Court Palace, where I now live. The ball was given by Lady Henry Gordon.

My stepmother told me she had long noticed Archie Peel's interest in me, especially one day when he had ridden over to Pembroke Lodge, and I had gone out walking. She met him coming through the wood, and asked him where I was, as she was looking for me, and had been calling me. "I'll call her for you," said A., and went all about the woods calling, "Georgie, Georgie, Georgie," but I did not appear for some time, so he had to content himself with talking to her, and made himself very agreeable indeed.

I well remember the evening that he proposed to me. It was at a dance at Strawberry Hill, where Lady Waldegrave used to give parties and dances, almost reviving the gay times of Horace Walpole. We often laughed over the care which he took to ascertain that the billiard-room was empty, before he took me there to rest, while the others were dancing. We were no sooner seated on the sofa, than in walked the Duke of

Argyll; and began carefully looking at every picture on the wall; he seemed to make a critical examination of each one, through his eye-glass, making remarks to us over his shoulder about them every now and then. I saw nothing amiss in this, as they were all pictures worth looking at, till A., after eyeing him indignantly for some time, turned to me and said, "It's his beastly perversity." I felt rather surprised, but after the Duke had walked out again I understood how it was.

Our marriage took place in Petersham Church. It would have been a very pretty wedding if it had not been for the bad weather. It poured with rain the whole day, and the little path up to the church, which had been lined and carpeted with flowers, consequently bore a bedraggled appearance.

My bridesmaids were, Maura, the daughter of Adelaide Drummond, Katharine, the daughter of Isabel Warburton, and Adelaide, the daughter of my sister, Victoria Villiers; and first and foremost walked my half-sister Agatha. The little church was beautifully decorated, and a great many relations put in an appearance; but, of course, not all. A. had seventy-two first cousins, and I had nearly as many, if I count the many half-relations and step-relations. A.'s brother-in-law, Roger Palmer, then Colonel of the Second Life Guards, was his best man. When it became time for the ring, A. turned to Roger inquiringly, but Roger shook his head. My future husband searched his pockets, then looked at Roger again. He dived into his coat-pocket, and brought out a handful of small change which he scrutinized,

and there, among the sixpences and shillings and half-crowns, was the wedding ring, which he carefully picked out, and handed to the rather annoyed bridegroom, and the wedding proceeded. I was told afterwards that, if the best man had lost the ring, I could have been married with any ring procurable from one of the guests, or, failing that, with the church-door key !

After the wedding party at Pembroke Lodge, we proceeded to Woburn Abbey for the honeymoon, which was very kindly put at our disposal by my cousin Hastings, afore-time mentioned in this book, now Duke of Bedford. He most kindly left a whole staff of servants to look after us, besides horses, carriages, and everything we could want ; and, above all, Woburn, looking its loveliest, for the time of year was late summer. My uncle, Charles Russell, lived close by, and would often drop in to see us, bringing with him his son George, then a schoolboy, afterwards the Right Honourable G. W. E. Russell, the well-known writer.

The first letter after my marriage came from my little sister Agatha, dated from Pembroke Lodge August 16, 1867 :

"It was so nice hearing from Archie," she wrote in her large childish handwriting. "Mama was so glad and happy with his letter. It is dreadful to see people going away when they marry, but it is so nice to have such a very dear new brother-in-law and to see you so happy. I was the first to direct your new name from here, it felt very funny, but looked very nice on the little parcel. It was horrid your leaving the

bouquet here, but I have put some myrtle with it, as Mama said you wished to strike some at Woburn.

"I went down to the school treat. Your nice letter to the children was read out, they were in such a state of joy and excitement. There were tremendous cheers given for 'Lady Peel,' as they now call you, and cheers for the bridegroom and the Russell family."

After a honeymoon of six weeks at Woburn, we went for a short visit to Dr. and Miss Temple, at the school-house, Rugby. A.'s friendship with this great man dated from Oxford days, or even before that; for when Dr. Temple was Principal of Kneller Hall, A. was living with his parents at Marble Hill, and reading for his degree. Some of his studies were under the eye of Dr. Temple, so A. rode over there every morning. My recollection of our visit to the great man at Rugby will not arrest much attention; he was always occupied in the school, and when he had any time to spare, he would go off for a long walk with A., so I did not see very much of him, except at dinner, when he was most agreeable. Miss Temple—his sister—was a most charming hostess, and I much enjoyed the three or four days that we stayed at the Rugby school-house.

Ireland was our next destination, and we took up our abode at Kenure Park, near Rush, lent to A. by Sir Roger Palmer. Kenure is a large, comfortable, home-like house, built, as are most houses in Ireland, of the picturesque gray stone which the Irish get from their own quarries to build their homes. It stands not far from the coast and Lamlash Bay.

I was much struck by the thriftiness of Sir Roger Palmer's housekeeper, who had kept the house-linen in good repair for nineteen years, without buying any new at all! I—like the family—felt proud of her, when I saw the beautiful, soft old linen sheets and pillow-cases, and the dim shimmer of the tablecloths, with none of the glaze of the modern laundered linen.

We spent a great part of the winter at Kenure. An extra advantage of being there was that Crickstown, my husband's hunting-box, was within a drive; he kept a few hunters, and would often have a day's hunting with the Meath. We generally drove the twenty miles over to the little house, along the narrow roads between the walls, on the evening before the meet. A. had a pair of very fast-trotting cobs, and a light phaeton, so the drive did not take very long.

In the spring, we settled down at Ardsalla Castle, near Navan. Of this pretty place my father would have made us a present, if we had liked to have had it, but I could not make up my mind to be cut off from all that I had known before, and another reason was that I did not half realize my husband's passion for horses and hunting, nor did I know how this would be inherited by all my children, or else perhaps we might have settled down for good in Ireland, and become Hibernia, Hibernicus! I liked the country, and the charming Irish people, with their simple natures, utterly untrammelled by any sort of control. Everything to me, in Ireland, was a sort of adventure: it was so different to the life to which I had been used.

My first attendance at an Irish race-meeting, which

took place at Navan, close by our house, was clouded by A.'s beautiful mare "Éclair" falling at one of the fences nearing home. The rider rose to his feet, but the poor mare had broken her neck, and never moved again. It was a sad event. "Éclair" had carried her owner so often and brilliantly across the Meath country, and on her A. had won the Meath Hunt Cup.

An episode of our Irish household, which I well remember, was the failure of our English footman to sustain old traditions. My mother-in-law, Lady Alice Peel, had declared that if we *would* go all the way to Ireland I must have *one* servant on whom I could depend, so she determined, very kindly, to send with us her first footman, an estimable young man, with the stately name of Charles. We had not been many days at Ardsalla, when one evening Charles did not attend to wait at dinner. A. inquired the reason, and Jack Welsh, the old Irish henchman, after some hesitation, went and whispered something confidentially in his ear. It was, "Chairles is ful', yer honour!" A few evenings afterwards, the same thing happened again; the whisper was, "Chairles is ful'er than he was the last time, yer honour." It was no use, "Chairles" had given way to the national failing, and was packed off back to England, where I hope in due course he overcame his temptation. So much for our trying to keep a smart footman in Ireland. We were afraid that his downfall was all to the secret satisfaction of Jack Welsh, A.'s old henchman, who wanted no smart English servants.

This genial Celt, who had been in A.'s service

for many years, was a great character. My husband was very fond of him, and took a particular pleasure in his accent when talking, which he continually was. This sort of conversation went on very often. "The cow's caffed, yer honour, a sweet caf." "Is it a heifer?" asked A. "No, yer honour, a bul' caf!" The adjective "sweet" had been to soften his master's disappointment at the new-comer being a "bul'," and I think it did.

Then, on looking from the window, Welsh would say, in tones of deepest admiration: "Arrah, look at his Riverence devarting himself with his dawg." "That's not his Reverence," said my husband, "that's the new Protestant clergyman." "Arrah, the owld rascal!" said Jack in quickly altered tones of deepest disgust. Before his marriage A.'s house had been governed by an old cook-housekeeper, whose menu for the evening meal was invariably written by her as follows: "cold mets—cold swets."

A story I might here bring in happened to A. out hunting. Seeing a boy on a horse that nearly came down on its head at every jump, he rode up to him, and noticing it was evidently an old racehorse said, "What's that horse you're riding?" "The 'Knight of Malta,'" answered the young Irishman. "Well, I tell you what, the 'Knight of Malta' will break your neck." The answer came in a lamenting voice, "Sure an' it be a melancholy spart to ride a harse that do breast every bank he come to." A. quite agreed, but failed to persuade the boy to desist from charging every obstacle that came in his way.

My husband had a very warm corner in his heart for the good Roman Catholic priest who watched over his flock near Ardsalla. He would often come to dinner with us, though we were not of his "persuasion," we, of course, attending the little Protestant church, to swell the tiny congregation there. I would often play the organ for the hymns during the service.

My husband's friends in Ireland were all most kind to me, and I enjoyed very much going with him to stay with various friends, for meets of the hounds, or for race-meetings.

The Duke of Abercorn was then Lord-Lieutenant at Dublin Castle. It was a great joke, that I must be presented to him, but I don't think I ever was. Considering that I was his niece, it would have been rather superfluous.

An experience I enjoyed very much, was going to stay with the Master of "the Meaths," the well-known "Sam" Reynolds. It was a great big house, and the whole county seemed to be put up by him for a meet of his famous hounds. Captain Bay Middleton was among them, but he did not play any of his practical jokes on either A. or me.

Every morning early, Sam Reynolds could be heard going round the house, waking his guests by cracking his whip, giving view-holloas at the top of his voice, and shouting "Wake up," "Fine hunting morning," and other encouraging remarks. It was quite a new experience for me.

A. was very well known by the Irish people as a

rider, having lived much in the Emerald Isle before his first marriage. I heard that the hunting-box at Crickstown was so crammed with horses that he even had one in the coal-cellar! Very few people could beat him across country. They said the worse his horse was, the better he would go. When over seventy, the younger generation would find themselves being shown the way by him clad in his old black coat and mounted on an old half-bred horse. He always wore the Meath Hunt Button till the end of his life, as Sam Reynolds had enjoined him to do, in these words, when he presented it: "And, sorr, you're entitled to wear it on the very last day of your loif." So the Meath Hunt Button was carried well to the fore in many a run, with many different packs.

We were not much more than a year in Ireland, but the time, on looking back, seems longer, there were so many surprising incidents and new experiences.

My husband and I were both sorry when we left Ardsalla to settle down in the pretty place we had taken in North Wales on a long lease, henceforth to be our home for over twenty years. We did go back to Ireland once or twice, to spend a few weeks at Kenure, and A. would often join Roger Palmer at his shooting-box in Mayo for some rough shooting over the moors and bogs. He repaired generally to Marble Hill for the Derby week, and some years went up north for Doncaster. The following are a few letters from him on one of these occasions, about 1869:

“32 Green Street,
Saturday, 18th June.

“The anniversary of a terrible day before Sevastopol always will be remembered by me. Just come back from a visit to Tom Woolner with the Fevershams and seen the new cast of poor Dickens. Willy and I dined together at 32. Miss Graham (Cossy) was at lunch at the Fevershams, is coming to see us in August on her way to Netherby. Lady Feversham hopes to come in August. I am just off to see the great Alfred who is in London. . . .”

“White’s.

“. . . Just come out of the House of Commons whither I went with Arthur Peel. . . . I got your letter this morning. Let Toza bring all her six to the Gerwyn or she will always be thinking of the ones she has left. I have bought my Fanny a little dress. Willy and I lunched with Margaret Kennedy, and from there called on the Harewoods, who were in. We are asked there as well as to Duncombe, so we might make a little ‘progress.’

“Looking forward to to-morrow and home. . . . Dining with Edwin Hill to-night.”

“Marble Hill,
Twickenham.

“. . . This is a great deal better than London after all. ‘The Papa did not get back till late last night, having been dining in London at Lord Wilton’s Derby dinner. I went to P. Lodge yesterday and found them all just gone up to London except Agatha, who had a master come from London for an hour’s astronomy, so I did not stay long. I went to see Addy on my way to Marble Hill, and her children, who are all flourishing, and then dined alone here with my Mama. Lord

Salisbury has just written to the General to say that the University of Oxford propose conferring an honorary degree on him on the 21st June. We will go. I think Willy should see the ceremony."

"Marble Hill,
Oaks Day.

"... We are in a hurry this morning, for having heard of the death of Robert Peel, the Dean of Worcester's eldest son, the General is going up to see the Dean instead of going to the Oaks. I think he might do both very well. Have just made a bargain with my brother and given £15 for the chestnut pony.

"Yesterday I went to Pembroke Lodge and stayed to luncheon at two o'clock, Lord Derby and Lady Salisbury also lunching there. They were (I mean your Papa and Mama) very sweet. I never saw them look better or in greater force.

"Lady Russell has charged me with a beautiful necklace for Fanny's birthday. To-morrow I hope to be home. . . .

"P.S.—I am just writing to Woolner to ask him to bring Alfred Tennyson down to the Gerwyn."

"Marble Hill, Twickenham,
June 2nd.

"... Expect Tom Woolner on Saturday by 12.30, by which train come I also and John. To-day I am not going to the races but to Pembroke Lodge to bring back my portmanteau. I go to the Oaks with the Papa to-morrow, Saturday home. He has accepted Lord Salisbury's proposal to have a degree conferred on him, but thinks it a tremendous joke. I think I must take Willy to see the ceremony, Dr. Cradock will get us good places. . . ."

“Marble Hill.

“ . . . Yours to hand. Late for breakfast ! Start in a minute for Ascot. Have written to Uncle Edward. I propose going by the special train Tuesday morning to Oxford with my father, Willy to meet us there Friday. Shall not take Welsh, make shift to do without him, and coming home by last train from Oxford. Please have my cricket bats oiled and a clasp made to the pads. Deal about pony off altogether. Kiss all the dear ones. . .

“Alice is here, and is going to choose the dresses for you.”

These letters are some time later, and describe an expedition he much enjoyed :

“12 Alma Terrace,
Doncaster.

“ . . . By steady driving on the beautiful morning I left you, I reached Chester station *one* minute before eight, just in time, which proves, as I started from the Gerwyn at quarter-past six, that ‘Johnny’ and ‘Biddy’ are faster than the roan and ‘Bonny.’ After a modest dinner, I sit down to write. . . .

“I should feel the advantages of travel, only my lodgings are very uncomfortable, on a railway bridge, lit with gas, but clean. The front door opens into the sitting-room. However, to-morrow I go on to Wentworth. Feversham has asked me to go to Duncombe Saturday, he’s no party ; grouse ! I hope. Write to Wentworth. . . .”

“Wentworth Woodhouse, Rotherham,
Wed., 13th.

“ . . . I have just got here about six o’clock, and Welsh has left my portmanteau behind at Sheffield,

so I have left him behind at Rotherham with orders not to leave there till he brings it with him. . . .”

“Tuesday, 14th.

“. . . After an excellent night and a good breakfast I take up my pen to write one line to you before going to the races, which we do by special train. . . . There are a great quantity of people here. Lord and Lady Harewood, Folkestones, Harry and quantities of other Fitzwilliams, Lord Strathnairn, Dundasses, Lord Hyde, Harry Bourke and many others.

“Lady Folkestone sings beautifully. Have we two copies of ‘The Wave’? Harry Bourke sang and recited. There must have been forty people at dinner. The house is enormous. Many are out cub-hunting this morning, but I am going to Alma Terrace to look for your letter. My father’s yearlings are to be sold to-day, I may get one. I must shut up now. Tell them to stop ploughing the five-acred field. I shall see George Lascelles to-morrow, and will get his advice.”

“Yorkshire Club.

“. . . Lunching here with Feversham on the road to Doncaster.

“Well, I left Wentworth this morning after a most agreeable visit, and Lady Fitzwilliam said she hoped you would come another year. It is quite the finest country-house, I think, I know, beautiful pictures and sculptures, and stables, themselves as large as many palaces, seventy thorough-bred horses, about two hundred altogether of one sort and another, and I will say after trying it, that Lord Fitzwilliam conducts in a manner ‘princiale.’ I think I told you nearly all the people. Harry Bourke is as good as any three German bands, Lord Redesdale and Sir John Conroy,

Mr. Dundas, Boscawen, Seymour, Markham Dundas and Lady Lilian, Chaplin-Richardson (the great steeple-chase rider), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzwilliam (who is beautiful), Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fitzwilliam, Gerald Lascelles were there besides those I told you of. I shall stay at Duncombe till Wednesday, and have promised to go to Harewood, then home. Lady Harewood asked me to stay till Monday and hear the hymns. I said I thought I had got to the length of my tether! Old Jack Welsh is doing very well. I hope to see George Lascelles before I leave this, and get some farming hints. Wasn't I clever—I risked a fiver and pulled off thirty?

"Give my love to Sissy and tell her to please herself and then she will please me. . . ."

"Believing notwithstanding that there is no place like home and no one like . . ."

"The Stand, Doncaster.

" . . . I have just made the only bet I have had here, and took thirty to five about 'Jubilee,' which for a wonder came off. Had not had a bet myself before this meeting, but won eleven pounds yesterday for Edmund Peel. Saturday I go to Duncombe for a grouse drive; may as well see my friends a bit now I have come all this way. My father's yearlings were sold yesterday and averaged £157 apiece, much better than he expected. I kept up one, and was in a great fright it should be knocked down to me at twenty-five pounds; some one luckily bid thirty, for which it went."

"Sion Hill, Thirsk.

" . . . I have just made this for luncheon after a most agreeable visit at Duncombe. Killed forty-six brace of grouse yesterday, about eighteen of partridges

the day before ; last week six guns killed 203 brace of grouse on his moors. Lady Feversham sends her best love and wishes that you too will come next year. Duncombe and Campbells dined last night."

"Duncombe Park, York.

" . . . Without other loss than that of my white hat in the train, here I am, having travelled here with Feversham and Maria Marchioness, who went off to Newburgh, leaving us to find Lady Feversham, charming and beautiful as ever, and alone.

"We lunched yesterday at the Club at York and went to the Minster, where service was just beginning ; it was very grand. I have just been confuting 'My Lord' on the subject of one of his pictures, 'Abigail and David,' showing him clearly that his scripture wants rubbing up. Cecil Duncombe and Archie Campbell lunched here, with whom Salvin and his cormorants are staying, and now we are going to see a bull that Feversham gave a thousand pounds for a fortnight ago. I must write a line to Lady Edwin to-morrow to say I can't go to Brynkinalt, I am engaged to go to Harewood. But why not you go ? and remember me very kindly to them ; keep the horses going—the more you work them, the better."

In the spring of the year 1868, we went on a long visit to Pembroke Lodge, where my first child was born. She was christened by the names of Fanny Agatha, after my stepmother and sister Agatha.

Then we took up our abode, and became very fond indeed, of our home among the Welshmen. There was a great charm about the Gerwyn. Not a large house, but it seemed to extend into any size that

was wanted, having innumerable rooms in all directions, especially under the roof.

The view it commanded on all sides was its chief attraction, whether looking westward on to the beautiful Welsh mountains—which were just distant enough to be hazy and mysterious, becoming deep dark blue when the outlines were sharpened by the glow of the sunset and darkening sky—or eastward, where the windows of the Gerwyn, which stood on high ground, looked down on to the low hills and wide green pasture lands of Cheshire. From the grounds of the Gerwyn the fields sloped down to the valley of the swift-flowing Dee, which was spanned by the old Roman bridge of Bangor Isycoed.

Often in this district does the river come for miles out of its bed, flooding the surrounding country, sometimes driven thereto by the west wind down from Lake Bala. In such a stress, the coracles owned by most of the villages for fishing purposes become a mode of conveyance, though a very precarious one, and for a single person only.

Our first guest at the Gerwyn was my uncle, Edward Cradock. I was very desirous to have his opinion of my new home. To my great satisfaction, he was very pleased with it. To ascertain for himself whether the house was in good order, he insisted on peeling every bell in every room of the house, and also tried personally every one of the taps. I am glad to say both the bells and the taps gave us a good reputation for judgment in taking a well set-up house.

A very delightful thing happened on this visit of

Edward Cradock to the Gerwyn. The very first morning after he arrived, wheels were heard approaching up the long avenue, and who should drive up but Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate. He came rattling up to the house in "a very tumble-down old dog-cart, which he had found at Wrexham station, and hired to bring him the six miles to the Gerwyn. I was quite in a flutter at having two guests instead of one. There was plenty of room at the Gerwyn in those days, and one under the roof was at his disposal, with a glorious view from the window, which I knew he would appreciate. I inquired the next morning if he had heard anything of the nursery party—my three step-children—who were domiciled close by, and he answered, "I heard a few faint splashes in the early morn." To entertain Alfred Tennyson was to entertain an ideal guest. In the evening A. and I, and Uncle Edward and the Bard were gathered round the fire, while he read out, in his beautiful many-toned voice, some of the magnificent poetry with which he had that year, or the year before, enriched the world. I remember how his great hands were continually moving as he read, now locked together till the knuckles were white, now unlocked and resting on the arms of his chair. He read to us his wonderful love poem, "Maud," and many of his ballads. In "The Queen of the May," the great tenderness of his voice impressed us all as he read the lines :

"The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass."

The poet seemed to feel and vibrate with the music of the poetry in which he enshrined what he had seen.

Only a few days before, A. had had a letter from Mrs. Tennyson :

“ Farringford.

“ MY DEAR MR. PEEL,

“ How good of you to think of us on your very first day ! I am delighted that you have now really a home of your own. The feeling of home is such a blessed one, and if yours would be after Alif's own heart, I feel sure that it must be after yours too. I do not think Alif will be able to come to you just yet. Our boys were by this time to have been with a tutor, but one of the little girls of the house having been taken with whooping cough, we have kept the boys at home for the present, and having let their old tutor go, we have the whole care of them ourselves.

“ With love from us all to you and Lady Georgiana,

“ Ever yours,

“ EMILY TENNYSON.”

So A. had not expected his old friend quite so soon.

Here is another appreciation of our Welsh home. The following letter being written by Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A., the great sculptor, who came to spend a few days with A. at the Gerwyn :

“ MY DEAR PEEL,

“ 29 Welbeck Street does not look quite as pleasant as the Gerwyn at the best of times, but since my return the weather has been mostly bad, and at the other place it was mostly good. I never had a

pleasanter holiday in the country than that which I spent with you, and if to know that the kindness of such kind friends is appreciated is a fit return, I can only say, verily, you have your reward.

"I saw Sir J. Simeon on Sunday, and told him you would be in town early this month, and he desired me to tell you what a great pleasure it will be to him seeing you again.

"I hope the gallant Lord Edwin and his beautiful lady were soon relieved from all anxiety about their little son.

"How is my darling little friend Will-Fred? I hope that he got over his next Sunday satisfactorily without the alluring croquet, and that his latter scripture quotations were becoming somewhat cosmic compared with his chaos of a week since.

"I suppose the warrior is back from Ireland now; please give him my greetings, and tell him I have made many long to see N. Wales by describing the scenery seen from the Gerwyn, Brynkinalt, and Chirk Castle. It must be a pleasant sensation to feel that one is living amid some of the loveliest country in the world. I find that Palgrave agrees with me in my estimate of the beauty of that country.

"I dare say you will think I can have very little to do to write long and rambling letters, really I ought to be writing dry business letters, and I find them such bores, I much prefer friendly chat with you across the long English distance.

"Hoping it may reach you cheerful and full of vigour; give my love to the doctor,

"Ever truly yours,

"THOMAS WOOLNER."

Lord Edwin, whom he mentions, was Lord Edwin Hill, afterwards Lord Trevor. They settled down at

Brynkinalt, near Chirk, a short time before we settled down at the Gerwyn.

Will-Fred was A.'s little son, and my stepson, then a dear little rosy boy of nine years old, very clever and full of high spirits.

"The warrior" was Roger Palmer, who was away in Ireland during Thomas Woolner's visit; his place, Cefn Park, was about three miles from the Gerwyn. It was a great deal owing to his father, the old Sir Roger's wish to have his three grandchildren about him, that we settled down in the neighbourhood. The old man, of whom I became very fond, died a very few years afterwards.

Of Thomas Woolner, A.'s lifelong friend, I wish I could write as A. would have done. To say he thought all the world of him, is perhaps a platitude, but is nevertheless the best way of describing the regard he had for him, "the best fellow in the world." For A., the great sculptor did some of the best work of his life. In 1863, A., wishing to have a monument to the memory of his first wife, turned to his old friend to execute it. He wished the subject to be his wife meeting her first-born baby, who had died in infancy, at the gate of heaven. Woolner wrote to Mrs. Alfred Tennyson in 1863 :

"I expect that I shall have to run over to Ireland at Christmas to see Archy Peel for a few days to study some portraits. . . . I am much pleased with the subject, and hope to make a pathetic and poetic work to please and help console him."

His biographer writes that the memorial "Heavenly Welcome" to Mr. Peel's first wife, is one of, if not the most beautiful of all Woolner's monuments. The figure of the angel holding up the child who stretches out his arms to his mother, whom he sees after death standing at the gate of heaven, could not be surpassed in beauty and expression. The sculptor himself became much wrapped up in this work, and told A. that he would be loath to part with it when finished. He wrote the following letter a few months before the completion of the monument :

"Jan. 5, '65.

"MY DEAR PEEL,

"Many kind thanks for your hearty New Year's greeting. We are getting on comfortably, going out but little, myself busy working at night as well as day. I have been modelling the child in your group, and a pretty tough job it was to keep the horrid little squaller of a child quiet that I had to study from, but I am happy to say that I have got it now into something like trim: the face of the angel which I have been working on of late, particularly pleases my wife, and I have great hopes of making it something out of the common. I wish I could give every moment of my time to it, without any kind of interruption, for I am more interested in this than in any other work I am at present engaged upon; for you must know that though I have so much reputation for portrait busts, likenesses are not my bent, but strictly poetical work such as yours is my strong point; and the reason why I am able to excel in portraits in a way more vividly than is common just now, is because I have devoted so many years to the severe study of poetical art. If I were worth £500 a year private fortune, I

would never do other than a poetical work so long as I lived, save in exceptional cases, such as of a beautiful woman, or of some remarkable man.

"I have done a new medallion of our friend A. T. with a head in high relief, and three quarters view; and it looks very rich and bossy. Moxon & Co. are to publish it, and electrotype bronzes are to be sold at a cheap rate, so as to get a large sale: the charge is, I think, ridiculously small, two guineas, but I did not think it right to interfere with the publishers' business: so, you see, you may soon see me a popular sculptor, and praised by the 'Daily Telegraph,' if not by Messrs. Bright & Cobden themselves!

"I have seen A. T.'s new book of selections, and think it most prettily got up, but rather a Brummagem portrait at the beginning.

"My wife was very pleased with your messages and would have sent hers in return, but is dining out at her father's, I staying at home because I wanted to write to you and one or two others. I find my time so swallowed that I have to catch the moments for such things as I can.

"If you go to Lord E. Hill's do not forget very kind greetings from me to him and his lovely Lady Edwin. I quite sympathize with, if I do not envy, your doings in the free open-air hunting, shooting, and also reading within doors, for neither of these good things am I able to do, the latter scarcely in the least. I suppose it is fit to make up one's mind that this is a life of treadmill work, or it would be fatiguing never to be able to get a mouth of fresh air till it is grown dark, except on Sundays.

"I wish you all the joy for the New Year that a year can hold, on and on for many many long ones.

"Yours ever,

"THOS. WOOLNER."

I also insert a short one from him, as it punctuates a visit to Carlyle, in whose study A. spent some of the most interesting moments he ever had. The Sage flatly refused to let Woolner execute a statue of him, in spite of the latter's well-known skill, and his great wish to be allowed to exercise it, to give his own words, "in handing Carlyle visibly down to posterity."

"Aug. 19.

"MY DEAR PEEL,

"I have seen Carlyle, who will be very glad to see you, and will expect us on Monday evening, any time after eight o'clock.

"Come to dine not later than six ! so that we may have a long evening with the mighty man.

"Yours ever,

"THOS. WOOLNER."

Mr. Woolner's reputation as a sculptor was enhanced by every piece of work he finished. Mr. Montague Butler, Headmaster of Harrow, and afterwards Master of Trinity, in writing to order a bust of Archdeacon Hare to be placed in Trinity College Library, says, in the course of his letter :

"... The commission, of course, must be conditional on the assent of the Master of Trinity to accept the bust, and your name will, I am sure, be a guarantee to him, as it is to Mr. Maurice and myself, that all that marble can do for a face no longer living will be done by your hand and mind."

Mr. Woolner married in 1867 Miss Alice Waugh, the youngest but one of a family of six daughters and

two sons. She was strikingly beautiful, without any of the affected airs which are so often coupled with great beauty. She was ever one in whose society both A. and I delighted.

Some years ago, there was published a book, "The Annals of a Quiet Country Village," giving a very good idea of the constant stream of incidents that follow one another, often causing intense excitement in an apparently sleepy, dull, country neighbourhood. My husband and I were soon assimilated in the life that went on round the Gerwyn. He threw himself into the rural life and business of the neighbourhood with the same zest with which he rode to the hounds, and did everything else. In a short time he was enlisted by his neighbours to serve on no less than eleven boards and committees.

Writing of such a famous rider as was A., I must not forget the races he won and the horses he rode. In early days at the Gerwyn, "The Ballot"—so named from her parents being "Underhand" and "Retreat"—comes most in my memory. Given to A. by General Peel, she was a little bay mare, only fifteen hands high, and always gave a good account of herself, either in the hunting field or on the race-course. In the Grand National Hunt race, she came down badly a few fences from home, but was quickly remounted by A., who had kept the reins in his hand, and came in a close second, with all the reins on one side of the mare's neck.

Of other horses he owned, there was "New Glasgow," who ran fourth in the Grand National at

Liverpool, a race which A. never succeeded in winning, or even in running a horse, except that once, for he well knew what a good one it requires to get over the huge relentless fences of that long course, and would enter nothing that was not much above the average.

Then there was "Baldongan." This horse made himself a tremendous name in the years about 1867—I mean, of course, in the neighbourhood! Mr. Harry Fitzwilliam writes: "I well remember 'Baldongan,' I won on him every time I rode him, and have still his hoof, which Archie gave me as a memento of him."

My first recollection of Mr. Harry Fitzwilliam, who was then doing private secretary for Lord Strathnairn, was when we were at Kenure. He came to stay with us, and we were having breakfast in the morning-room, when he suddenly, without saying a word, jumped out of the window, and bolted across the lawn, A. after him, not knowing where or why, but just in time to be in at the death of a weasel, which our guest had descried in the far distance, trying to cross the lawn. I could not think what had happened.

To return to my reminiscence of A.'s beautiful horse—I believe the best he ever owned—he was a light chestnut, with a white blaze down his forehead. A. thought the world of him, and said he "could never put him down"—a phrase which hunting men understand. I often was a spectator when he won in Ireland, generally ridden by Mr. Harry Fitzwilliam. In North Wales he continued his triumphant career,

and at last, whenever A. rode him out of the paddock, or through the villages near the Gerwyn, the people would cheer him as if he were a national hero, for the Welsh are true sportsmen.

“Baldongan” was the hero of a pretty little scene at the Gerwyn. It was on the occasion when Sir Robert and Lady Cunliffe gave a fancy dress ball at Acton, for which we were entertaining a party. Among our guests were Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West. She was so lovely at this time that she fairly took one’s breath away! I remember our amusement at the children’s open-mouthed admiration, when she came down to dinner, dressed for the ball. I cannot recollect what character she impersonated, but her hair was *poudré*. The next morning A. was going hunting, and happened to mention at breakfast that he would be riding “Baldongan.” “Oh, how I would like to see him!” exclaimed Mrs. Cornwallis West. “I’ll fetch him at once,” said A., jumping up, and off he went to the stables, from whence he soon reappeared, leading “Baldongan” already saddled and bridled. “Put me up, Mr. Peel,” begged the lady, upon which, A. putting his hand under her foot, she bounded into the saddle, and he then led the horse round and round in front of the house, where we all stood watching them, first walking, and then running; there could not be a prettier sight than the three made. The beautiful kindly chestnut horse, his coat flaming in the sun, the lovely lady on his back, in her pretty morning dress, her hair, which she had left unbound to get rid of the powder, floating out behind her, and

A. in his hunting things, his face beaming with pleasure, as he made the horse obey his slightest word.

Though I was so nervous about most adventurous doings, curiously enough, I never the least realized the dangers of steeple-chasing. It seemed to me a most natural thing that A., clad in his purple jacket and orange cap—the Peel colours—should go round a racecourse, rising over the fences like clock-work. He seemed so one with his horse : a fall seemed quite as impossible, as A. always led me to believe it to be, and certainly made it look so. I must here give a charming little nonsense letter from my stepmother to “Sil” as she would call my husband, “Sil” being the initials of son-in-law. Mamma always made a great joke of his racing. Her allusion to “bygones” may be explained by the fact that she had so often objected at A.’s riding in races after his marriage, and I believe had often besought him to sell “Baldongan.”

“P.L.,
April 6, '69.

“DEAREST S.I.L.,

“I suppose you don’t venture to ask your stern P.I.L.’s for congratulations on your horse, and triumph, and the golden shower which has fallen into your lap in consequence. Were we glad? were we sorry? Did we exclaim, ‘Bravo, “Baldongan”! Hurrah for Archie!’? Did we shake our heads and say, ‘Alas, alas, for Georgy!’? This shall remain shrouded in mystery, bygones shall be bygones—might you not with advantage change the name of ‘Baldongan’ to ‘Bygone,’ which is sufficiently like to sound like an abbreviation?—I shall merely add on

this subject, that it strikes us that a cow-race would be an agreeable novelty, and in every way suitable for you, not to mention profit, for I cannot doubt that trained by you, those noble animals would bear away the prize. I meant this to be a very serious letter, or lecture against reckless riding and hair-brained hunting, but had better perhaps postpone my eloquence till another hunt season begins, lest it should be forgotten in the interval. I am so sorry your bairns have got bantams from Mrs. Peel, those I got for them have been waiting here through the winter, because Gy. was afraid for their health if they went down in cold weather. I think of giving them to Toza's little ones, and you'll tell me of some that yours would care for more? *R.S.V.P.* We go to town Thursday to go that night to the play, and on Friday J. proposes his Life Peerages, and Saturday we are asked to Windsor. *Agatha* with us! a separate note from Lady Churchill invites her too, to dine late or not, as we like. I hope nothing will come in the way of this grand event. Rollo goes Friday to Oxford. Willy Monday to Cambridge—wae's me! They have had such a happy vacation, such mile races, such boat races, such mathematics, and moral philosophy. I felt very happy yesterday with my husband and three dear bairns all taking the Sacrament together.

"Your ever loving M.,
"M.I.L."

"Baby's inquiring mind delights me."

Lady John Russell to Lady Georgiana Peel.

"82 Eaton Square.

"DEAREST G.,

"I had not time to write before leaving P.L. this morning. It's the day of your Papa's second

reading, but he was obliged into the bargain to pay his respects to the Shah, who had appointed him at one o'clock at the Palace. Numbers of others were there, but it was soon over, so here we are for the greater part of the day. Bessy has kindly provided a room for him to redress in, and is giving us luncheon and dinner. Hastings and Sackville are away yachting but expected back to-night. I was sorry the Shah should be additional fatigue to your Papa to-day, but it really has not been fatigue. I hope he will get through this second reading as well as he did the first. Yesterday a great many Sunday visitors came, and were all in the drawing-room, it was pouring rain outside ; to our surprise, the great Shah's interpreter was master of the ceremonies, and Morley suddenly popped in upon us without notice. He converses almost entirely through his interpreter, and the little that was said during his visit of about ten or fifteen minutes consisted mostly of detached sentences on our part and his of the commonplacest kind. But one thing was well said by him. Your Papa remarked that he had but a small house in which to receive his Majesty, whereupon he answered, 'La maison est petite, mais elle contient un grand homme.' He was civil and even kind, for he allowed himself to be stopped to write in Agatha's book, but his manners are abrupt, no Eastern courtesy, and his expression ? hard.

Lady John Russell to Lady G. Peel.

"Cannes.

"MY DEAREST GEORGY,

"Bills to pay, last 'complettes' to make in town, divisions of books, garments, etc., to make, as a great portion of our possessions is to go straight

home with the servants. Altogether more to do than seems likely to be put in. Cannes is like P.L. in the interruptions by visitors. Yesterday our Princess and her husband and his two sisters came for a farewell five o'clock tea. I so loved her during the time of her terrible anxiety about the Prince of W. . . .

"Your bairn talk in your last letter is dear, but—horrid sight—Archie training a wild horse. I should have feared for him.

"Your Papa says he has never thought about children's books, and does not know about them, but he will though, and we will help him. I will make some sort of list that may be useful to you—he talks of the 'whipt' cream of national history in a contemptuous tone. All knowledge, all science must be good for any children. Don't you think the kind of knowledge that makes their own faculties of observation of the most avail must be the most useful? I often think much time spent on history at an early age might be much better employed. Children are quite unable to understand the philosophy of large portions of history, the chief good that there is in it; though no doubt there is good to be gained from the example and warnings of history, and these might be early understood, but there is danger of their own naturally high standard of right and wrong being lowered to that of the ordinary historian and of those whom he sets up to be 'the great.' Have not you found this? You were all very nice to read with and try to teach and did me a deal of good at lessons. I wish I better deserved that you should follow my advice about courses of history or anything else.

"I long to see dear Margaret Peel and shall write to ask her when I may. I saw Lady Alice and the General on Saturday for the first time since their sorrow, they told me much about dear Addy that was

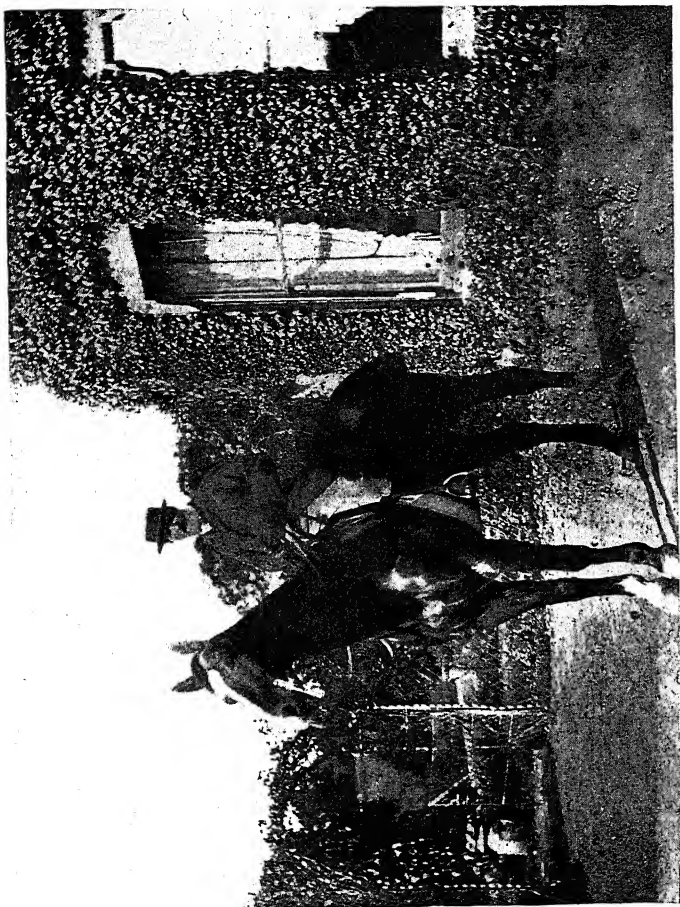
deeply interesting. Mr. Morier was in our train the other day, and he told me of the loveliness of the place where she is laid."

Mama came with my father once or twice to visit us in North Wales, and were much interested by all they saw.

The Gerwyn fields were full of young thoroughbreds, the foals of "Corbeille," of "The Ballot," or of "Spring-flower," mares given my husband by General Peel. Besides being an enthusiastic admirer of the thorough-bred, he had a great scheme which he brought to the Government's notice, of breeding troop horses for the cavalry regiments, by mating a thorough-bred horse with a cart mare; he said the offspring had the spirit and stamina of the sire, and the strength of the dam. He bred several of these from a cart mare of his own, a huge black mare called "Gyp," who was very vicious, and would try and savage any stranger she saw, even when harnessed to a heavy cart.—A. said it showed her spirit. I remember she had white eyes, which gave her a fierce aspect. The foals certainly made splendid hunters. His idea was that the farmers should be induced to breed horses of this stamp, and through the Government giving good money for the young horses they should profit by it, and the Government would pay a small sum a year for the mare, which could be worked by the farmer who kept her. By this means there would always be plenty of young horses in the fields, throughout the country, in case they should be required by the War Office, and, if not, they could easily be sold or turned to some use by the farmer who bred them.

The War Office considered the question, but did nothing practical towards it.

A. owned, at different times, very good horses. One, "New Glasgow," he thought good enough for the Grand National. He ran in 1881, but came in fourth ; he was ridden by Captain Smith. As a friend remarked, any horse would go well when Archie Peel was riding him, but A. himself never understood this in the least, always thinking his own horses better than anyone else's, whereas it was entirely owing to his riding that some of his horses went well at all. He was never happier than when on some wild young thorough-bred, "teaching him," as he expressed it, where to put his feet, and to go his right leg. His riding became quite the pride of our country-side. On one occasion, in particular, he was much pleased at the congratulation of a widow farmer, who lived at the Gerwyn Fechan, quite near the Gerwyn ; she met him as he was riding home from Bangor races, having carried off three races in the afternoon. "Ant inteet," she said, with her pretty Welsh accent, "it's quite famous we'll be cetting, on our bonk." "Our bonk " was the hill on which stood the Gerwyn, and the farmhouse, Gerwyn Fechan, directly below it. Whenever A. won a race, his first thought was that the church, or the village, should benefit in some way. The old church, especially, had many gifts, won by A. over steeple-chase fences. In the diaries he kept, after recounting that he went to races, or out with the hounds, he often wrote the words, "well carried " ; this meant that he had won his race, or had led the field,



ARCHIBALD PEEL, ESQ., M.A., D.L., J.P.

riding to hounds. The diaries give so little idea of him, they are not worth publishing. Short accounts of Boards and meetings, or business matters, to which he wished to be able to refer, fill up the pages, day after day, for he never failed to write them for fifty years. There are also many entries in Latin, of incidents that attracted his notice, also quotations from different authors.

The distress among the working class which, in spite of all the Government could do, was then prevalent all over England, as well as in Wales, troubled him much, and from his sequestered place, on the Board of Guardians, and, as a Magistrate and Justice of the Peace, he endeavoured to rectify things that seemed to him to be making rougher the path of the working man, towards peace and plenty. My husband felt much honoured when in 1870 my father in a letter to me wrote, "Goschen has written to me about the Poor Law, which gives him much trouble. I believe it requires a thorough rummaging, and I wish Archie were employed in the administration. The decay which has gone on since I left the Home Office in 1839 is most appalling, I fear it comes from the busybodies in the House of Commons who wish to administer the Government in every branch and who do not know that it is not their business. Pray tell Archie to write to Goschen to say that I have desired him to do so, and to ask to be informed as to poor law administration." But work in a Government office would not at all have suited my husband. He would not hear of it. The absolute hopelessness of

casual labour, as then organized, struck him as wrong in principle and in application. His cousin, Arthur Peel, at that time held a post in the Local Government Board Office; from him, there are several letters in answer to letters from A. about county business, but the department had much on their hands, and could not attend to the affairs of small communities, like that of Wrexham, though Arthur Peel did what he could, but had other and more important business. In one letter Arthur Peel writes with amusement of the apathy of his department, and of the vehemence of A.'s letter, though promising that it shall be attended to, recommends him to head his next one with the Skull and Cross-bones. What my husband advocated was, that labour exchanges, such as those in existence now, should be set up then and there. I give his letter, published somewhat later in the "*Morning Post*," on the subject. Perhaps it may have had some influence on the mind that set up the machinery, nearly thirty years afterwards. Mr. Bramwell Booth also wrote to A. approving of the idea, but seeing no chance of carrying it out.

THE REGISTRATION OF UNEMPLOYED LABOURERS.

To the Editor of the "Morning Post."

"Thursday, Dec. 31, 1885.

"SIR,—It was announced about a month ago that a resolution had been passed by the Wrexham Board of Guardians suggesting to the Local Government Board the establishment of a system of free

registration of the current demand and supply of labour. A letter dated the 23rd inst., from the assistant secretary, states, 'that the board have carefully considered their proposal, but while sympathizing with the desire of the guardians to assist the unemployed labourers, the board do not consider that such a system of registration is a work which they could properly undertake.' As the mover of the resolution referred to, which I am convinced if carried into effect, would daily 'send the day' into many a 'darkened heart,' I ask you, Sir, to allow me through your columns to invoke the help of those who might themselves pass such a measure through Parliament. The scheme is a free registration of labour,—to include every kind of labour and service so that all classes,—employers and employed,—might have the best chance of finding what they wanted. Such an organization as this can only be properly carried out by the intervention of Government agency. Voluntary effort, however well directed, cannot make the systematic arrangements necessary to its development. Why should not the Government intervene? J. Stuart Mill, writing on the 'Interference of Government,' Book V., Cap. XI., Vol. 2, 'Political Economy,' says:—'There is another kind of intervention which is not authoritative, when a Government, instead of issuing a command and enforcing it by penalties, adopts the course so seldom resorted to by Governments, and of which such important use might be made, that of giving advice and promulgating information; or when, leaving individuals free to use their own means of pursuing any object of general interest, the Government not meddling with them, but not trusting the object solely to their care, establishes, side by side with their arrangements, an agency of its own for a like purpose.' Can there be a better warrant for such a venture than

the authority of this distinguished writer? If the Local Government Board cannot properly undertake its establishment, some other department of the administrative machine might. After all, working men and women should not be unnecessarily subjected to the humiliation,—for humiliation it would be,—of making inquiry for employment, if compelled to do so, either at Poor Law Unions or Police Offices. At the Post Office the machinery needs only to be adjusted to the establishment of such a registry. It would be very little trouble and no expense. Blank forms marked ‘employment’ might be prepared with spaces for the nature of employment offered or desired, rate of wages, names and addresses, to be filled up by employers or unemployed. These forms might be obtained at all Post Offices for a nominal sum, sufficient to defray the expense of a registry frame to fix them in at each office, and to defray the extra work to Post Office officials for performing the task of doing this, and of posting up the frame outside the office daily. Practically that really seems all that would be required. He that cared to read might do so for himself, or a 6d. telegram would enlighten an inquirer as to the prospect of employment in any part of the country. Would not employers, railway companies, ship companies, waterwork companies, coal owners, farmers, tradesmen, private individuals, etc., make use of these means for registering their requirements if offered to them? The Admiralty and the War Office already do so, why should not others? There are countless numbers who are seeking employment, however menial. It has been stated at poor law conferences, and I have never heard it contradicted, that from 50,000 to 60,000 of our fellow countrymen are annually ‘on the road,’ ostensibly in search of work. If a man who would maintain himself and family independently cannot get employment near home, he

must take the road, and seek work elsewhere. How often does he find himself wet and hungry, moving on with sore feet, and may-be a sore heart, not knowing whether those at home have even the rough fare the casual ward provides for such as he. How often led on by some Will o' the Wisp of work, he finds himself out of touch of money and of friends. What wonder that he loses energy and heart, wandering here and there as aimlessly as a withered leaf, and sinks into the professional tramp at last! What might not free registry have done for him? Is nothing to be done for this distress? The Berkshire system is deemed by many a failure. It is said that many counties will shortly give it up altogether. I do say that what I ask the Government to give,—*i.e.* 'help to do without help'—would be but too thankfully made use of by thousands upon thousands. Work it cannot,—for obvious reasons,—give. But it might indicate where work is to be found,—be it much or little,—when it has the means of doing so. I further make bold to say that of all the pressing claims that can be urged upon the consideration of a Government, amongst the very first and foremost are the claims of the unemployed.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ARCHIBALD PEEL."

A. also was a keen advocate of emigration by Government aid, but only if work and wages could not be found in the home country, as he foresaw by free registration of labour, unemployment becomes almost nil.

The strikes of colliers in Wales were very frequent, as their wage then was most inadequate. Once my husband happened to be in Wrexham when the miners

were "out," the men began marching the street twelve abreast, with threats of pillage and house-breaking. The inhabitants became thoroughly alarmed; they appealed to the soldiers and wished them called out. An officer of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, whose depot is Wrexham, came to A. as Magistrate, to read out the Riot Act. My husband demurred, "Let me address them first," he said. The authorities consented; and he spoke to the crowd from a balcony. "Good fellows," he called to them, "what good can this do you? think it over," etc., etc. They saw sense in his argument, and dispersed. So the Riot Act, which A. had with him, concealed in his hat, was never read.

The Welsh are a very lovable people, with their soft voices and pretty accent. Finding the terse English words irksome to their tongues, they often would break into the poetical sounds of the Welsh language. Woe betide others of the British nation who try to learn this intricate tongue, with its long words and changing consonants, for defeat almost certainly stares them in the face.

I think the striking charm of the Welsh is the musical soul, and the wonderful voice, with which nearly every Welshman or Welshwoman is endowed. It is a common thing to hear the colliers returning home from the pits, in the evenings, making the roads ring with the most beautiful harmonies, sounding like a trained choir of picked men's voices. The children, wending their way home along the lanes to some distant village, may often be heard singing in parts,

keeping absolute time together. I have seen one little fellow walking backwards in front of others, beating time enthusiastically, with a tall foxglove he had pulled out of the ditch, while the others sang with all their hearts.

I was drawn into the universal enthusiasm for music, and later started the Concord Concerts, which were held every week in Wrexham. Amateur performers, and free audiences, they were much appreciated. I felt proud indeed when the Mayor of Wrexham said in public that the Concord Concerts were a boon to the town.

The Eisteddfods, which are held yearly in different towns of Wales, are a feature of the country. In 1876, when the Eisteddfod was held at Wrexham, Sir Julius Benedict, the famous naturalized German musician and composer, the favourite accompanist of Jenny Lind—whom I had known in old days at Pembroke Lodge, where he gave us lessons on the piano—came to stay at the Gerwyn, and acted as judge of the great choir-singing competition. He said, during his speech, that in all his experience he had never before heard such voices, and such singing: "Such vire and verve." They rendered the anthem, "The Lord be a lamp," by Sir Julius Benedict, and the competition was won by the Ross choir. The choir of Wrexham was so encouraged by him that, when the Eisteddfod took place in London, they journeyed up to compete, a hundred strong.

What strikes a stranger attending this huge musical fête in Wales, is the habit of the audience of filling up

any pause with singing themselves. Whenever no one was performing for the moment on the platform, there would begin some favourite air, first from one part of the hall, then from another, spreading all over it, till the thousand or so of people would all be singing with heart and soul, "Hen wlad fy nhadau" (Old Land of my Fathers), or some other favourite. There was no stopping them till the end of the song. In spite of the efforts of the chairman, the competitor would have to wait till they had finished. Such is a Welsh audience!

A terrible contretemps happened soon after we had settled down at the Gerwyn. It was in this wise; owing to a tiresome nervousness I felt of burglars, I insisted on having a long wire, which stretched from my bedroom, to ring a bell in that of the "odd man," who lived some way off, in a room over the laundry. This individual, who was a most ferocious-looking black man, named Jimmy, knew that if I pealed the bell he was to rush out and seize the burglar. A., wishing to allay my nervousness still more, asked the local policeman to come through our grounds on his night beat, and see that all was safe and secure. The very first night that the policeman, a new man, full of professional ardour, came round the place in the dark, he caught his head in this wire. The bell rang violently, out rushed Jimmy with guttural cries, and seized the bewildered policeman round the neck, and it was some time before either understood that the other was not a robber!

I gave up burglars after that, and could not for a long time look a policeman in the face!

Among other incidents that stand out in my memory of the years at the Gerwyn, is again meeting the Empress of Austria, changed—but still beautiful. It is sad to think how near was her tragic fate. Her Majesty rented Combermere Abbey, near Whitchurch, to hunt with the Cheshire hounds, and a special meet of Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds was held in her honour at Carden, the beautiful old black and white residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leche—lately burnt to the ground. Mrs. Leche invited me to come in to luncheon after the meet; the party consisted of the Austrian[†] Empress, my host and hostess, and myself. Luncheon was served on a little table in the beautiful old hall. I cannot remember much of the conversation, but thought the Empress looked lovely in her tight-fitting habit, though not so strikingly so as when I had seen her dancing at the ball in Vienna, in the zenith of her beauty, and the first years of her marriage.

The gossips of Cheshire used to declare that her Majesty's habit fitted so perfectly, because her maid fastened it on to her after H.I.M. had mounted her horse; this may have happened the day I was at Carden meet, though I was not near enough to see her mounted, there certainly was a little step-ladder brought out, and the maid was hovering in attendance. The Empress was a most intrepid rider, and Colonel Rivers Bulkeley, who was chosen to pilot her, knew that however stiff the country over which he rode to the fast Cheshire pack, who often set a racing pace, it would not daunt her, and her horsemanship was quite on a par with her courage.

The late Reverend Sir Gresley Puleston, the chronicler of Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds, writes of her Majesty's charming appearance, and gracious manners, which made her right welcome in the hunting-field. He adds further on :

“Her horses and her habits were the envy of all the ladies who hunted with these hounds, and her habits, we are told, they did try and copy, but we neither saw nor heard of anyone imitating her custom of carrying her fan into the hunting-field, which, however, she did with a grace peculiar to herself.”

Some years later the town of Wrexham was honoured with a visit by our own Queen Victoria. Her Majesty was the guest of Sir Watkin and Lady Wynn, and from Wynnstay she drove to Wrexham, where, needless to say, she was received with every demonstration of love and loyalty that the people could devise. The members of the Wynnstay hunt escorted her, on her drive, making a goodly show, on their beautifully groomed hunters, and clad in their scarlet coats. Sitting opposite the Queen in the carriage was Princess Alix of Hesse, keenly interested in all she saw. No one, on that day of rejoicing, had a brighter face. Brimming over with happiness, she laughed and talked as if she had not a care in the world. Did no omen warn her of the dark days to come? Could nothing have averted her fate? A more pathetic story than that of the Czarina has never been told. I wonder if her happy visits to England when a young Princess faded from her memory.

Events such as I have just described may be of some interest, otherwise, life at the Gerwyn was composed of the adventures, and happenings, and absorbing affairs of a large family, which can only be made interesting to the world, if written by the hand of a singularly gifted genius, so I will not inflict them on my readers. Besides my three stepchildren, I had seven of my own.

I look back with great pleasure to various visits, for hunting or shooting, to the houses of friends in the neighbourhood, such as to Sir Watkin Wynn at Wynnstay; to Eaton, the Duke of Westminster's; Carden, Mr. Leche's; Brynkinalt, Lord Trevor's; Bryn-y-pys, Mr. Edmund Peel's; Erddig, Mr. Simon Yorke's; Plâs Power, Mr. Fitzhugh's; Acton, Sir Robert Cunliffe's.

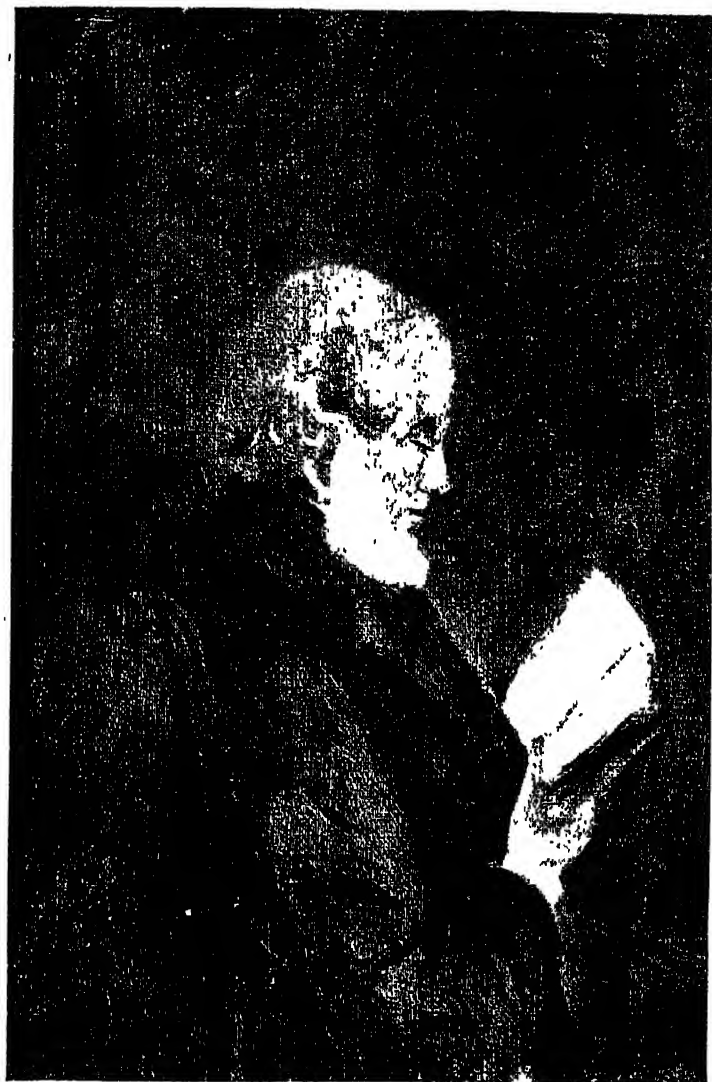
A most pleasurable festivity each year were the sheep-dog trials at Llangollen, for which the whole of North Wales were invited by Captain Best to his beautiful place Vivod on the slope of the mountains. The competition between the sharp, intelligent dogs was most interesting. Their cleverness was astonishing—the way they understood and carried out the weird Welsh orders of their shepherd masters, who are tethered by the arm to a stake to prevent too much personal influence.

On one occasion we travelled to Scotland for a visit to Culzean, the beautiful Castle of Lord Ailsa, built on the high cliffs that form part of the coast of Ayrshire. The builders, the famous Adam brothers, surpassed themselves in the fashioning of Culzean,

with its battlements and towers, its look of grace, and yet all the strength which had the old strongholds of the Kennedys. I thought what added most beauty to the castle was the tall picturesque figure of Evelyn Ailsa, as she moved about everywhere, holding her baby in her arms, and followed closely by her two little girls, who both had the same golden chestnut hair as their mother.

We went generally in the summer to stay with Henry and Victoria Villiers, at their Vicarage at Adisham, and they would come sometimes to us at the Gerwyn. On these occasions, we had a great deal of music in the evenings, for Henry Villiers was intensely musical, and, being the possessor of a very fine voice, it was a great pleasure to hear him sing. After listening to him one afternoon, our old Welsh doctor came up to me with tears rolling down his cheeks, "Ah, what a voice!" he said. "Thank you, thank you a thousand times for letting me hear it." From a man living in the "land of song," surrounded by the fine Welsh voices, this was indeed a compliment.

To London we repaired generally once or twice in the year. In the early years of my married life, 37 Chesham Place was often put at my disposal, especially in February, for in that month is my birthday, on which occasion the Duchess of Bedford never once forgot to send me the order for the family box at Drury Lane; the children looked on it as a yearly treat, discussed for many months afterwards and looked forward to for many months before.



EARL RUSSELL

From an oil painting by his daughter, Lady Georgiana Peel

The following letters are from my father, in answer to the congratulations on his eightieth birthday :

“Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park,
Aug. 19, '71.

“MY DEAREST GEORGIE,

“Thanks to you for your congratulations and for ‘In Memoriam’ which I highly value. I am now in my eightieth year, which I never expected to reach. We have got an old house at Risan sur Roche till October, and from the 1st Nov. till May Lady Crawford’s villa at Cannes, so we are provided for a long time. I am very sorry not to see you again before we go to Woburn Abbey on the 4th. You were quite right to decide to live for your home duties. Cherish the affection of your children which will give you a happy life.

“Fanny and I send our best love to Archie.

“P.S.—General Peel came over here yesterday, he has put down his party livery.”

“Pembroke Lodge,
August 20, '71.

“MY DEAR ARCHIE,

“Thanks for your good wishes. Happy returns I always find them, as my children are so affectionate and loving. Many I cannot expect—but I have played my part, and think the rest will be far easier than my task has been.

“Your affectionate F.I.L.,

“RUSSELL.”

In 1878, my father, who had long been failing in health, died at Pembroke Lodge at the age of eighty-five. To us, to whom he was dear, the veneration of the country, the eulogies of him from great men, came as no surprise.

In the leading article of the "Times" on the day following his death, we read a long and generous appreciation of him from those who had so constantly been his opponents. The uncompromising Tory newspaper spoke thus of the Whig statesman : "His long and illustrious career was an honour of England." And reading further came the words, "He has enriched the history of his country by the addition of a great character."

A tribute by Lord Houghton, who knew him well, I also give : "The worth and dignity of the man never lost by public life, and the conduct of affairs in National Life."

His own verses written by him when a young man, when the power and gifts he possessed were dawning more and more insistently on his consciousness, may perhaps show the goal of his ambition, though everything that the world has to give, to his young and brilliant mind, must have seemed possible, and easily attainable :

"The smallest pearl when in a necklace set
Has gained a value from the pearls it met.
Thus in man's path of life may I have power
To smooth one rougher plant, or single flower,
And if but once my care can give delight,
If to my heirs I can entail a name,
That all my line may honourably claim,
If to my God my heart be always true,"

The lines—which are part of a poem called "Vanity"—betray the vision he saw, the gleam he followed, and show something of the treasure he

perhaps felt in his grasp, which gave him peace and contentment, when age was preventing the keenness of his mind, and life in this world was slowly slipping away.

The following lines were published in "Punch" :

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN, EARL RUSSELL.

Born, August 18, 1792.

Died, May 28, 1878.

"The golden Wedding, but three weeks ago
Of him and Liberty, his mistress dear !
And now the true old heart, which then beat slow,
Is stopped, and England bows beside his bier.

"Remembering the brave work of that long life
Which saw the light, when France, in Maenad mood,
Mad with the shock of old and new at strife,
Strove to give Liberty herself, till thought
Of her grew hateful, and men spurned her name.

"So, from the first day of his public life
Unto the last—some sixty years and more—
As Liberty's liege knight he served, in strife,
Of good with ill, whate'er name either bore.

"Content to wait, but still with trust to win,
In God's fight, for God's cause—the good of man :
Oft baffled, but with heart to re-begin
To-morrow what to-day's strength failed to span.

"Whatever victory stands is writ in light
O'er crime, hate, ignorance, fair claim denied,
O'er Wrong usurping arms and place of height—
His name is written at that conquest's side.

“Others might change their colours and their cause,
Some, whose weak eyes slow opened to the light,
Some, who in fear of progress prayed for pause ;
His road was ever on, from right to right.

“The faiths his youth had held when held by few,
He lived to see the faiths of most and best,
Till in their wake the common herd they drew
And shaped the law, and stood for truths confest.

“No wonder if, with all he had done and known
He held him somewhat stiffly, in the trust
That where he showed the way 'twas wisely shown—
That all his ‘would-be’s’ would : his ‘must be’s’ must.”

In the natural course of events, I should have been on a visit to Pembroke Lodge that year—the year of his golden wedding—but I was laid up for many weeks, by injuries sustained in a bad carriage accident. My recollection of it may be briefly told thus. I had just got a new pony, which A. had bought for me, warranted quiet to drive. My carriage was a low four-wheeled one. It did not take me long to find out that my new pony was very awkward to manage in some ways, and inclined to shy. I told A. this, and he said, “The next time I will come and drive him for you.” So one afternoon we drove into Wrexham. It happened on a Sunday, for A. regularly went in to read prayers at the workhouse. The pony went perfectly, till we were on our way home, then he began his way of shying and starting. A. said, “I had no idea this was such a difficult pony to drive, I will try him on the lower bar.” He got down to alter the bit, and no sooner had he regained his seat than

the pony suddenly bolted. He seemed to go perfectly mad, tearing like a wild thing full gallop along the road, the carriage swaying and jolting at his heels. A., who could manage any horse, could do nothing with this hard-mouthed pony ; but worse was to come, for we were approaching a sharp turn into the lane for home. A. stood up to get a better chance of guiding the galloping pony round the corner. He just managed to sheer it off the ditch, when the carriage jolted high over a stone, and he was flung off his feet into the road. I cannot much remember what happened afterwards, but I fell out. I may have fainted, for I remember the utter terror I felt at seeing the reins dangling out of my reach. Going through the lodge gates came the final crash, pony and carriage coming in one heap to the ground. I was unconscious, but soon recovered, but I never regained my nerve for driving. This accident is a lesson to every one, to forbear from driving themselves in a very low carriage, unless the horse is absolutely to be trusted, for it is impossible to have any command over a fractious horse when the driver is on a lower level than the animal between the shafts. The pony that brought such disaster was sold at the next market in Wrexham ; his story being well known, and his scars to be seen, he went ignominiously cheap !

An event in the neighbourhood, which took place when we lived at the Gerwyn, was the opening of a canal, which had been cut from out the River Dee, and Mr. Gladstone was present to perform the ceremony. A big luncheon party was given in his

honour, at which I sat next him, and was much gratified at his remembering me, and telling me at once that he had not forgotten old days at Pembroke Lodge, and Lord Russell. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were the last of his friends whom he received before his death.

During luncheon Mr. Gladstone talked much about the new canal he was about to open, evidently taking the greatest interest in it, for he gave an exact account, which was listened to with interest, by every one present, of the various advantages it would give to Wales, which he declared would benefit much, and explained minutely the benefits which each town would gain, he described the country through which it passed, and why there had been, at first, some opposition to the scheme. The company, who all lived in the neighbourhood, had never heard so much about it before. One of them—the Duke of Westminster—remarked in his dry way to me afterwards that Mr. Gladstone had evidently made up his mind that we all knew nothing at all about the new canal. My opinion was, that Mr. Gladstone had the gift of putting forward in quite a new light anything that he cared to describe. It seemed remarkable that a statesman with so many cares on his shoulders should find time to have studied a new canal.

With this slight sketch of my husband, Archibald Peel, and our life at the Gerwyn in North Wales, this book now comes to a close. Not because I have no more recollections, but because they become of no interest to the “large public” to whom this book is open.

With a family of ten children, money and means

become beautifully less, for their objective is very fully occupied. Interesting friends and interesting events become rarer, or are so merged into family life as to cease to be remarked.

In 1891 we bought a place in Hertfordshire. Though sorry to leave the Gerwyn, which had so many happy associations, we felt we would like a place of our own, and the Gerwyn was unpurchasable, so we migrated South, to Westlea, in Hertfordshire. Both A. and I had a large number of relations and old friends of whom we would like to see more, now we were all growing older, with families grown up around us.

We were able from Hertfordshire to visit my step-mother and sister at Pembroke Lodge; on two or three occasions they entertained us and our daughters for the week of Ascot races.

The large mirrors in the drawing-rooms now no longer reflected the figures of the statesmen and others that made the highest society in Europe. Our old home had taken on itself the atmosphere and sanctity of a hermitage. Its mistress had now silvery white hair, above the bright and kindly dark eyes that still took lights and shades so quickly from whichever side they came. Her still upright figure gave a sweet dignity to the widow's weeds, and white shawl, which she constantly wore, and to the lace cap which crowned her head. She lived as sequestered a life as possible, caring only for the companionship of her daughter Agatha, though her many friends could not depart entirely out of her life. Mr. Gladstone would come

down just to hear her talk again. Joachim, who commanded what audience he liked, would bring his violin to her private sitting-room just for her to hear him play on it.

Of the changes and events in the great world, she took not much notice, but would often be interested and stirred by such subjects as the question of Home Rule for Ireland : "lovable, lovely, sorrowful Ireland," as she called it. A continual interest and amusement to her was the rapid growing of the town of Richmond. The contrast of the many new houses and buildings to the once old quiet little town, as she knew it.

A tall and ugly chimney was now in full view of one of the windows of Pembroke Lodge, which, before, commanded an unobstructed view over the beautiful Thames Valley. "That is called the Middlesex Martyr's Monument," she said, pointing it out. "And who was the Martyr?" asked A., much interested. "Myself," she answered with mock solemnity. "I was the Martyr."

One day every year, she kept for the children of Petersham school—they were visitors whom she never put off. Even as this treat to the school they had inaugurated was the last festivity in which my father took part, so was it the last which she graced with her presence before her death.

Another institution she kept up to the end was the holding of family prayers ; every morning at 8.30 she was in the morning-room, and read from the Book, with her still beautiful voice, and played the hymn with her delicate white fingers on the piano.

A few weeks before her death, she wrote the following beautiful lines, heading them "Post Tenebras Lux" :

"Away from the darkness into the light,
Away from the long, long blackness of night,
Sailing, sailing away.
Joy to the spirit free,
Joy in Eternity,
Joy in the sunshine and gladness of Day.

"Far from the sorrow, the sadness, the strife.
Far from the Wrong, like a Death, haunting life,
Sailing, sailing away.
Glad in the triumph of Justice and Right,
Glad in the Love all eternal and bright,
Glad in the glory of Day.

"Soaring through clouds to the sunlight above,
Joyous in holiest brotherly love,
Our spirits' long warfare shall cease.
Then faint not, nor falter, but bravely fight on,
Fight till the hard lifelong battle is won,
And the Angel of Death shall bring Peace."

Written on the near approach of Death.

She died in the year 1898. In a letter to me in the winter of the year 1897, she wrote that the wintry gales had been "rather life-giving than otherwise. I don't go out, but am content with indoor life and occupations, except that the 'selfyness' of them comes over me painfully. I love my books and my pianoforte, next to my fellow-creatures, but to judge by acts, I seem to love them more !"

It was certainly the crowning joy of Westlea, that we were not so far from her, "Who, being perfect in

all the beauty of domestic life, yet even more conspicuously raised the public life of her time." These words were used by Mr. Frederic Harrison in writing to Agatha, of the "Grand life of your mother."

Westlea, though far from the station, was comfort compared with our beloved old home in North Wales. About a hundred years old, it had walked with the times, and had had many modern advantages added to it, having belonged to a London stock-broker, who understood what comfort was. Of a larger size than the Gerwyn, but with fewer and more spacious rooms, it stood on a slope, on the edge of a wood of seven hundred acres, in grounds of about twenty-five acres, beautifully laid out. Though there were meadows in which to turn out horses and cows, there was none of the worry of farming, which had the Gerwyn. The stables were not a huge barrack, for thirty or forty horses, but held nicely the few we wished to keep, and there was also room for half a dozen cows, whereas before, fifteen or twenty seemed only just enough.

A few years after we took up our abode at Westlea, war broke out in the Transvaal, and all my four sons went out to the plains of Africa. All came through the war safely, though of the two eldest, one broke his leg, and one nearly died of enteric fever, and the two youngest were in that fearful siege of Elands River, which Kitchener told them was the most magnificent defence of the war. Four hundred men, two-fifths of whom were Rhodesian Volunteers, possessing one gun (the only gun among them all), the rest New Zealanders. They were caught on an exposed kopje by 8000 Boers

under De la Rey. They were surrounded, and six guns turned on them ; nearly all their horses and seventy-five men were killed the first night, yet they held out.

Among the little force was my youngest son Fergus, who with three others of his regiment, the 4th Bedfordshires (or Hertfordshire Militia), were escorting a convoy of food-stuffs, and were trapped. I give a few letters of description from my son Alfred (a godson of Alfred Tennyson), who had joined up in the Rhodesian Volunteers, and came the long march from the north, under General Plumer. A curious ending to the siege for my sons was, that the first of the relieving force to arrive was Walter Cowan, then serving on Kitchener's Staff, whose family had been our nearest neighbours at the Gerwyn, with whom they had ridden so often to school at Wrexham, when small boys. The next to arrive were the Hertfordshire Yeomanry, led by George Bosanquet, our nearest neighbour in Hertfordshire, as my son's letters describe :

“ Ootsi,
April 20, 1900.

“ MY DEAR MAMMA,

“ I'm sorry I didn't write last week, but hope you saw my letter to Ethel. I went to the field hospital at Gaberones for three days with fever which every one gets, and has got. We came here by train, it rained all the first day and next night, and next day and all the next night, and next day. Hence a lot of fever, but I am all right. I was wondering this morning when we were at the Transvaal boundary, where Teddy, Jonny and Fergus all are. I expect

they are a good bit more comfortable than Trooper Peel of the Rhodesian Regiment. I am one of the ten scouts, but we only saw buck this morning. I wonder if Carrington is coming down here with some of the 5000 men and six batteries. We ought to smite the Boers if he does. They have been having all their own way up here.

“Yr. aff.
“BOBBY.”

“Lobatsi,
May 30, 1900.

“... We are moving on the Zeerust, where Plumer is now, he left us behind. I have no news, and all the mails have gone astray so can't get any. My old horse is well, and worth the money I paid for him; an old nigger recognised him as having sold him in 1896, and then he went through the Matabele War, and has the scar of an assegai wound on his flank. I was rather anxious about the Bishop of Mashonaland's neck; he went out on him, and got cut off, and cut for it in the direction of Mafeking, and my old gee had to bring him in twenty miles to Ootsi! We have got a lot of rifles, left by Dutchmen who are coming in. I don't expect the war will last long now.

“Yr. affec. son,
“BOBBY.”

“Elands River,
June 23, 1900.

“MY DEAR PAPA,

“We have come here and having commandeered ten horses, we get about the country a good deal. I was out this morning buying eggs and fowls for the camp, otherwise would have gone with a

party to arrest the local field cornet, who wanted to raise a commando to fight us. Plumer now commands us in person. Baden Powell was up near here, after visiting Bobs; 2000 mounted Australians are coming down here to relieve us, then we are to move on in conjunction with Lord Roberts, but we think the war will be over before then. The Dutchmen in these parts belong to the United Church and hate the Doppers. One old man told me that the Boers said that America would join them, but he knew better, that it wouldn't, as America *was a British Colony*! Several of them, he said, would have gone to England, but were doubtful whether their horses could swim the distance! I am very sorry to hear of Uncle Edmund's death. Have just heard from Fergus at Zwantspruit."

" Elands River,
July 21.

"MY DEAR PAPA,

"I hope you got Fergus's and my cable saying we are flourishing. It is rather curious, our both being here of all places. We invite each other to dinner by turns, but I think I have the best table. The war is by no means over, and I expect we shall have heavy fighting before long round here. However, we have 250 men here, and we have loaded wagons—over a hundred stopped here.

"All the Boers round have risen again. I run a good chance of being captured, as I scout every morning. Baden Powell wired to our Major complimenting him on the good work done by his scouts, there are ten of us. There is a nasty nek near here where the line has been cut, I lamed my pony badly near there yesterday, and now an officer has jumped it. I am in two minds about getting a job in this country. Fergus ought to get a farm cheap. Oranges, peaches and

potatoes grow splendidly, and I suppose most other things would. We might get a farm together.

“Yr. affec. son,
“BOBBY.”

“Elands River,
Aug. 17, 1900.

“MY DEAR PAPA,

“Fergus and I are still alive and kicking after our great siege. The Hertfordshire Yeomanry, led by George Bosanquet and Geoffrey Lubbock and Gilliat, have cut their way through and relieved Fergus and his three gallant Hertfordshire men. As a matter of fact, Walter Cowan was one of the first with Kitchener to arrive. They galloped the last two miles. We had a long yarn, and while with him I got a note from George Bosanquet, asking me to tea. We all felt very much at home, though this place is a sight. Teddy and three batteries are all here. Dicky Jones and the Shropshires and the 10th Hussars, 12 and 17th Lancers and the Household Brigade. Carrington wired that we had surrendered, on what grounds I don't know, and K. only heard we were holding out the day before he got here. It is ripping meeting old friends, and they do praise us up for our work. It was on the morning of the 4th it began. Three of us were out scouting, and riding round a kopje, when I heard voices just above us, and there were a dozen Boers loading their rifles. I yelled, ‘Look out,’ at the same time the sergeant shouted, ‘Ride like mad.’ We separated and did ride, bullets coming thick, the sergeant was brought down. We got into camp prepared to report and go out a larger party, when shells and bullets began to come like hail from all round us, falling into the camp. I got my bayonet and with others got to a little stone wall we

had thrown up. It was De la Rey with 3000 men, three pom-poms and three guns. Poor Annett was killed that first evening ; it was he that fired the shell from our one gun that then jammed, but it killed nine of them and he sniped their best sniper. That night we dug and dug and stacked the provisions that made us more secure.

"Getting water was beastly, through continual sniping, and the shells kept bursting right in the camp. We managed to bring in Sergeant Judge, shot through the thigh and ankle. Two Boers came and quarrelled over him as to which had shot him, then took his watch and rifle and left him. We had a terrible lot killed the first night, and 400 out of 500 horses. They tried to rush the camp the first night, but we beat them off. Then they sent in to say that Zeerust was taken and Carrington's relief force repulsed, and in consideration of our plucky defence the officers might keep their swords on surrendering, and they would conduct all of us to a British port. We refused, and then they attacked the whole night and got very near, but had to clear out in a hurry when we fixed bayonets. Now 20,000 horse and foot are camped outside, where our pickets were. The enemy had to decamp in such haste that some were drowned crossing the river. We are under canvas now. I hope to get discharged next week, and have wired to Salisbury for six months' leave."

The Boer war is within the memory of most people. A remembrance of my own is the first time I saw a motor-car, and actually went for a ride in it. Lord Ailsa drove down to Westlea and most kindly took me out. It gave me a feeling of safety which in a horse-drawn carriage I have never felt.

We were able to amuse ourselves by going up to London sometimes from Hertfordshire, and many relations we had not seen for years would come to see us at Westlea. A. was able to go to Newmarket for the day, which was one of his greatest pleasures. He had been made a life member of the Jockey Club Stand by his father, and much enjoyed being again amid the familiar surroundings, and seeing the great horses of the day being led round the paddock, or coming up the straight of the Newmarket course. He was, and is still, remembered with great affection by his old friends round Bangor Isycoed. Indeed, one of the villagers became most unpopular with his neighbours, and was nearly boycotted, for they declared that the unfortunate man had begged so often from Mr. Peel, that at last in self-defence he packed up and left the Gerwyn, and that was why they lost him from the neighbourhood!

Not very long ago, when the son of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Fenwick, who continued to reside near Bangor, came of age, the farmers and others, in a poem of greeting to him, wrote the following lines :

“There’s a presence too, haunting the lane, sir,
That some of us meet now and then,
A knight of romance, drawing rein, sir,
To cheer up way-faring men.

“For the sake of old times then to day, sir,
For the sake of that heart true as steel,
We acclaim you this once in a way, sir,
The grandson of Archibald Peel.”

His second daughter, Ellen—now Lady Askwith—

a very favourite companion of her father's, writes what I fully endorse :

"I think the most noticeable things about my father were his tenderness of heart, and his iron nerve. I think I never saw anyone so sympathetic in illness or pain. I shall never forget having a long bout of neuralgia while staying at Westlea, and his kindness and thoughtfulness, there was no trouble he would not take, if he thought he could get anything that would do good to a person in trouble or illness. Many had experience of this besides myself. Personal danger did not affect him at all, his nerve never weakened, even in his old age. I well remember one of the very doubtful characters that he made a custom of getting, as helpers in the garden or stables, from the Salvation Army homes, so as to aid the reclamatory work. This man suddenly turned on him when given some order, and came at him like a bull to knock him down. My father, though then over seventy years of age, closed with him, and knocked him down. The gardener who was there, seeing the man's fierce aspect, had run away, and my father had to hold the man down, till some one else came. That evening, when he returned from his ride, the coachman went to meet him with the news that the man had a revolver, and would shoot him if he came to the stables. 'No man alive shall keep me out of my own stables,' said my father, and walked his horse slowly up to the stables and dismounted there. He would have kept the man on, but the other men naturally demurred.

"My father's society was delightful, he always thought and said original and unexpected things, his judgment, which came very swiftly, was almost invariably right, though he would listen to other people's opinion, and never say, 'I told you so,' when

his surmises came true. He had known, intimately, from his youth onwards, the most distinguished men of the day, who thought much of 'Archie Peel.' His reading was vast and varied, he loved and made us love many books in later life, the Waverley novels and also Jane Austen's became the greatest joy to him, every evening he would take one up. It was an intense pleasure to hear him read out loud, for his voice was many-toned, and sympathetic, or quote poetry, of which he knew a large amount by heart, having made a practice of learning a few lines every morning while dressing. The 'Ancient Sage' was one of his favourite poems, and he told us that some of those splendid and thoughtful lines had arisen out of a discussion on the soul, between Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Woolner and himself, when smoking their pipes one evening in Tennyson's house. My father did a great deal of county work, and long ago advocated some reforms, which only in recent years have been carried out. In his own family, his word was law to us all, and his opinion thought a great deal of. Absolutely sincere and downright himself, he abhorred any pretence or affectation. We knew what would please him best in his children was courage, either moral or physical. When we were young he had us in his dressing-room every morning, and after reading the Bible he read to us, and made us become interested in, several books which I am sure we should otherwise never have tackled, but for which I have been grateful to him all my life. Among them were Locke on the Human Understanding, Dante's Purgatorio, Blackstone's Commentaries on the English Law, Bishop Berkeley on Matter, and others. He used to question us too, and woe be if you had not been attending."

So my gathering together of many memories, of



Georgiana Peel

recollections of times long gone by, of old friends, and dear and near relations, who are but names to the present generation, must now come to an end.

They have been viewed from where I now live, in my beautiful home, in Hampton Court Palace, granted by the King to the daughter of Lord Russell, in remembrance of the services so long rendered by him to his country, in the reign of Queen Victoria.

Here, my children and my grandchildren, my nephews and nieces, and again, their children, bring the rushing times of the twentieth century to overwhelm my remembrances of once familiar faces, in my long experience of life in nearly two-thirds of the nineteenth century.

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INDEX

ABERCORN, Duke of, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 262
 Abercorn, Duchess of, visit at Barons-court, 186; a catastrophe and a triumph, 186-187; visit at Beau Desert, 188; Lady Ailesbury and the swan, 189
 Abercromby. *See* Dunfermline
 Abergeldie Castle lent to Lord J. Russell by the Queen, 184; aerial gear over river, 186
 Adair, Sir Robert, joins riots at the age of six; Ambassador at Vienna—Le Grand "Seigneur"—Göttingen, 141
 Adisham, Lady Victoria Villiers' home at, 191; visits to, 298
 Ailesbury, Maria Marchioness of, 188, 189; on 269, 297; Ailsa Craig, 229
 Ailsa, Marquis of, 229, 313
 Ailsa, Evelyn Marchioness of, 298.
 Albemarle, sixth Earl of, 140; George Keppel, 141
 Albemarle, Countess of, at Quidenham, 184
 Albert, Prince, Queen's marriage to, 18; on 89; at Pembroke Lodge, 106; godfather to Rollo Russell, 108; on 167, 185-186; death of, 170
 Alderley, wedding at, 159
 Alderley, Lord Stanley of, 160
 Alix of Hesse, Princess, 296
 Amberley, Lord, 57; as a child, 89, 119; visits Ireland, 157; marriage, 158-159; death, 161; on 162
 Amberley, Lady, engagement, 158; personality, 159; marriage, 160; heroism of her death, 160-161
 America, 171; the "Alabama," 172
 Anson, Major, 166

Anson, Lady Gwendolen, 184. *See* O'Shee
 Apponyi, Comte d', 129
 Apponyi, Comtesse d', 129
 "A." or Archibald Peel, at the Crimea, 92; reminiscences of Sir William Peel, 94-96; letter to Sir Evelyn Wood, 95; first wife Miss Palmer, 96; opinion of ancestors, 261; is sent to Rome on the death of Sir Robert Peel, 205; letters from, 214-220; letters from Robert Peel to, 231; from John Peel to, 234-239; on crutches, 240; a short sketch of, 242-246; at Oxford, 247; friends at Oxford, 248-249; first marriage, death of his wife, 251; travelling with Lear, 251; Nova Scotia, 252; Cuba, 253; bull fight, 254; Marble Hill, 255; ball at Strawberry Hill, 258; married to Lady Georgiana Russell, "I," 256; honeymoon at Woburn, 258; Ireland, 259; Eclair, 260; skill across country, 263; the Meath hunt button, 263; letters to Lady G. Peel, 264-269; letter from Mrs. Tennyson, 272; from Thomas Woolner, 273-274; his horse "Baldongan," 279-280; steeple-chasing, 281; letter from Lady Russell, 281; ideas on breeding horses for the army, 285; letter to "Morning Post" on registration of labour, 288-291; the Riot Act, 292; letters from Lord Russell, 299; carriage accident, 302; buys place in Hertfordshire, 305; letters from his son Alfred, 311-313
 Ardsalla, Co. Navan, 259; English footman at, 260; Protestant church at, 262

- Argyll, Duchess of, 151; is given a rose, 153
 Aristocrats, labour of, 121
 Armitage, the Listers of, 8; description of, by their daughter, 9; Armitage passes from the Lister family, 12
 Ascot, 23, 305
 Askwith of St. Ives, Lady, 314
 Astley, Sir John, 248
 Austria, Emperor of, dances Polonaise, 100
 Austria, Empress of, 100; hunting in Cheshire, 295-296
 Ayrshire, 297
- BACON, Friar, and the brass head of Brasenose, 182-183
 Baird, Lady Anne, 223, 224
 Baird, Sir David, 27
 "Baldongan," 279, 280
 Baronscourt, 186
 Beau Desert, 188, 189
 Bedford, Francis Duke of, 20, 157, 172
 Bedford, Georgiana Duchess of, engaged to fifth Duke, 8; marries sixth Duke as second wife, 8
 Bedford, Hastings Duke of, 35; not accustomed to tips, 35; lends Woburn for honeymoon, 257
 Bedford, John sixth Duke of, grandson's description of, 4; letters from his wife, 5, 6; letter to his son Lord John, 8; to Lord William about his brother's engagement, 15; puts Endsleigh at his son's disposal, 17
 Benedict, Sir Julius, judges at Eisteddfod, 293
 Bentinck, Lord George, 211
 Bernstoff, Count and Countess, 127
 Berry, Miss, 146
 Best of Vivod, Captain, 297
 Biddulph of Ledbury, Lord, 211
 Biddulph, Mrs. Michael, 214, 284.
See Miss Adelaide Peel
 Binning, Lord, boxing with A., 244
 Bloomfield, Lady, 99
 Boileau, John, private secretary to Lord J. Russell, 142
 Booth, Mr. Bramwell, 288
 Brasenose College, 174; long visits to, 176; dinner-parties at, 178;
- Hon. Mrs. Cradock at, 179; long walks, 179; chess at, 181; old legend of, 182
 Bright, John, 120; as a reformer, 121; sit next him at dinner, 122; his gift, 123; quotation from speech, 124
 Brougham, Mr. Henry, 81
 Brougham, Lord, 78; as a politician, 79; as orator, 80; Macaulay's opinion of, 80; his trousers, 81
 Bulkeley, Colonel Rivers, 295
 Bunsen, Chevalier de, 127; recommends governess, 127; description of, 128-129; at my first dinner-party, 130
 Bunsen, Madame de, 128
 Burke's Peerage, 4, 285
 Butler, Mrs. Hubert (Fanny Agatha), 269
 Byron, verses describing Lady William Russell. 33
- CAMBRIDGE, first Duke of, 23
 Cambridge, second Duke of, 188
 Campbell, Sir Colin, his tribute to the Sikhs, 170
 Canning, 72; verse by, 141
 Capponi Villa, 131; friends at, 132; description of, 133; leave, 135
 Carlisle, Lady, 160
 Carlyle rides with Lady Amberley, 159; on 277
 Carriage accident, 312-313
 Carrington, General, 312, 313
 Cassillis, Countess of, and the gipsy, 228; ballad of, 228
 Cassillis, Dule tree of, 229
 Cassillis, Earl of, the old name, 225; power of, 226; roasts the Abbot, 227; is denounced by the Abbot, 228
 Cavour, Count, letters from, 135; on 136
 Chalons, picture by, 17
 Charter, the people's, 36; Chartist riots, 36; German lesson during riots, 37
 Chenies, Russell mausoleum at, 45; memorials of past Russells, 46

- Chequers, Sir George Russell's intention concerning, 43
 Chesham Place, Lord J. Russell builds, 17, 37; mentioned on 36, 63, 81; my pronunciation of, 82; Duke of Wellington at, 87; land given by Duke to his sons in, 110; Garibaldi at, 139; on 298
 Chess with Dr. Cradock, 181
 Cholera, 109
 Chorley Wood, 44; the Rectory at, 45
 City, Lord J. Russell member for, 103-104; Lord Rothschild elected for, 104
 Clarendon, Earl of, 39, 132
 Cobden, 120
 Commons, House of, on 17, 25, 37, 169, 172
 Coronation of Queen Victoria, her mention of Lady J. Russell, 18
 Cowan, Admiral Sir Walter, on Kitchener's Staff, 309; first of relief force to Elands River, 312
 Cowper, Lord, 142, 149
 Cradock, Dr. Edward, marries Hon. Harriet Lister, 174; his learned friends, 176; chess with, 181; his absent-mindedness, 182
 Cradock, Hon. Mrs., marries her cousin, 174; as Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria, 176; our visits to, 176; her friends, 178; her garden, 179; caricatured, 180
 Crickstown, hunting lodge at, 263
 Crimean War, 90; Kinglake's account of Cabinet Council, 91; Archibald Peel at, 92; Sir Evelyn Wood's article on, 95; heroism in, 97
 Crystal Palace, 89-90
 Cumming, 239
 Cunliffe, Sir Robert and Lady, 280
- DANE, publisher, 123
 Davenport, Bromley, "The Dream," 248
 Deans, Jeanie, 198
 Delane, Mr., 112-113
 Derby, Earl of, 172; Gen. Peel serves in his Cabinet, 198; on 208; "Darbee," 237
- Derby, race for the, 212; valet ready to ride, 213; from Pembroke Lodge, 144
 "Diamond," H.M.S., 92
 Disraeli, 90; takes exception to Lord J. Russell as peace envoy, 100; taken in to dinner by, 146; a common enemy, 203; in Indian Mutiny debate, 169
 Disraeli, Mrs., 89
 Dodgson, Mr. (Lewis Carroll), 177
 Drummond, Mrs. Maurice, 53, 57, 59. *See* Adelaide Lister
 Drummond, Mrs. *See* Kinnaird
 Drummond, Maurice, marries Adelaide Lister, 52; his operetta, 54-59; sends police account, 173
 Dublin, 39
 Dufferin, Marquis of, goes as private secretary to Lord J. Russell to Vienna, 98
 Duncombe Park, 266, 269
 Dunfermline Lady (Abercromby), 29, 49; godmother to Rollo Russell, 108
 Durham, Earl of, 72
- EATON Place, cholera, at, 109
 Egville, Mons D', fashionable dancing master, 116
 Elliot, Lady Catherine,
 Elliot, Lady Charlotte, 29, 134-135. *See* Portal
 Elliot, Lady Harriet, 29
 Elliot, Lady Elizabeth, 29. *See* Romilly
 Elliot, Lady Fanny, 26, 29; married to Lord J. Russell, 27; Adelaide Lister's first impression of, 28; six stepchildren, 30; her verses "Poland's Hope," 30; verses for children's Bibles, 31; asks for champagne when dining with Lord J. Russell, 32. *See* Lady John Russell and Lady Russell
 Elliot, Lady Mary, 29. *See* Abercromby and Dunfermline
 Elliots, games with, 29
 Epilogue to play, by Lord J. Russell, 165

Ethelstone, 243

Eton, 243

FAITHFUL, Rev. G., his school at Hatfield, 242

Faithful, Miss Emily, reads to the boys, 242

Fane, Lady Rose (Weigall), a lifelong friend, 99; rebels at a stiff dinner-party, 102

Feversham, Earl of, 264, 266, 269

Feverham, Countess of, 264, 269

Folkestone, Lady, 267

Fortescue, visit to Lord and Lady, 156; sees a ghost, 156

Fortescue, Mr. Chichester, at Strawberry Hill, 153; travels with A., 251

Foreign Office, 36

Fitzwilliam, Hon. Harry, 267, 279

Fitzwilliam, Lady, 267

Fitzwilliam, Lord, 267

Flahault, Comte de, 129

Florence, 131, 132, 133

Fox, Charles James, 68; Lord Erskine's description of, 69

Fraser, Sir Charles, 248

Free Trade, Sir R. Peel and, 39; John Bright and, 121

GARIBALDI, at Pembroke Lodge, 139; idol of London, 146

Germain, Mlle., the remembrance of her, 59; talks with Louis Philippe, 60; on 63, 165

Gerwyn, The, near Wrexham, 209; the view from, 270; our first guests, 270; Mr. Woolner's admiration of, 273; mentioned on, 274, 278, 280, 285, 886, (our bonk); contretemps at, 294; on 297, 303; leave, 305

Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., discusses natural history, 154; opens canal in Wales, 303, 304

Gladstone, Mrs., 8, 88, 154

Goschen, Lord, 287

Grey, Lady, 117

Grey, Sir George and Lady, 140

Grey, Colonel, drops collecting box in the kirk, 185

Grisé, story of, 64-65

Grove, Miss. *See* Listers of Armistage

Guildhall, Lord J. Russell's speech at, 104; reply at French banquet *re*, 213; Baroness de Rothschild at, 104

HALIFAX, Lord, 177

Haliburton, Judge (Sam Slick), 61, 62

Hamilton, Lord Claude, lands fish, 187; his bet, 188

Hampton Court Palace, ball at, in old days, 255; on my home at, 317

Harington, Mrs. and the Misses, 177

Henley, Lady, and the family feeling about ancestry, 201

Holland, Lady, 67; asks for shawl at dinner-party, 70; her bequests to Lord J. Russell, 71; death of, 72

Holland, Lord, 66, 67, 68, 69; death of, 70

Huntingdon, General Peel member for, 209

"I." *See* Lady Georgiana Russell, Lady Georgiana Peel

Innes-Ker, Lady Charlotte, 144

Ireland, visit as a child, "Repale, repale!" 39; quotation from Lord J. Russell's speech, 40-41; Queen goes to, 43; on 203; life in, 258-262

Italy, travel in, 131; Italian history, 137-149

JONES, Captain Richard, at Elands River, 312

Jowett, Professor, 176, 177; letters from, to Lady J. Russell, 162; at Brasenose College, 176; joins in argument, 177; on 245, 246

KENT, Duchess of, 19

Kenure Park, Rush, 259

Kinglake, history by, 91; on 151

Kosciusko, 30, 71

LACAITA, Sir James, 136, 137

Landseer, Sir Edwin, 145

- Language as a child, 82
 Lansdowne, Lord and Lady, 129, 154
 Lausanne, 130
 Lavradio, Comte de, 130
 Lear, Edward, 235, 238, 239, 251; fable by, 252; on 253
 Lehzen, Baroness, 22
 Lewis, Sir George, 52, 190
 Lewis, Lady Theresa, 14, 82, 190
 Lieven, Princess, 148-149
 Lind, Jenny, her voice in the chapel, 147
 Listers of Armitage, 9
 Lister, Adelaide, marries Lord Ribblesdale, 12; is left a widow, marries Lord J. Russell, 13; the engagement announced, 14; letters concerning, 15; anecdote of, 16; picture, 17; talent as an artist, 17; at Queen's coronation, 18; death, 20. *See* Lady John Russell
 Lister, Hon. Harriet (Aunt Bunny), book of flowers, 18; Maid of Honour, 19; comes to take our mother's place, 22; letter describing me as a child, 82; marriage to Dr. Cradock, 174; her friend's adventure with a tramp, 176; her garden, 179; is caricatured by novelist, 180; on 171, 182
 Lister, Hon. Elizabeth (Bessie), 23, 34, 126; marriage to Sir William Melvill, 175
 Lister, Hon. Adelaide (Mrs. Maurice Drummond), 22, 27, 28, 52; marriage, 53; at Hampstead, 53, 54
 Lister, Hon. Isabel (Mrs. Warburton), 23, 119; marriage of, diamond wedding day, 108
 Lister, Lady Theresa (*see* Lewis), 14, 82, 116
 Lister, Villiers, 145
 Lock, Dowager Lady, 132
 Louis Philippe, 59
 Lubbock, Captain Geoffrey, 312
 Lucknow, 93
 Lumley, Mr. Augustus, 145
 Lumley, Mr. John, 145
 Lytton, Dowager Lady, 132
 Lytton, Lord, verse describing Lord J. Russell, 15
 MACAULAY, Sydney Smith's remark to him, 119; at Pembroke Lodge, 119; the pudding, 120; an old friend, 120
 Marble Hill, origin of, 197-198; Lady Peel writes from, 207; on 221, 230, 255, 263, 264, 265, 266
 Mario, 64-5
 Mashonaland, Bishop of, 310
 Mausoleum, Russell, 46
 Mayo, County, 263
 Mayo, Lord, 248
 Melbourne, Lord, 16, 26, 28
 Melvill, Hon. Lady. *See* E. Lister
 Melvill, Sir William, 173
 Michael, the Grand Duke, 133, 134
 Minto, wedding in drawing-room of, 27
 Minto, Lady, 28, 29, 32, 172
 Minto, Lord, 28, 29; absent-mindedness, 149-155
 Moore, Thomas, 40; singing at Bowood, 155
 Moore, Mrs., 155
 Morier, Sir Robert, marriage to Miss Alice Peel, 239; goes with Lord J. Russell to Coburg, 240; on 285
 Morier, Lady, 239
 Motley, Mr., Ambassador from America, 153
 Motley, Miss, 153
 Munsch, Hotel, 101
 Mure, Miss Emma, 108. *See* Lady Ribblesdale
 Mutiny, Indian, 169-170
 NAPOLEON, the Emperor, 72
 Nightingale, Miss Florence, 98
 Nismes, 240
 Normanby, Lord and Lady, 132
 O'CONNELL, Daniel, 38, 41, 42
 O'Connor, Feargus, 37, 38
 Oswald, Lady Mary, 215, 224
 Oxford, 174, 176, 183; A. Peel at, 244-246, 247, 265

- PAGET, Lady Flora, 189
 Palgrave, Mr. Francis, describes Jenny Lind, 147; friendship with A. Peel, 249; verses to New Year, 250
 Palmer, Miss Mary Ellen, 96, 250
 Palmer, Sir Roger, 96, 251
 Palmer, General Sir Roger, at Balclava, 96; best man at wedding, 238; on 256, 263
 Palmerston, Lady, 113, 114, 126
 Palmerston, Lord, 111; friendship with Mr. Delane, 112-113, 114, 138; General Peel's opinion of, 217
 Parrot, my, 24
 Partridge, the Nova Scotian, and effect, 62
 Peace Conference at Vienna, 100
 Peel, Archibald. *See* "A."
 Peel, Arthur, Rt. Hon. Viscount, 202, 242, 264, 288
 Peel, Miss Adelaide (Mrs. Biddulph), 239, 284
 Peel, Alfred, in siege of Elands River, letters from, 309-313
 Peel, Lady Alice (*see also* Kennedy), 197, 216, 217, 220; marries General Jonathan Peel, 221; letters from, 221-223
 Peel, Miss Alice (Lady Morier), 239
 Peel, Colonel E. J. R., 19, 309, 312
 Peel, Captain Edmund, 232, 236
 Peel, Mr. Edmund, of Bryn-y-pys, 243, 268
 Peel, the family of, 198; Robert, of Peel Fold, 199; his genius, 200; Robert the first Baronet, 201; independence of, indifference to ancestors, 202
 Peel, Fergus, 309
 Peel, Lady Georgiana. *See* "I" (Lady Georgiana Russell), "Gee."
 Peel, General Rt. Hon. Jonathan, 197, 198; leaves army to stand for Huntingdon, 207; Secretary of State for War, 208; on 209; racing career and horses, 210-211; personality of, 212; anecdotes, 213; letters to his son "A.," 214-220; marries Lady Alice Kennedy, 220; on 230, 239, 242, 264, 265, 299
 Peel, Jonathan (Jonny), 309
 Peel, General John, in Crimea, 97; letters from, to "A.," 232-239
 Peel, Julia Lady, 205; refuses peerage, 207
 Peel, Miss Margaret, 239, 284
 Peel, Robert, leaves the country, 230; letters from, 231
 Peel, Rt. Hon. Sir Robert, 16; resignation refused by the Queen, 50; distrust of Brougham, 79; succeeds his father, 198; is contradicted by him in House, 201; answer to Disraeli, 202; friendship with Lord J. Russell, 203-204; death of, 204; prayer used by, 206-207; last speech quoted by his brother, 217
 Peel, Sir Robert, third Baronet, 204-205
 Peel, Sir William, how he earned the V.C., 92; chivalry, 93; described by Sir Evelyn Wood, 94; on 95, 96, 249
 Peel, William, 232, 234, 238
 Pembroke Lodge, 34; gift from the Queen, 43; getting in, 47-49; first year at, 50-58, 60, 63, 81, 105; the Queen to luncheon at, 106; relics of, 114, 115, 116; friends at, 119, 120, 125, 126, 127-139, 140, 142, 145, 148; the Prince and Princess of Wales at, 150; visitors' book, 151; friends at, 152, 153, 154, 168; letters dated from, in 1861, 170; on 175, 177, 221, 255; marriage from, 257; on 265, 269, 281; Lord J. Russell's death at, 299-302, 305, the martyr's monument, 306
 Persigny, Mons de, 129
 Petersham Church, 256
 Pitti Gallery, 131
 Play, by Maurice Drummond, 54
 Plumer, General Lord, 309
 Polonaise, the, at Vienna, 100-101
 Portal, Lady Charlotte, 133, 134. *See* Elliot
 Portal, Gerald, 136
 Portal, Raymond, 136
 Portal, Wyndham of Laverstoke, 133
 "Punch," and the English envoy's

large family, 103; imagines Lord Russell's entry to the House of Lords, 172; verses in memoriam, 301

QUAKERS, 123-125

Quidenham, 183

REGISTRATION of Labour, A. Peel's letter on, 288-291

Relics, 114-118

Rhodesian Regiment, 309-310

Rodborough, 160

Romilly, Lady Elizabeth, Lady Georgiana, 29

Romilly, Samuel, 29

Rogers, Samuel, 76, 135

Ross, Sir William, paints miniatures, 24

Rothschild, Baroness de, 104

Rothschild, Baron Lionel de, returned for City, 104

Russell, Lady Agatha, 107; her book, 137, 282, 305

Russell, Lord Arthur, 32, 34, 98, 109, 127, 128, 142

Russell, Hon Bertrand, on "the countless errors of Euclid," 77-78

Russell, Lord Charles, 20, 257

Russell family, 1; the mausoleum of, 46

Russell, Sir George, his intention concerning Chequers, 43-44

Russell, George, his good looks, 143; accident riding in the Row, 144

Russell, Rt. Hon. G. W. E., 257

Russell, Lady Georgiana. *See* "I," *also* Lady Georgiana Peel.

Russell, Lord John (my father), as a child, 5; letters concerning him, 5-7; letter to, from his father, 8; marries Lady Ribblesdale, 12; letters between, and his brother William, 13-14; Lytton's description of, 15; the marriage, 16; comment on happiness, 18; death of Lady John Russell, 20; watching the sunset, 23; sad years, 24, 25, 26; second marriage to Lady Fanny Elliot, 26, 27; stories told by him, 32, 33; becomes Prime

Minister, 36; the Chartists, 37; Ireland, 38-41; recollections of Daniel O'Connell, 42; receives gift of Pembroke Lodge, 43; remark on the loss of Chequers, 44; in power, 51-52; nearly poisoned, 62; friendship with Lord and Lady Holland, 67; writes life of C. J. Fox, 68; bequests from Lady Holland, 72; memories, 72-80; Crimean War, 90, 91; to Vienna as peace envoy, 98-99; return, 103; unpopularity, 103; wins his seat for the City, 104; tries to live quietly, 105; builds 37 Chesham Place, 110; Queen asks him to take office, 111; relations with Palmerston, 112; at servants' ball, 115; reading out loud, 117; sympathy with John Bright, 121, 122; love of travelling, 130; part in Italian affairs, 135, 138, 139; private secretaries, 142-144; on 148, 150, 152; visits with his daughter, 155-156; a spectator at theatricals, and writes epilogue, 185; supports Government during Indian Mutiny, 168-169; neutrality during American war, 171; argument with his son-in-law, 177; lent Abergeldie Castle, 184; friendliness with opposition minister, 203-204; offers peerage to Lady Peel, 207; visit from the Shah, 283; opinion of children's histories, 284; letters on eightieth birthday, 297; death of, 299; tributes from contemporary writers, 300-301, 304

Russell, Lord Odo (Lord Amptill), 32, 34, 35, 103

Russell, Hon. Rollo, writes of his grandfather, 4; on 107, 108

Russell, Lady Victoria (*see* "Toza," *also* Villiers), the baby sister, 20; the christening, 21; "Little Victoria," 22; "Toza," 23; lines to her, 31; on 34, 35, 62; Queen's birthday present, 106; on 173, 174, 183, 189; marriage, 191; poem to, 192-193; on 264

- Russell, Lady William, 13, 25, 32 ;
lines describing her by Byron, 33 ;
on 34, 110
- Russell, Lord William, 13, 14, 35, 36,
72, 142
- Russell, Lord Wriothsley, his rectory
and parish, 45
- "SAM Slick" (*see* Haliburton), 61
- Sanford, Lady Caroline, 24
- Servants' ball at Pembroke Lodge,
114-115
- Sevastopol, 95, 264
- Smith, Goldwin, 182
- Smith, Robert Abel, his pessimistic
opinion, 103
- Smith, Rev. Sydney, 76 ; his prophecy,
77
- Spain, 67
- Sport, Peels' love of, 208
- Stanleys of Alderley, 158-159
- Stanley, Dean, 98
- Stanley, Hon. Kate, 158. *See* Lady
Amberley
- Stanley, Lord, of Alderley, 160
- Stanley, Hon. Lyulph (Lord Sheffield),
178
- Stanley, Miss Mary, 98
- Stowe, Mrs. Beecher, 140
- Stroud, 17
- Supper at Pembroke Lodge, 125-126
- TALLEYRAND, 73-75
- Tennyson, Alfred, 246 ; my first
recollection of, 247 ; visit to the
Gerwyn, 271-272 ; on 276, 316
- Tennyson, Mrs., 246 ; letter from, 272
- Thackeray, 113
- Thor, the god, 1
- Tollemache, Lady Maria, 188
- Tuscany, 133
- V.C. given for first time, 167
- V.C., William Peel earns, 92
- Venice, the procession of gondolas,
137, 138, 138
- Victoria, H.M. Queen, coronation, 18 ;
her dressing-room, 19 ; her wish
for the baby's name, 21 ; letter on
Lady John Russell's death, 22 ; on
26 ; surprise at Lord John Russell's
second marriage, 28 ; visits Ireland,
143 ; offers Pembroke Lodge to
Lord John Russell, 44 ; on 49 ; re-
fuses Sir R. Peel's resignation, 50 ;
on 103, 104, 106 ; gives V.C.'s,
166-167.
- Victor Emmanuel, crowned King of
Italy, 138
- Vienna, 98, 99 ; ball given by the
Emperor, 100 ; on 103, 141
- Villiers, Rev. Henry Montague, 191-
192, 298
- Villiers, Lady Victoria (*see* Lady
Victoria Russell), 164, 191, 298
- WALES, North, 263 273, 304
- Wales, Prince of, 150
- "Waterloo Shield," 211
- Wellington, the Duke of, has London
guarded, 38 ; on 187 ; at Lady
J. Russell's party, 187 ; funeral,
88 ; on 89
- Welsh, Jack, and the English foot-
man, 260 ; conversation, 261 ;
loses portmanteau, 267 ; on 268
- Welsh, the, 292 ; singing of, 292-294
- Woburn Abbey, 5 ; first recollection
of, 20 ; fire at, 20 ; on 44, 122 ;
honeymoon spent at, 257-258
- Wolseley, Lord, 92
- Woolner, Thomas, R.A., letters from,
272-277
- Wood, Sir Evelyn, 94 ; letter to,
95 ; from, 96
- Wrexham, 269, 971 ; Queen visits,
296 ; on 302, 303
- YATES, Miss Ellen, 208
- Yates family, sporting instinct, 208-
209
- ZEERUST, 310 ; reported taken by
Boers, 113

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